THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A PASTEL
…EDO GALLI

SAMUEL G. BLYTHE – JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER – KATE JORDAN
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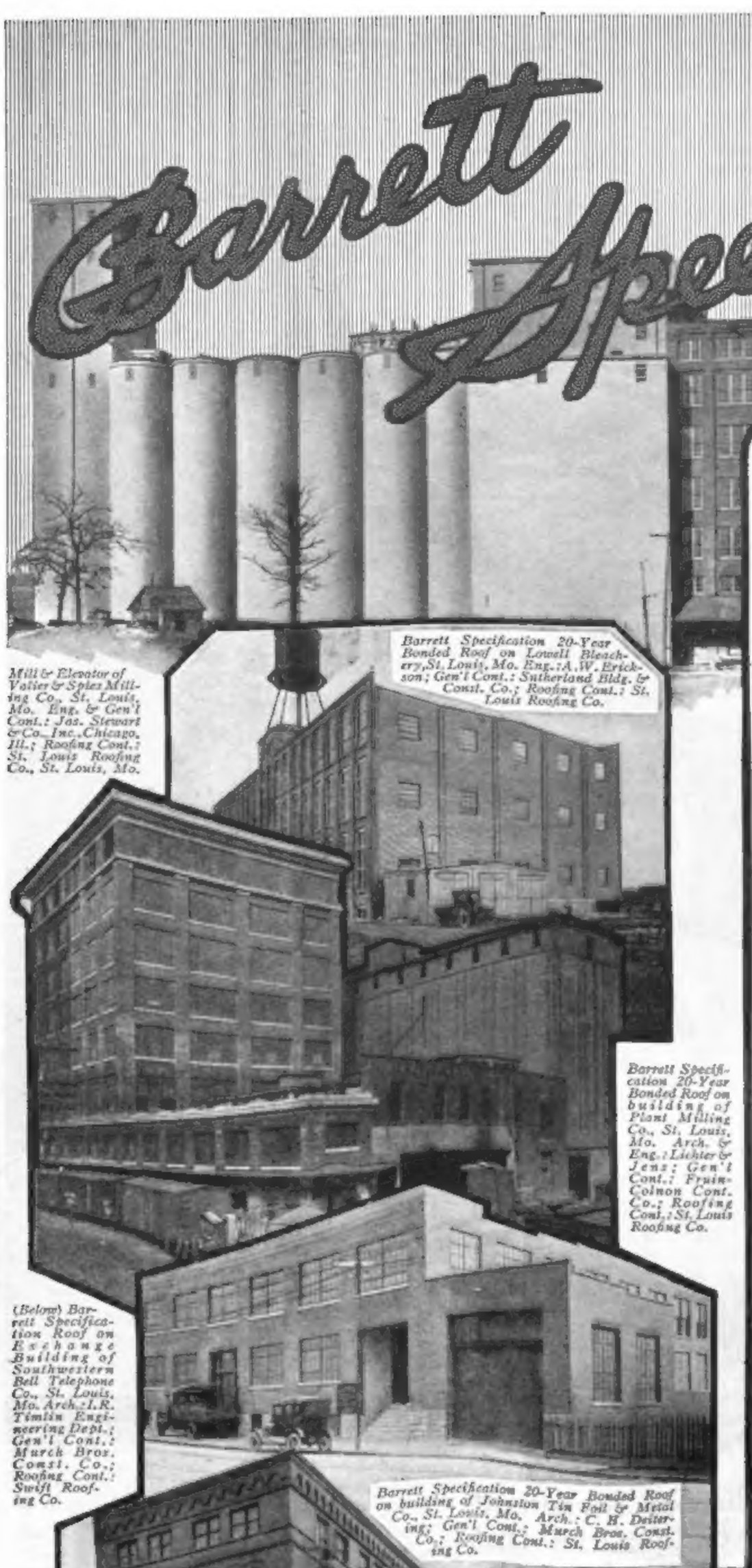

Mill & Elevator of Valier & Spies Milling Co., St. Louis, Mo. Eng. & Gen'l Cont.: Jos. Stewart & Co., Inc., Chicago, Ill.; Roofing Cont.: St. Louis Roofing Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Barrett Specification 20-Year Bonded Roof on Lowell Bleachery, St. Louis, Mo. Eng.: A. W. Erickson; Gen'l Cont.: Sutherland Bldg. & Const. Co.; Roofing Cont.: St. Louis Roofing Co.

Barrett Specification 20-Year Bonded Roof on building of Plant Milling Co., St. Louis, Mo. Arch. & Eng.: Lichter & Jenz; Gen'l Cont.: Fruin-Colnon Cont. Co.; Roofing Cont.: St. Louis Roofing Co.

(Below) Barrett Specification Roof on Exchange Building of Southwestern Bell Telephone Co., St. Louis, Mo. Arch.: I. R. Timlin Engineering Dept.; Gen'l Cont.: Murch Bros. Const. Co.; Roofing Cont.: Swift Roofing Co.

Barrett Specification 20-Year Bonded Roof on building of Johnston Tin Foil & Metal Co., St. Louis, Mo. Arch.: C. H. Deitering; Gen'l Cont.: Murch Bros. Const. Co.; Roofing Cont.: St. Louis Roofing Co.

(At Left) Barrett Specification 20-Year Bonded Roof on building of Ely & Walker Dry Goods Co., St. Louis, Mo. Arch.: Eames & Young; Roofing Cont.: Columbia Roofing Co.; Gen'l Cont.: Jos. Stewart & Co., Inc.

Barrett Specification Roof applied by owners over old pitch, felt and gravel roof on Heel Factory of International Shoe Company, St. Louis, Mo. Arch.: F. Hume; Roofing Cont.: Swift Roofing Co.

They are all "from Missouri"—

When it comes to spending their clients' money, architects and construction engineers invariably take the "show me" attitude. Figuratively, they are all "from Missouri".

And the more they insist upon having positive proof of the durability and economy of the materials which enter into a building, the surer is that building to have a Barrett Specification Roof.

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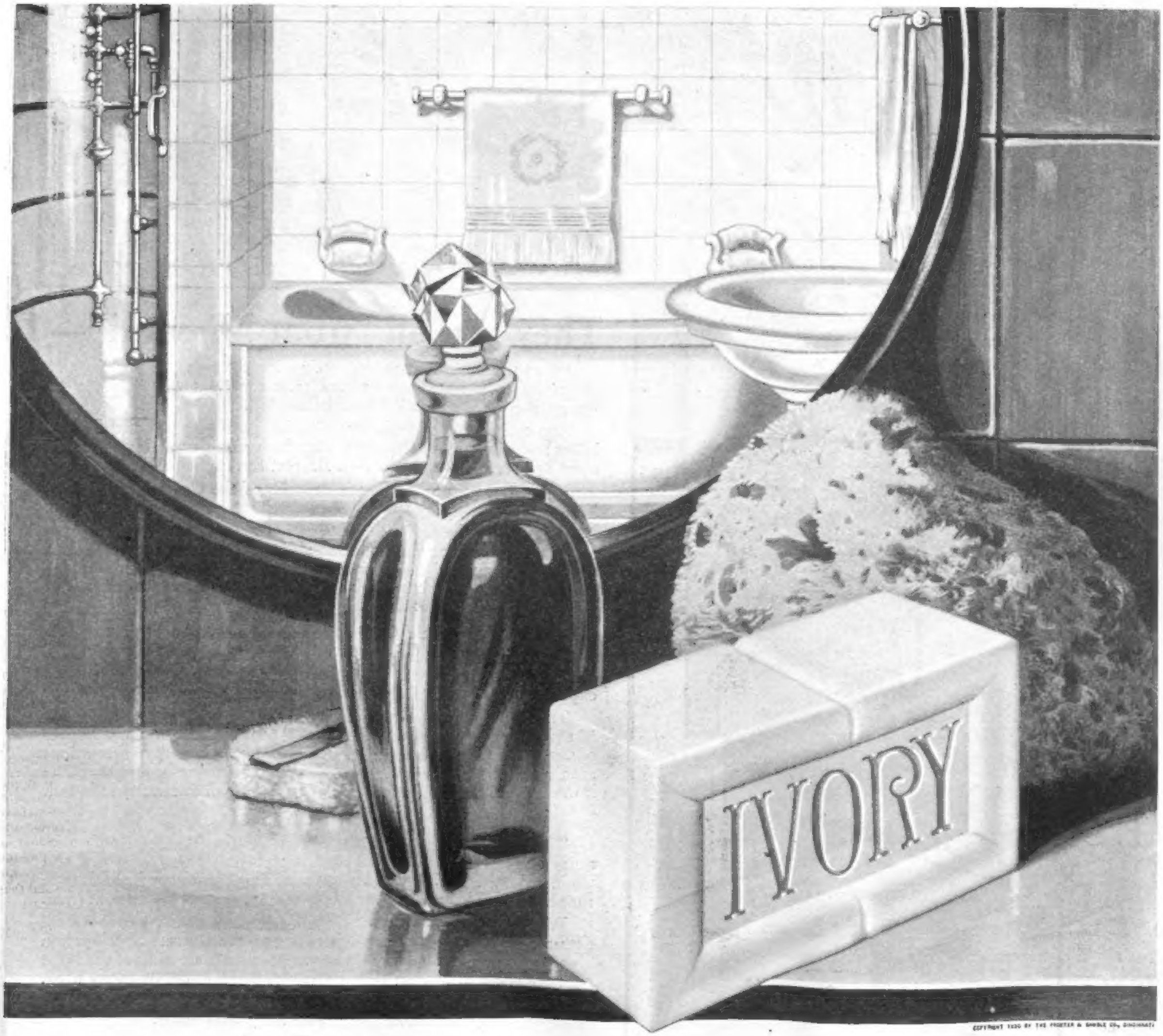

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What's the Constitution Between Booze? — By Samuel G. Blythe

TRUTH is stranger than fiction, but the illicit liquor traffic is stranger than both. Forty men writing for forty days couldn't tell a tenth of the story of it. The tale ranges from the organized making of fortunes by juggling with permits to withdraw bonded whisky from warehouses and forging them to the taking of quarters for poisonous booze distilled in dirty cellars in the lowest slums. It comprises the daring speculation of keen knaves who are out for the money, and who take the chance because of the enormous profits, and the transactions of the bartender who will hand out a drink of doctored stuff for seventy-five cents. It comprehends lawbreaking in a hundred different ways, from vast and organized smuggling by land and by sea to burglaries where one bottle is secured. It has to do with murders, with debaucheries of officials, with contemptuous defiances of the law by otherwise correct citizens, with evasions in restaurants and by drug stores and doctors, with death from toxic mixtures, with battle, with corrupt police, with corrupter revenue agents, with theft and terrorization. It deals with the highly respectable housewives who brew and distill various liquors in their kitchens, with the pollution of sacramental wines, with increased drunkenness among drinking men and women, with crimes of violence, with drugs and dopesters, with a huge and defiant underworld that makes, steals, deals in and grafts on illicit booze of all sorts.

It tells of counterfeiting of official stamps, seals, permits, documents and signatures; of forging of labels and revenue stamps; of refilling and substitutions of incredible ingenuity; of frauds as barefaced as they are numerous; of a curb market in New York where bootleggers dealt in both real and forged permits; of extortion; and of assault, battery, fake seizures, resales, cheats innumerable and dishonesty rampant. It tells of men going blind, of men dying from drinking poisonous stuff, of hotel bell boys trafficking in venomous concoctions that poison and paralyze, of great organizations for the distribution of illicit liquor, of robberies of bonded warehouses, of complaisance by public officials in these robberies, of hawking about of seized liquor by revenue agents, of frenzied drinking when small supplies are obtained, of the making of fake medicinal preparations that are in reality cheap liquor, of a nation-wide wave of lawbreaking and law evasion and all the crimes that follow in the wake of attempts to make money by violating the law. It is the story of a few hundred men trying to stop the lawbreaking of many millions of men and women and of a nation-wide determination to have liquor—to steal it, make it, smuggle it, sell it, buy it, drink it—and often open and always defiant contempt for national prohibition in all its aspects.

The Symptoms and Progress of Prohibition

WHAT is the Constitution between booze? expresses the attitude of a large section of the American people, especially the people who live in the great cities. And there is a wide comment on it. To-day, more than a year since the constitutional amendment and its enforcing Volstead Law went into effect, there is more talk among the people about prohibition than there is on any other subject, and was even during the presidential campaign; more general talk in places where men get together. However, it is to be noted that the bulk of this talk is among the wets. The drys are saying little. From that it might be inferred that the drys have little to say. The inference is wrong. The drys are saying little because they understand the psychology of the situation.

When a person is about to suffer an attack of typhoid fever, say, he exhibits certain marked symptoms. As the attack progresses the pathological developments in ordinary cases are about the same with one man as with another; and so with convalescence.

When a people are about to have an attack of prohibition they exhibit certain marked symptoms. As the prohibition develops the developments are identical, and convalescence, which is acceptance of the law, works out invariably with one group as with another.

The Hysteria of the Wets

THIS analogy illuminates much that is going on, and it explains the calmness with which those who are experienced in prohibition and the enforcement of it view the nation-wide demonstrations of varied and vicious moisture that have followed the advent of national prohibition in January, 1920. These prohibition people have been through all this before—not nationally, of course, but in various states—and they know the game. They regret it all, but they expected much of it.

You cannot excite a Kansas man, for example, with tales of bootlegging, moonshining, booze fraud, home brewing, grafting, lawbreaking, and so on. On a state scale he has been through all this sort of thing, and he knows what he observed as state reactions when they really began to enforce prohibition in Kansas are now observable as national reactions. This is so in other states that were dry before national prohibition. The people as a whole are doing what they did as state populations, but with an added difficulty. Under the old law liquors could be shipped, with certain restrictions, from wet states into dry states, and this obviated numerous of the various lawbreakings that are now apparent. In a general sense, what the drinking and bootlegging folks did after a state went effectively dry is what the drinking folks of the nation have been and are doing since the nation went dry—increased by the ratio of forty-eight to one, of course, and with many modern improvements.

It is a typical frenzy, an absolute hysteria, a representative orgy—wider, fiercer, more reckless and with unique aspects of lawbreaking and law evasion, but typical, just the same, in most of its manifestations. Wherefore, those who are most excited about what is happening are the wets and not the drys. The man or woman who buys a clandestine drink, or quart, or makes a mess of home brew, or smuggles a flask into a restaurant, or gets a doctor's prescription for a drug-store half pint, or spends $140 for a case of twelve-dollar stuff, or tips a bell boy for a half pint of prune-juiced wood alcohol, or does some other personal-libertyizing stunt, gets all excited about it and feels very criminal and self-determining; has a sense of being a daring lawbreaker and fancies himself, or herself—for the women are in it too—a sort of booze hero for this defiance of the law and a booze Raffles for breaking it. The big operators are in it for the easy money.

Also, these amateurs of booze crime, being, in most instances of their daily lives, the most meticulous of conventional law compliers, attach greater importance to their minor crimes than the crimes warrant from a dry viewpoint and discuss the wave of similar criminality that is sweeping the nation from the perspective of their former law-abiding. They look at it from the angle of their own claimed respectability and exaggerate the importance of it. They think they are pretty smart, as well as superior—smart in successfully breaking the law and superior to the mandates of that law.

This doesn't mean that the drys condone these lawbreakings, in either their minor or their major aspects. It means simply that the wets are more excited about the lawbreaking, in its vast and continental manifestations, than the drys are. The drys recognize what is going on as a concomitant of the dry law and, having had experience

in these things, observe the symptoms with professional detachment and feel sure that the usual cure will be attained in the usual manner—by law enforcement. The drys do not fool themselves with the idea that the situation is more than typical in a most general sense, for nation-wide prohibition is one thing and isolated state prohibition is another, but for purposes of future observation and consideration the actions and reactions of the people are in similar case.

First off, the most apparent effect of the prohibition law, or lack of effect of it, is that it has not abolished the liquor traffic, but that it has changed the liquor traffic. Liquor is sold, and made, in most parts of the United States, not, as formerly, with the sanction and license of the internal-revenue laws, but without that sanction and in wide and contemptuous defiance of the constitutional amendment and the Volstead Law, framed to make that amendment operative. Not so much is sold, either retail or wholesale, as when the purveyors of liquor were legalized in their operations, but ten thousand times more is made and sold than will be made and sold eventually; and in the obtaining, making and selling of this great flood of illegal liquor a large section of the population, especially the city population, has vigorously and viciously engaged itself, either for individual use or for individual or gang profit.

This, in the year of learning how, has brought about an organized liquor traffic, clandestine but effective as to both distribution and profit; has turned loose in the United States a vast stream of liquor that ranges in quality from devastating poison to excellent merit so far as the ingredients are concerned; and has increased drinking in the drinking classes when the drinking classes are able to get the stuff to drink. All told, there is not so much drinking as there was in the old, open days, but those who do drink get drunker.

It has debauched a certain proportion of public officials of various capacities, has made blackmail and plain graft very lucrative, has enriched many men who have been willing to take the chance of arrest and conviction—which chance as yet isn't very great—for the enormous profit that is in the business and has separated thousands of persons from their money without adequate return.

Where the Stuff Comes From

APART from the home-brewed messes and from the stills in the country woodsheds, and such stuff, which is vast in volume and generally deleterious in effect, supplies for the illegal liquor traffic come, especially in the great cities, from three principal sources.

The first is the bonded whisky and alcohol that, by permit, is released from government warehouses for medicinal and commercial purposes and is diverted to sale to the public by ingenious criminal methods that range from substitution to robbery and often have complaisant aid from public officials.

The second is smuggled liquor, which comes in by land from Canada and from Mexico and by water from all the ports of the world, especially from the Bermudas, Cuba and Europe.

The third is moonshine—stuff distilled everywhere, raw, poisonous, devastating. This moonshine is made in huge quantities and is sold as such to the ignorant and as real whisky in refilled bottles with counterfeited labels and forged government stamps to those who demand evidences of genuineness.

The distributors are solitary bootleggers, operating on their own, druggists, grocerymen, saloon keepers, restaurant keepers, increasing on and up in size and organization to great rings of lawbreakers, heavily capitalized, operating wholesale and making enormous profits. The go-betweens are often public officials of one grade or another, and the country is covered from end to end with this vast network of operators, handlers, sellers, all of whom are legally crooks and most of whom are virtual crooks—lawbreakers, but flagrant and skilful about it and making money at it.

It is not too much to say that, apart from the original criminality of an illicit booze sale and the procuring of illicit booze for sale, there is a point along the line of ninety per cent of the transactions where there is crookedness, fraud, thievery, in some form. On the face of it every transaction predicates crime. The business of lawbreaking makes lawbreakers. So, illegal in its beginnings, the whole process of distribution becomes one of extortion, fraud, blackmail, bribery and even murder. Every seller and every buyer is without the law, and there are no amenities or ethical phases in the business. It is a case of crook do crook, and the doing is extensive and the doers are merciless.

Thus, the illicit liquor traffic in this country, like every other business, has two main parts—production and distribution. As has been pointed out, the production—getting the stuff to sell—has three phases: Liquor obtained on permits, liquor smuggled and moonshine.

There was about 70,000,000 gallons of spirits in bonded warehouses when the Volstead Law went into effect to make the constitutional amendment operative. The only way to obtain any of this spirits, which was and is real whisky of the usual quality, or alcohol, was by permit. The Volstead Law defines a permit to be "a formal written authorization by the commissioner setting forth specifically therein the things that are authorized." The law says, further, that the only purposes for which permits are to be issued for the withdrawal of liquor from bond are these: Denatured alcohol and rum; medicinal preparations manufactured in accordance with formulas of the United States Pharmacopœia, the National Formulary and the Institute of Homeopathy and unfit for beverage purposes; patented, patent and proprietary medicines unfit for beverage purposes; toilet, medicinal and antiseptic preparations and solutions unfit for beverage purposes; flavoring extracts and sirups of a nonbeverage character; and vinegar and preserved sweet cider. Strict regulations are imposed as to quantities of alcohol that may be used in these preparations. Other permits are issued to manufacture, transport, sell and prescribe liquor, and are strictly regulated in the law.

So there it is, all fair enough, and plain enough. However, in January, 1919, a year before the law went into effect, there was withdrawn 912,276 gallons of distilled spirits for nonbeverage purposes, while in January, 1920, the withdrawal for such purposes was 2,183,750 gallons. National prohibition under the amendment became effective in January, 1920. In April, 1920, withdrawal of distilled spirits rose to 3,547,726 gallons, against 864,126 in April, 1919. In July the nonbeverage manufacturers took out from bond, by permit, 4,072,029 gallons, against 1,071,659 gallons in July, 1919, which is when wartime prohibition went in. In all, since national prohibition became effective, between 23,000,000 and 24,000,000 gallons of distilled spirits was withdrawn from bonded warehouses for nonbeverage purposes in the first six months of 1920, as against 6,500,000 gallons for similar purposes in the first six months of 1919.

There you have the basis for a great deal of illicit liquor dealing, because not a quarter of this withdrawn liquor is used legitimately for manufacture, in medicines and otherwise, but is used and sold as whisky, for drinking purposes. In quality the whisky is about the same, mostly, as the ordinary case goods of former days, and it retails at the time this is written for eight to twelve dollars a quart. The proof that three-quarters of this whisky is being sold, ultimately, to drinkers is in the fact that six months ago this same quality of liquor brought sixteen to twenty dollars a quart, and even more. Bonded whisky may be obtained—in October—for as little as forty-eight dollars a case, the buyer taking the chances on it. In pint flasks this stuff retails for four to five dollars. Drug stores get about that for it, sometimes more. Of course there is no market price—the dealers get what they can—but the supply is plentiful and prices are going down in accord with the well-known law of supply and demand, which operates even with illicit booze.

The process of obtaining this whisky is simple in its beginnings, but becomes complicated as it progresses, and as tricky as the craft of the operators can make it, which is very tricky. A wholesaler gets a permit to withdraw any amount he wants, five barrels or 100, or 500, stipulating a legitimate use therefor, as under the terms of the law. Now he may want the liquor for that purpose or he may want it for other purposes. Seventy-five per cent of the time he wants it for other purposes. It seems lamentably obvious that about that proportion of the wholesalers, either in the first instance or subsequently, are bootlegging in their own way, by wholesale.

We have nothing to do with the legitimate wholesaler, who wants the liquor for medicines, toilet articles, and so on, for the numerous uses to which it is put in the manufactures. The illegitimate wholesaler, having withdrawn his supply—say, fifty barrels—does not retail it himself. That would be coarse work. He sells his fifty barrels to another wholesaler. That is allowable. The second wholesaler passes the liquor along to another wholesaler. There may be half a dozen resales of this original fifty barrels, but eventually this liquor is distributed, because some succeeding wholesaler sells it to customers of his in one, two, five or ten barrel lots. Some day this fifty barrels of liquor gets to the drinkers.

Bogus Permits Bought and Sold

THE revenue men know that this country did not use more than 24,000,000 gallons of liquor for nonbeverage purposes from January, 1920, to August 1, 1920. They know that the country drank, or stored for future drinking, about 18,000,000 gallons of that whisky. So when they think they have a case on a wholesaler they begin investigating. The first transaction is always impeccable. So may the second be, and the third and the fourth, but eventually somebody has split this fifty barrels of whisky into lots and sold it to customers. When they get to that place the investigators may find that that wholesaler has gone out of business, leaving no trace. He has vanished. They may find an indignant wholesaler who produces his books to show that he sold this stuff to his customers for legitimate purposes—to medicine makers, to druggists, to makers of toilet articles. Then they examine the books of the customers. These books show that they used the stuff legitimately of course. They made face lotions out of it, and so on.

But they didn't. They sold it by the pint or quart or by the drink. Plenty of it got to the former saloons, kept open as restaurants and soft-drink parlors. Much of it got to the cafés and restaurants. Doctors' prescriptions took care of a lot of it. These permit sales and resales are in progress in every part of the country where bonded liquor is accessible, but principally in the great cities. A fake wholesaler in Philadelphia, for example, will take out a supply—a hundred barrels, or whatever amount he can pay for. He will show that he has legitimate customers in New Jersey or in outlying towns in Pennsylvania. He gets his permit to transport the stuff, and he takes it to Trenton or to Harrisburg, or to any place where he can dispose of it, and it is absorbed by customers. Great truck trains carrying the stuff come out of Philadelphia and out of other cities each week. All seems legitimate. The owner has a permit to obtain and a permit to transport.

The crookedness comes in the resales, and is complicated with forged permits. A great business has been done in forged permits. A good many million gallons have been taken out on permits that were as bogus as the proposed uses ascribed in them for the liquor, and that is the absolute in spuriousness. A unique phase of this business was discovered in New York City. Investigators found, not far from police headquarters, a regular curb market for these permits, both real and bogus. The makers of the Volstead Law did not foresee this permit chicanery, and they made no penalty or prescription against transfer of permits. Thus, one wholesaler may get a permit, decide not to use it and sell it to another wholesaler. And the maker of a bogus permit may do likewise. At present there is no law to stop this traffic in permits, but there probably will be.

The greater part of the foundation on which all this crookedness rests is the medicinal use of whisky. It may be thought that the available supply of whisky will

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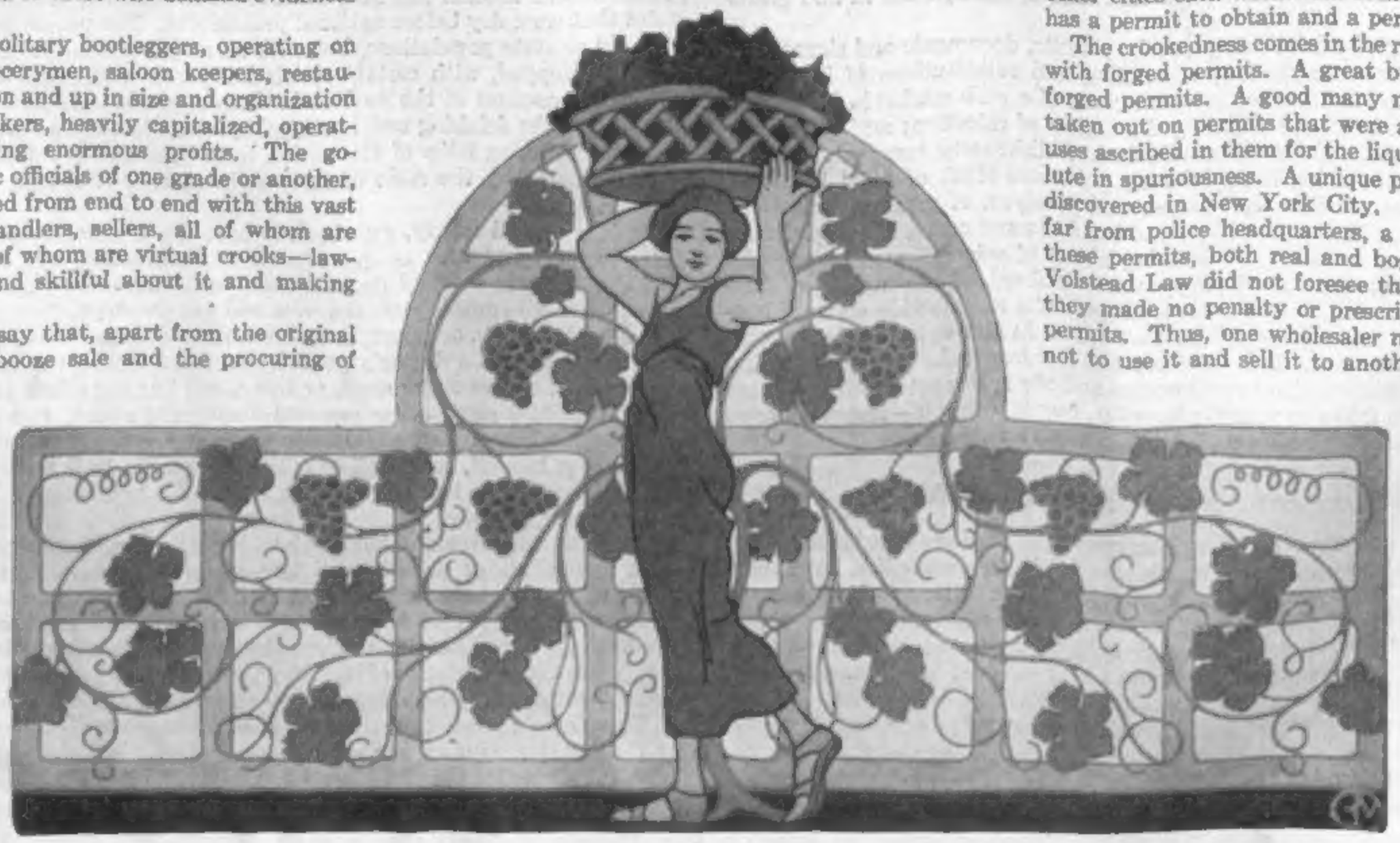


BEYOND THE BRIDGE

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

HE WAS past fifty-four when John Harden Rawle first discovered the extraordinary relief of a complete, if temporary, mental and spiritual freedom, and it was the result of a most unlikely and trivial set of circumstances. It began really at the dinner Ella and he gave their daughter, Ashley, on her return from the long motor trip that was the honeymoon of Henry Plank and herself. It was a very noisy dinner—the cocktails, since prohibition, seemed to have multiplied potency with their cost; and the Gibbons, Mary and Edward, undoubtedly raised the roof, but then they usually did. It was the performance of James Ross, the senior member of Rawle's law firm, that made the party notable.

He imitated several well-known comedians of the knockabout variety at the table and unsuccessfully kissed Mary Gibbon in the hall. Mary was rowdy, but at heart sound, and a lawyer with a large family—absent in Maine—couldn't kiss her seriously. Ordinarily she would have managed Ross with privacy and dispatch. Now, however, inspired by orange blossoms, she broke into loud merriment and the announcement, in the manner of a train dispatcher, of what had happened.

Altogether the dinner was most unfortunate, the worse for Rawle because he had had a persistent headache all day. He steadily wished that midnight would come and his guests depart, but the evening dragged on interminably. It was close and still, at the end of August; and on the lawn James Ross and Henry were playing croquet at a dollar a wicket. The moonlight was bright, and in the shadows smoothly burning candles were fastened to the hoops.

Gibbon was smoking sullenly on the terrace, and a little distance away the women were seated in wicker chairs—Ashley and her mother, Mary and Katherine Barker. Katherine's magnificent emeralds occasionally and mysteriously glittered, and Ashley's engagement ring hinted at its frosty, prismatic perfection. Henry Plank was rich, very rich indeed; and, Rawle knew, Ella considered their daughter's marriage to him the chief success of their lives. For not only was Plank's income large; he was on every count eligible—by birth and inclination good form. The croquet over, the younger man, nine wickets ahead, triumphantly collected as many dollars and extended himself on the grass at Ashley's feet. Ross found a place by John Rawle.

"I'll have to go down to Northeast Harbor to-morrow," the former reminded Rawle; "and Arnold won't be fit for town before October, so you will have to keep an eye on things; but there isn't much on the calendar. See that young Stokes, with his mother in Italy, doesn't get too far into his next quarterly; and if, in Hitchcock's opinion, the Geltner will is a forgery, call Marks. We simply won't let ourselves in for any action, with all the criminals on the jury."

Rawle nodded silently. There had been no need for Ross' repetition. He knew the other was leaving for Maine to-morrow; that Arnold, their third partner, was sick in the country; and that they, Ross, Arnold & Rawle, practically never departed from an orphans' court practice.

There, Among the Leaves, He Discovered an Unexpected World

It suddenly occurred to him that a good half—no, three-quarters—of all that was said was equally purposeless—silly! He could hear the low murmur of feminine voices, and then Ashley's clear, high, decided tones. She was talking about the motor trip.

"The most we did was three hundred and seventy miles; then another day three hundred and twenty. The banging about was frightful, and hurt my head. When we got in at night I simply collapsed on a bed. No, not much, but there wasn't a lot to see—just country. Yes, one—with a flivver. The man was rather hurt, but it was his fault. I hate flivvers anyhow, the way they toot about and turn in at such unexpected places. We stayed with the Sawyers at Pittsburgh and Henry played golf. They called it golf, but—my dear! Lambert Sawyer was worse than Henry. Jane is ridiculously grown up, and has rows with the family continually; while we were there it was about wearing her stockings turned down from her knees. Lambert got six barrels of whisky and two of gin."

"How much did he pay?" Ross cut in.

"He didn't say," Ashley replied.

"I found a half barrel of bourbon for twenty-eight dollars a gallon," Ross continued. "But it's the devil to buy good gin. I suppose you're well supplied, Plank."

"Fairly," Rawle's son-in-law admitted; "seventy-five cases of Pol Roger and enough Rutherford. I don't like rye."

Rawle's supply, he reflected, was low. It was a tremendous nuisance to buy whisky and gin. He didn't specially care for drinking; and now all the necessary secrecy and evolutions with his car in retrospect annoyed him. He wondered why he took so much trouble. The ceaseless talk about liquor, too, fretted him. It was as tiresome as its effects—as, for example, the conduct of the Gibbons to-night. He happened to know that cocktails disagreed with Ross. The latter's doctor had warned him against taking them; yet Ross continued, and let himself in additionally for such exhibitions as he had just made of himself.

The night was, Rawle discovered, beautiful. His clipped lawn was alternately flooded with moonlight and sharply black with the shadows of trees. The low façade of his house was clearly revealed in every copied English detail. The dining room was lighted, and he could see Henderson moving about, putting away the silver and china. Above, in his room, the maid would be turning back his bed. Suddenly he viewed all this—his place and profession, his success—as a whole, as a concrete actuality, and it surprised him. As a boy he had had plenty, gone to a good school and university. He had been, to some extent, used to things. But this house, impressive if small; the well-tended lawn and orderly trees; the discrete garage and expensive car and chauffeur; his wife in an elaborate dinner dress; Ashley married to Henry Plank—it all now amazed him.

It surprised him, seen so solidly, for the ridiculous reason that he couldn't connect it with himself. It appeared foreign to him, to have been wished on him while asleep. Very admirable, however. He was, the opinion ran, to be envied—he was envied. Past fifty-four—the years had gone like a shot. Ella rose and moved by him into the house, joined by Henry and Katherine Barker and Ross—bound, Rawle knew, for the bridge table. A detached view of his wife, handsome and stout, deepened his sensation of amazement. She was positively like a stranger. He had married, twenty-seven years before, a slender girl with a mass of shining hair and an unconquerable determination to get the best life had to offer; and in a second, it seemed to him in his peculiar mood, she had been transformed into a middle-aged woman with gray hair and a strand of pearls on her prominent and tightly confined breast.

II

GIBBON remained stubbornly silent, his cigar glowing energetically, and Mary wandered off alone over the sod. The owls that inhabited a willow tree began an exchange of low gurgling cries, and the August burden of locusts hummed like a vibrant metallic string. There was the sound of shaken cocktails within, raised voices and then the avaricious stillness of bridge. Rawle was glad that he had been left alone, and his thoughts turned to Charles,

his son and younger child, who had been killed in action at Bazouches. Charles, he reflected, had been tragically unlucky—a sensitive boy, hating all discord, already promising in an absorbed devotion to the composition of music, who had accepted an arbitrary duty without enthusiasm or illusions.

Rawle wished vainly that he had seen more of Charles. He had nothing with which to reproach himself. He had been a fair parent, at once firm enough and generous; but he had never taken the trips with his son they had projected. Nothing had interfered, only for countless small reasons they had fallen through. A nice, difficult boy, who had exasperated his mother because of his indifference to what she held as principally important. His hair, for instance—it was never brushed in the sleek precision of Henry Plank's. Henry answered Ella's every requirement. Rawle's thoughts turned from Charles to himself. This introspection was unusual, and had been brought about perhaps by his headache. The pain was gone, but it had left a dull, palpable soreness.

The seemingly interminable evening, he realized, was drawing to an end; and a few minutes before twelve he went in. The bridge was just over, and Katherine was paying her debt to Henry Plank with a twenty-dollar bill and some silver. Henry's luck at games, he recalled, was phenomenal.

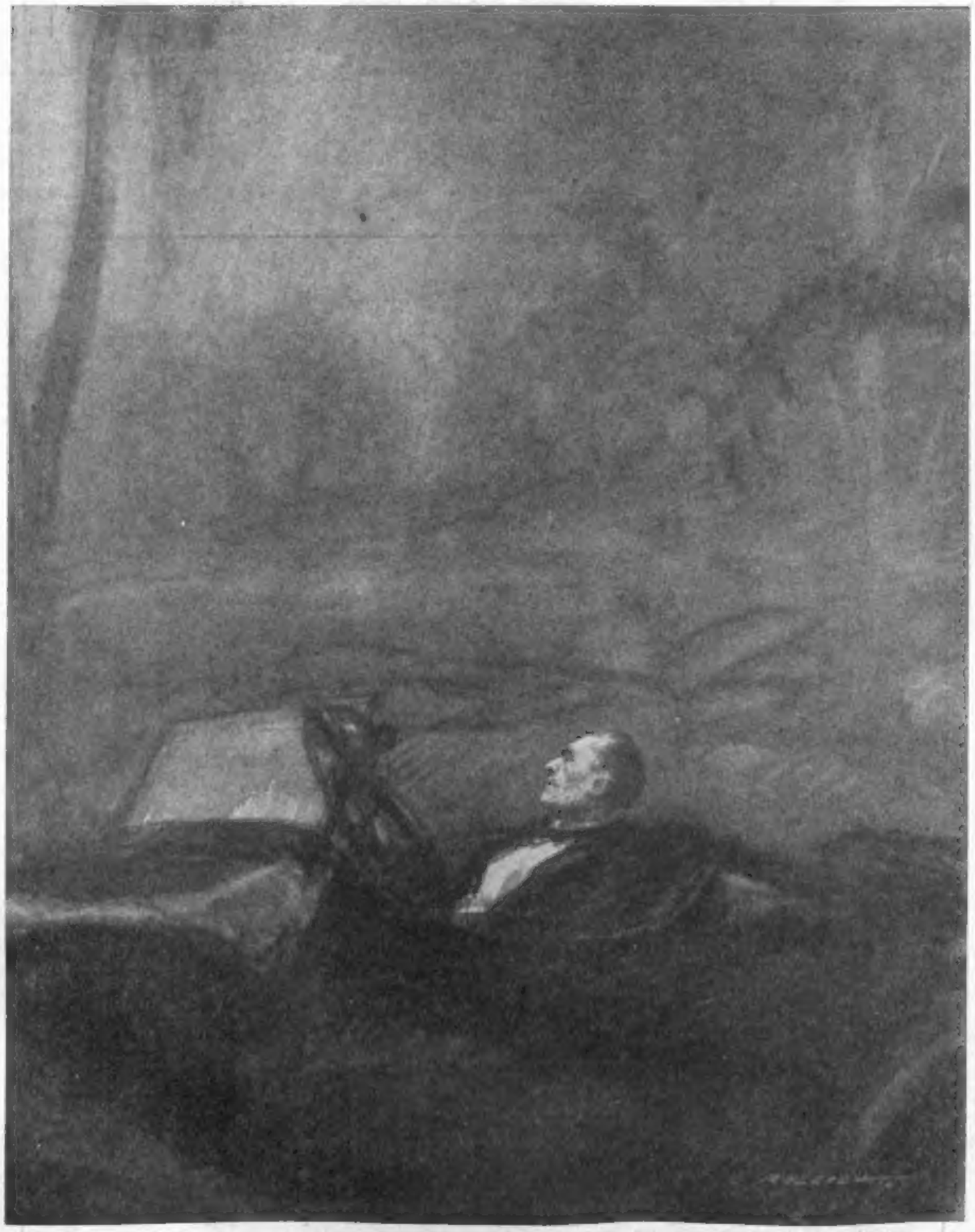
"You'll have to take Katherine home," Ella told him. "Henry's car is in the shop, and it's plain the Barkers are not sending for her. I don't know where Emery is."

Rawle was not displeased at this. He was glad that the chauffeur couldn't be found. The drive, he told himself, through the serene night was just what he needed before sleep. It would clear his head of the fumes of gin, and the lingering oppression. Turning his long car from the drive to the highway, he told Katherine Barker, with an unavoidable implication, that it would be a welcome relief to motor without an accompanying gabble of strained voices.

Without even replying, and with crossed knees beside him, she gazed coldly and indifferently before her. Rawle forgot her at once. Ordinarily he detested fast driving, but to-night, with an empty, hard road and a growing sense of—of dissatisfaction, of query, he sped in an increasing, smooth, lunging momentum. The eleven-odd miles to the Barkers' were dropped behind in almost as few minutes. He left his companion at the porte-cochère of the large, indistinct bulk of her dwelling and moved away with an added satisfaction at being alone. All desire for speed had left him, and he drove abstractedly, with the humming of the motor almost inaudible.

He had no wish, no need to reach home soon; and at a crossroads bore to the left instead of directly back. The night was marvelous. On both sides there were wide, sweeping lawns, ornamental gates and lodges or blank expanses of wall. It was a select countryside of broad estates, imposing houses and meadows filled with expensive cattle; a region of millionaires. Rawle wasn't that; he was far short of it. His place, comparatively, was small—a couple of acres; but its situation, from Ella's view, was unexcelled.

He turned again, for no other reason than the unfamiliarity of the road, and found it rougher than the way he had left. Rawle mounted a hill and slipped into the valley beyond. Trees met above him; the gloom was hardly broken by stray silver patches and glimmers. He kept on and on, indifferent to distance or the lapse of time. The night had grown cold. There was a faint tang of



Suddenly the Moon, the Locusts, the Open Tranquillity, Invaded and Saturated Him: They Blotted Out Past and Future, and for an Instant He Was Wholly at Peace

autumn mold in the air and the vapors were being swept from his head.

He didn't now know just where he was. Crowning a short, steep ascent was a covered wooden bridge, an old-fashioned, echoing bridge, of which but few remained, and he hesitated between crossing it or returning. In the end he went on. Loose boards creaked under the wheels of his heavy car. The walls inclosing him were broken at intervals by openings, framed glimpses of a stream and overhanging foliage. Beyond, he saw, the character of the country was utterly changed. The estates were gone, and in their place smaller farm succeeded to farm. The meadows were no less smooth, but the trees grew naturally, unfashioned by landscape architects. Massive stone Tudor houses, French spires, were replaced by farmhouses, withdrawn behind pines. The walls of the barnyards shone with a startling blanched whitewash. On his left the trees gathered, thickening into a wood; and where at home he had been conscious of the locusts as a remote vibration, here the volume of their sound reached an uproar. The locusts and the katydids were clamorous.

On the right were open fields, brilliantly colorless under the moon, at once strange and commonplace, at the far edge black with shadow. White cows slept in the hollows, where he could perfectly trace the course of streams with sodded banks. Above the sky was a clear, frigid vault, vaguely green, in which the moon was as sharp and pale as ice. Rawle was caught, held immobile in the spell of the night. He shut the power off, switched out the lights and sat bathed in the negative radiance, the shrilling silence, the chilling release from the heat of living, of the hour.

It was then exactly that he discovered the possibility of, at the least, a momentary freedom. Suddenly the moon, the locusts, the open tranquillity, invaded and saturated him; they blotted out past and future, and for an instant he was wholly at peace. He sat relaxed, his hands before him, with his face, stamped with mental toil and touched by sorrow, turned slightly up to meet a flooding purity too bright for stars. It lasted perhaps for ten breaths, perhaps for twenty, and then was broken by an alien, familiar thought, a memory of his immanent being. All that he had been poured back into his brain, and he made a subconscious gesture toward his cigarette case. At this, however, he was aware of a deep resentment, an anger that his quiet had been disturbed. It seemed to him that for the first time in life he had been at rest, freed from innumerable contentions and irritating pressures.

III

TURNING his gaze resolutely to the fields and illusive slumbering cows, to a serenity which, lacking the realism of day, was steeped in an appearance of timeless repose, Rawle was again submerged in the vast, total calm. It seemed to him that a quality deeply buried in his heart, and long suppressed, stirred and breathed and took life within him. Another John Rawle asserted himself, vivified by keen drafts of the cool darkness. What he saw about him grew familiar, natural. He distinguished between the scent of aromatic grasses and the harsher goldenrod. The voices of the woods became separately and audibly clear. His own individual and febrile personality, however, he lost in an absorbing unity with the land.

Returning at last, not now unwillingly, to his accustomed consciousness, he wondered if his emotion hadn't been very much like the blind acceptances of boyhood. As well as he could remember that remote period, his sensations had been identical—a participation in a natural existence, an appropriate world. How far he had come from that! He understood, too, the formula of his present so short escape. Any idea, any thought, was inexplicably connected with the myriad others which spent his brain, and which, since maturity, had bound him in a tightening net.

If his gaze rested on the darkened bulk of the automobile, instantly it built up in his mind the entire shadowy edifice of his obligations—his house, Ella's clothes, the chauffeur, Henry and Ashley pounding at insane speed through the country. These things claimed and invaded him, choking that other and different quietude within; and they were all absolutely unimportant to him. Essentially he regarded them with a profound unconcern. All his life, he almost shouted aloud—all his life he had been concerned with precisely such ridiculous nullities.

A fundamental excitement possessed him at this realisation. It grew and amplified into the knowledge that through his best years he had been victimized by a tyrannical uselessness; he had submitted himself in a slavery to values without the slightest meaning for him. He had uncritically accepted the standards he found ready, waiting for him. It had begun in college, with the select fraternity into which he had gained admission; it had followed him through the law school and into his practice, his living, afterward. A rigid type of clothes, a certain formula of slang, the correct girls and women and dinners—he had given everything to their upholding. Ella, even young and bright haired, had focused all this in a sharp attention on social appearances. It might be said that their lives were dedicated to the preservation of accents.

Not vulgarly, though, for basically their accents were right enough. They hadn't imitated anything, but merely

upheld the conventions of rank in America. Rawle considered the location of his house, typical of what filled his mind. It was south of the railroad, in the proper section, and he had paid thirty thousand dollars for the ground. A quarter of a mile away, north of the tracks, he could have procured the same space, land just as high and good, for ten—no, eight thousand. Ever since his admittance to the bar he had toiled for precisely the same ends.

Well, he'd been bamboozled! He had been tricked, defrauded, not so much because of what he had done but in what, consequently, he had ignored. Of course, he could blame no one but himself; he had been blind, no better than a sheep. Rawle paused in his thought, lost in amazement at the spectacle of all the men he knew who were giving their lives for nothing, for worthless and absurd privileges, artificial habits. He saw plainly how the net had closed about him. He saw this, but it was relatively unimportant. What occupied him was the attempted realization of what he had lost.

The moments of his contact, his harmony, with the night, the sky and the ground, had filled him with the easiest possible sense of a kinship, a part in anonymous Nature. He had been tranquil, unbothered, breathing as simply and easily as the earth. He had been a man, an animal, and not a ridiculous sham social being. He had been aware, in addition, of a beauty, a splendor, before denied him. A sharp envy of the remote, dark farmhouses invaded him. Rawle wanted above everything to be sleeping, exhausted with physical labor, in one of their bare rooms, and wake up with the dawn to a long day in the fields and orchards and barns.

It seemed to him, in his newly discovered being, that work with the soil was more admirable than wrangling over the properties of the dead in the orphans' court. He hadn't been born in the country. So far as he knew, there were no farmers among his immediate ancestry. No, it was only a desire to merge himself into an existence with roots in the ground. He had an overpowering hunger for reality, a hatred of what, home, awaited him.

Yet a perceptible weariness crept over him. His eyes blurred, and he switched on the blinding lights of the automobile, started it into life. Rumbling over the wooden bridge, he had a last glimpse of the broad stream moving without a sound in its bath of moonlight, under the foliage of its trees. Back in a familiar setting, it seemed to him as though, for a little, he had found another and infinitely preferable world. The bridge became a symbol, magical, and already he wondered when he would return. It might be to-morrow night; but no—he was going with Ella to the Barkers' for dinner. The next night, too, he had an annoying engagement. All the nights he could think of were filled with maddening commitments.

He couldn't, of course, take Ella. She would call him absurd, and, anyhow, he didn't want her. What in the name of heaven, on such an occasion, would they talk about? Ella would never be still. And in spite of the fact that, except for bridge, she talked incessantly, he was unable to recall a thing of importance she had said to him for years! He could not remember when she had spoken to him with warmth or enthusiasm, or when he had hurried to her with an irrepressible need for communication.

She lived within her circle of duties and pleasures, while—wholly insulated from her—he was inclosed in his obligations. Rawle had been able to talk to Charles, but Ashley was foreign to him—she was a replica of her mother. Of course, neither woman knew the slightest detail about his profession nor took the smallest interest in it. They recognized that it was the occupation of a gentleman, and that he brought them not inconsiderable sums of money for their clothes, for clubs and cars and parties and trips, but that was absolutely all. Four-fifths of his life was a closed and uninteresting book to Ella, and he had inevitably come to regard her course with no more than a perfunctory politeness. They had nothing in common but the pretenses he so hotly resented.

IV

THE following morning, however, unexpectedly she had a very great deal to say to him, to everybody. Sometime in the night burglars had entered the house and carried away an expensive burden of silver. Henderson, it developed, had carelessly neglected to close the safe concealed in the pantry wall, and Ella incontinently demanded his arrest. The man was calm and not to be shaken in his apologetic admission, and finally Rawle was relieved by the necessity to accept his assurances. But Ella continued loudly in her denunciations and conviction of confederates.

Looking over the breakfast table at the silver coffee service, the plate and candles on a buffet, Rawle said, "I can't see what's missing."

"Nothing that we use," his wife returned impatiently. "A good deal of it was wedding presents, and the rest silver that I put away because it is so impossible to clean."

He thought, "Nine hundred dollars of silver that we didn't use—that was in reality useless."

This fact occupied his mind: Nine hundred dollars spent practically for nothing. It was surprisingly in keeping, supplementary, with his last night's mood. He counted, for amusement, the purposeless things on the breakfast table. The glass dish that held his cut peaches stood on a plate that was removed with the other; a finger bowl followed, again on a plate with an expensive scrap of lace; the coffee had been transferred, in the kitchen, from the pot to the silver urn before him, brought in on a heavy silver platter; the maid passed him a spoon resting on a folded napkin.

Outside it had been touched, held, by two or three pairs of hands; it had been washed and dried, moved from sink to table and brought into the dining room by Henderson. What utter nonsense! What waste! The girl, in a silly cap, had been summoned from the pantry to hand Ella a rack of toast easily within all their reaches. Henderson, disturbed by the robbery, was moving impotently about with a dusting cloth in the hall. Heaven knew what the cook and upstairs girl, the chauffeur and gardener, were doing—probably eating broiled lambs' kidneys and bacon in an imitation of the upper slavishness here.

It was no better at his office, for hardly had he finished with the mail when young Stokes entered informally to explain exactly why he had bought another car.

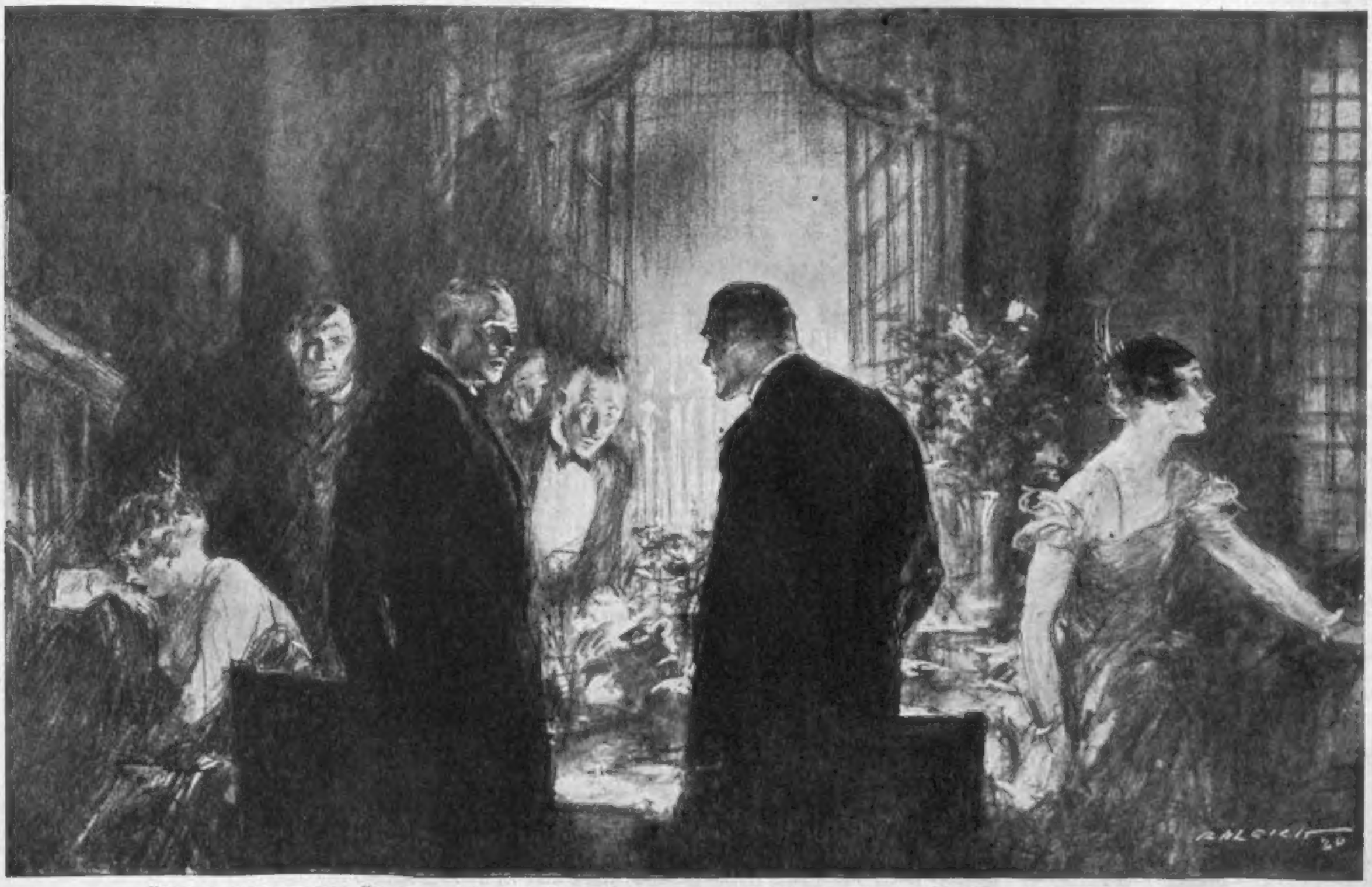
"You already had a practically new one," Rawle remonstrated.

"You see," the youth told him, "this was such an unusual opportunity that I'd have been an idiot to let it go by. This is the car that won at Dayton. It can beat ninety-five, and no trouble. I just happened to meet the man who owned it at the Racquet Club. He's Totten, the squash player, and he said he'd have to let it go at once for as low as seven thousand. Now, I ask you! The old car's a pleasant little one for hacking about, but in this I can go to the coast, to the moon, anywhere, and simply no one can touch me."

"You'll find the law will touch you," Rawle commented, "if it's what I expect—one of those things all pipes like a calliope. You will get arrested simply standing by a curb." The boy turned sullen. "It's my money, isn't it?"

"It is," the other replied crisply, "and you will be surprised to learn that, suddenly, I don't care what you do with it; that is, so you kill no one but yourself. If you said you'd buy this atrocity, buy it you must. After all, your word should mean something."

(Continued on Page 78)



"Don't Go!" Simmons Said. "You Have Been Very Interesting." Rawle Looked at Him in a Wave of Temper. "What the Devil!" He Exclaimed

YOUR POTATOES

By William G. Shepherd

ARE you going to eat your potatoes in restaurants this year? Or have you got them tucked away in your cellar for the winter? Or will the thrifty buyer of your family depend for the household supply on her purchases from the store?

However you work out the potato end of the personal or family problem, this interesting fact stands out:

As an average citizen of this land of plenty you will eat, whether you have made definite plans to that end or no, a quantity of potatoes that would fill a bushel basket three and a half times. That's your supply of potatoes; somewhere this quantity of potatoes stands to your credit, and by the law of averages you will draw on it. And this doesn't include the potatoes that you will put in your collars and cuffs and shirt bosoms, your lingerie or your blouses, in the form of starch.

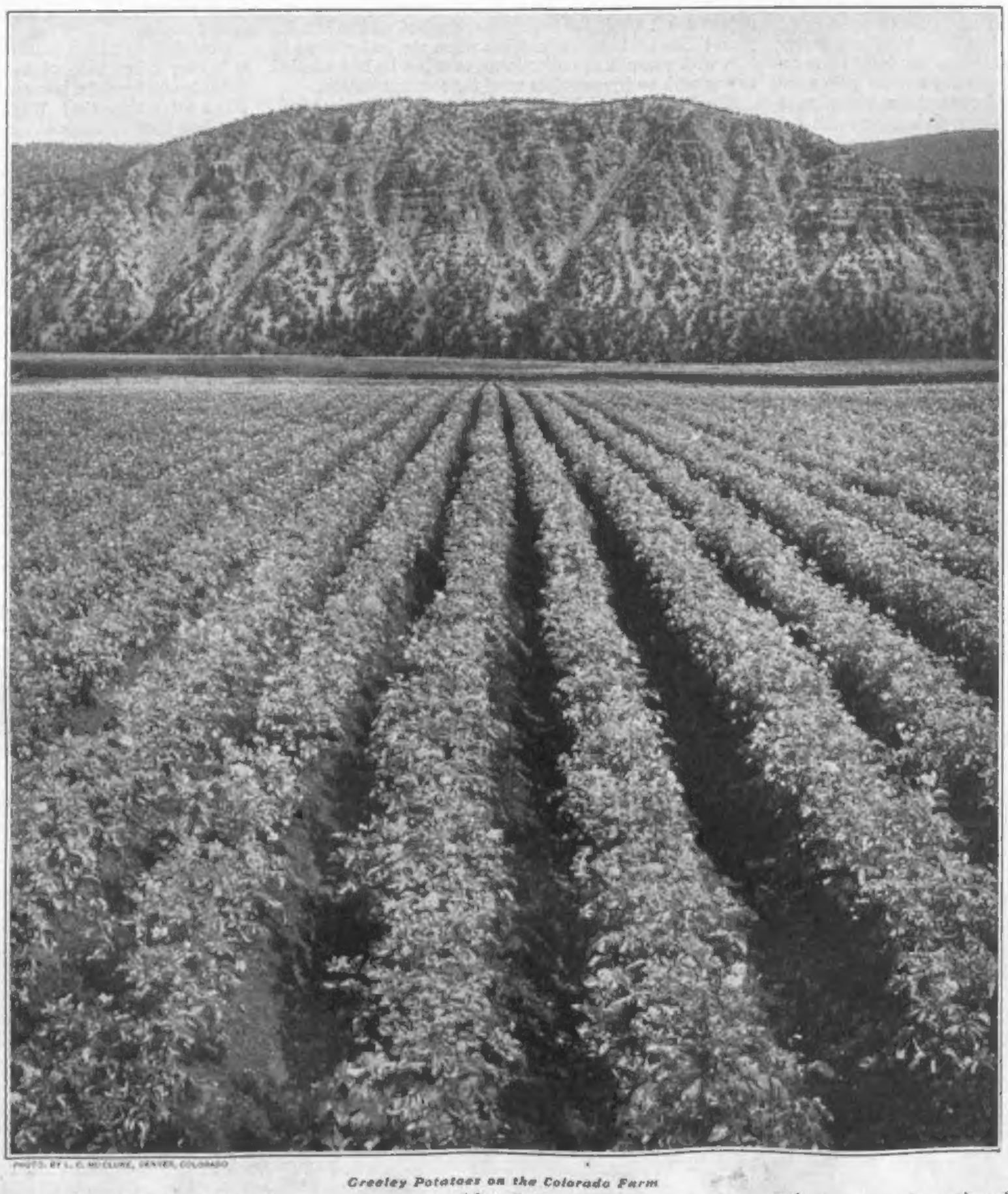
Somewhere men for the past year have been scratching round and planning and working and telegraphing and firing locomotives and doing a thousand other things to get these three and a half bushels of potatoes produced and delivered to you. The story of how this giant job is done shows beyond a doubt that when you're eating a potato you're really eating something. I'm not telling it to prove that you ought to pay more for your potatoes, or less. With potatoes fallen in price this yarn of the potato can be told without carrying any savor of a high-cost campaign.

"I like to eat water cress," said an epicure, fingering a pinch of the dark-green leaves, "because while I'm nibbling it I can think of the cool, pebbled brook in which it grew."

"I like to eat corn," said another good diner at the table, "because I like to think of the waving fields, standing in the hot sunshine, as I gnaw my cob."

But what would these imaginative gentlemen have had to think of regarding the potato?

The answer is: A traveling whirlwind.



Greeley Potatoes on the Colorado Farm of Lew Sweet

Seven to One Against the Crop

A FEW farmers in the potato-growing country in North Dakota early last summer got together and mixed a huge vatful of a nastier-looking concoction than a medicine man ever devised. They put bran into the vat and covered it with the cheapest molasses they could buy. From a dusty gunny sack a youth drew out old, withered, hard-skinned lemons, which he squeezed into the vat.

When the brew was almost finished one of the old farmers dumped into it a panful of arsenic. The next day all the menfolks were out scattering the mixture with brushes or sprayers over the weeds and grass that lined the newly cultivated land which comprised their potato fields. It was dirty work, like laying asphalt pavement. The stuff got on their boots, their overalls and their hands. They were afraid to put their poison-covered fingers to their faces even to wipe away the sweat. They were fighting potato bugs and other enemies of their potatoes.

The old men were grim and untalkative about the business; they saw danger ahead. The younger men, especially one youth who had been over in the war, were more explanatory.

"Well, if we beat these bugs," I heard this young fellow say, "we'll have only ninety-nine things more to beat; and if we beat them, we'll get a potato crop."

I pinned him down to facts.

"There are only about a dozen bad things that can happen to a baby—measles, croup, scarlet fever, whooping cough, and so on," I suggested. "Does a baby potato run a bigger chance than a real baby?"

"Well, ninety-nine dangers is pretty much," he said. "Dad and these other fellows who raise potatoes have figured out at least seven things that can finish up a potato crop, and it's kind of discouragin' to go to all this trouble with this dirty stuff just to beat one of these things, and know all the time that six more may get you at the finish.

"Look here! If we kill these bugs, there's still too much water to be afraid of; or we may get too little, and that's deadly; or we may get a hot wind that'll melt down the whole field and kill everything in an hour. If we beat all these things, we may get a frost that'll do the business.

"Did you ever hear of a gambler at Monte Carlo taking chances like that? And still here's dad, in his old clothes, lookin' like a hick, stakin' his whole year's work on a game with seven chances to one against him. How old dad could go in his evenin' clothes in that Casino at Monte Carlo, which we used to look at when we went A. W. O. L. down to the Riviera! Wouldn't he make them French gamblers sit up and take notice if he played against odds and won the way he does with these potatoes? Oh, boy! Potatoes is the sportiest game I ever played!"

Taking Chances

AND the boy was right. As if further to complicate the game for the farmers, there wasn't a day when some potato buyer from Chicago or Minneapolis didn't get off a train at some nearby town and come paddling along the dusty road in a hired flivver for the purpose of coaxing the worried, gambling farmers to sell the crop which had not yet been grown at some ridiculously low price. The farmer would get no money if the crop failed; he would get a little money if he sold out his ungrown crop to these buyers; or if he wanted to take a big sporting chance he could say no to the city men and play the gamble for high stakes on his own hook. If there's a sportier edible than the potato or a sportier game than raising potatoes or a sportier game than moving them or buying and selling them, average folks who enjoy the chances of sport do not know of it. This big, half-busted, butter-soaked, paprika-covered hot baked potato that goes with your steak, or this soft, mealy, cream-hued pile of mashed potatoes, or this plateful of hot fried potatoes with your chop comes to you, Mister Diner, through a perfect cyclone of sporting chances. If your life had been as wild and full of chances as its life has been you would make our best little gambler kings look like bandaged mummies. Since it sent out its first sprouts months ago and began to crowd the earth round it, and then started on its route toward you, it is now for the first time quiet and peaceful as it lies on your plate awaiting the finish of its destiny.

It has come to you through a maelstrom of travel and shifting and changes. As compared with it, the wheat in your bread, the lettuce in your salad or any other vegetable that decorates your table is like a tame, stupid, home-staying fellow who knows nothing about the world except his own little corner of it, and never takes a big chance.

As a traveler, there is nothing in the vegetable kingdom that comes so near to being a wild duck as the potato. If this seems an astonishing fact, let me put a little extra polish on it by telling you that the potato makes a round trip between North and South every year, from Maine down to Florida and back again to Maine. Let me further say that this round trip is as necessary to its health as any migration a wild bird ever undertook, and that without this round trip it would perish and disappear from our plates. Of course it travels by train, but the birds of migration, moving to the South in the fall, run neck and neck with the trains that are carrying the potato down to its winter home, and the birds of spring, coming North, keep up a race with cars that are bringing the potato back to its summer residence.

(Continued on Page 113)

THE GOOD SPORT

By Sinclair Lewis

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

THE wha-n-n-n of the foghorn, gray, crinkled water sliding past, the boats of oyster tongers springing up from nowhere and disappearing, the strangeness of a world destroyed. It oppressed her agreeable little inland soul. This was the fourth day of Emily Banning's honeymoon. They had motored for two days; they had stayed at a gold-and-onyx hotel in Philadelphia; and now they were on the Opodnock, a steamer like an elongated tug, trudging down the Chesapeake. She had known her husband for less than six months. Paul Banning had come to her Maryland hill town to sell Meeper trucks. Beside the changeless and heavy-footed village lads he seemed miraculous. He sparkled. He said curious things.

"That puts me all to the Croatia!" he cried when he lost at five hundred.

He had wonderful accessories—a gold cigarette case, a gold cigar cutter, a silver match box, a thin watch chain strung diagonally across his vest with its exquisite fit and long points. He was nervous, and his wrists were thin, but he was young and swift of laughter.

Paul had first come to the house to sell her father a truck for the grocery. He took her to the Knights of Pythias dance, where with his elegant whirling step he stood out like an oriole among cowbirds. And he praised her. He said she was a little Madonna, and adorable, and as steady as a church. He murmured to her on an evening walk: "I've got the business pep all right, but I'm too easy-going. If I had a wise side partner like you I'd show up every motor salesman from Broadway to Hick Center—and by golly, the prettiest girl in this ole state!"

His eyesight had shut him out from draft in the Great War, now expiring.

They were married.

In marriage Paul was daily more endearing. He was eager to make her happy. He invented surprises—flowers on the dinner table, candy hidden in her suitcase. To him the honeymoon was a succession of games. He played lap dog, stalking across the floor on hands and knees to bring her mules in the morning. He was a make-believe aviator when they drove—in a car whose ownership she never quite understood, so vague was Paul about it. He convulsed her by his solemn way of standing beside the wheel and crying, while they crawled along a level road: "Ah, my lallapalluza, 'tis it not thrilling to be flying above the Aleps this way! Look down hitherward ten thousand feet to the snowish top of Mong Blang! Now we will do a tailspin." And he steered the car into a ditch five inches deep.

He put the car in first, ran it at two or three miles an hour on the hand throttle and leaped out. He could keep it in the road at that speed by occasionally reaching in to touch the wheel. He raced round and round it; he stood in front and tried to push it back; he rode on the hood; and when a passing farmer saw this madman on a driverless car he gaped and lashed his horses, while Paul gurgled.

Emily hadn't known that she could play so wildly. She had been given to walking by herself, to thinking things out, though there never was anything very definite to think out. But roused by Paul, she giggled, she chased him about rooms, she bounced when they stopped at an amusement park and rode the chutes, the carrousel, the captive aëroplanes. She looked forward to a life adventurous and many-colored.

If she could only get used to the surprises Paul was always flinging at her! Back home people didn't do things unexpectedly. If they were going to take Number Seven on Sunday with Cousin Engelberta, fourteen miles up the line, they started planning it on Tuesday, and got a time-table on Wednesday. Number Seven hadn't changed time in ten years; still, you never could be too careful.

But Paul—it wasn't till the second day of the honeymoon, when they were driving toward Atlantic City, that he remarked, "By golly, forgot to tell you! I've thrown up my job with the Meeper truck people." That was all, and he went on as though it were much more important, "Wait'll you see the ocean! I'll show you some diving!"

"But, Paul, I thought you liked the Meeper Company. You said they appreciated you so much and made such a nice truck."

"Sure! Nice bunch of junk! I mean, they used to get out a good boat, but this year's model—— Besides, I don't want to go floating round when I've got a little wife like you. I want to get in some big city agency, and stay put. Think I'm going to leave you for all the naughty mans to steal away?"

He abandoned the wheel and embraced her, but as they were going thirty-seven miles an hour she was not altogether gratified.

"What are you going to do? Oh, please be careful! I thought you had it all settled to take the house in Frederick and get back there every ——"

"Say, gee, glad you reminded me! Must drop that fellow a line and tell him I don't want his bum house, or he might try to collect rent."

"But—but—what are we going to do?"

"Now you quit worrying! For heaven's sake be a sport—on our honeymoon, anyhow! I've got a little wad put aside. We'll float round a while, and then I'll dot into some big agency and let 'em annex me priceless services. Don't know but what we might try Baltimore. They tell me that's a good live town. And I'm through selling trucks and cheap cars. I want to sell high-class stuff to a high-class trade. There's where I shine. I know how to jolly the boys with the money. I can travel right in their gang. Most of these pikers don't know how to handle swell customers. Let's see! We'll get a nifty flat, and meet a nice bunch, and maybe join a golf club."

"Oh, Paul, Paul! You can't do all those lovely things till you have a job. I thought you had your business all arranged. We mustn't—we can't go on spending money like this if we haven't anything ——"

He ran the car to the side of the road and stopped.

"See here, don't you trust me?"

"Of course I do!" But while she swore it she reflected how little she knew him.

"Don't you think I can get an opening in Baltimore? Or do you think I'm a four-flusher?"

"Oh, no, no, no! It's just—perhaps I'm silly, but I've always lived in such a settled way that it scares me to think of everything going out and nothing coming in. Oh, I do love you and trust you—yes, I do—but ——"

"I'm going to teach you a lesson. I'm going to turn round and start for Baltimore, right now, this minute! Before to-morrow noon I'll have a job in an A-1 agency there. Then maybe next time you'll trust me!"

"But you wanted to go to Atlantic City so much; you'd planned ——"

He Rode on the Hood; and When a Passing Farmer Saw This Madman on a Driverless Car He Gaped and Lashed His Horses

"Yep, I did. Planned it for you. Did the best I could. But if you don't appreciate it—well, I'm sorry, that's all. We won't talk about it any more."

He swung the car about, sullenly drove south, not looking at her. She begged forgiveness. He muttered: "I don't care a hang about losing the Atlantic City trip. It's your not trusting me that hurts; your not being a good sport, with enough red blood to duck the cautious and steady for a few days. Gosh, if we can't be reckless even on a honeymoon we'd better be dead!"

He drove furiously, taking chances on curves, and she agonized that it was her fault; that with her petty complaining she had wounded him. He slackened the speed in a few miles, hastily kissed her, and cried: "It's all right now! Didn't mean to get sore. But we'll go on to Baltimore. I just want to show you what Uncle Pauly can do."

She was grateful, and assured herself that he would find the new job as quickly as he said—only she had to go on assuring herself. They arrived in Baltimore late that evening, and he drove to an enormous hotel. She began to protest "Don't you think we better go to a cheaper place?" but she checked herself. She mustn't be a kill-joy again.

From breakfast time till lunch next day she waited in their room. He was to have had the new job before noon, and it was now one. At a quarter after one Paul quietly opened the door—he who usually came through doors as though he were making a high dive. He looked depressed.

"Is it all right?" she begged.

He sat limply in the pretentious plush chair

"Em dear, would you be awful worried if I hadn't made my connection—if I'd slipped up for once?"

She cried stoutly, as though she were defending him against the world: "I don't care! You'll find something! Perhaps to-morrow!"

"Whee! Stung again!" He sprang up, posed like the Statue of Liberty, hurled a pillow at her and stood on his head on the floor, airily waving one foot. He rose—rather red-faced and choking, and muttered: "Gosh, guess I been smoking too many cigarettes! Kind of gets your wind." But he immediately recovered his triumph and crowed: "Dear madam, you may be interested to learn, in reply to your huffy query of seventh instant, that your husband is now a salesman for the Torquay-Belfast Motor Company in Baltimore, Maryland!"

"Honestly?"

"No, dishonestly! I didn't get the job. I just stole it. I walks in—well, I did go couple of other places first, but the managers there were grouches, so I told 'em to go to. But I drifts into the Torquay agency and tells the high guy what a swell little mixer I am, and how much I know about ignition and upholstery, and he takes me on at thirty-five per, with a bird of a commission, and I go to work there a week from Monday, when we wind up the grand honeymoon. Now do you trust the poor nut? Now do you see how much more fun it is to take a chance once in a while?"

She was hiding a shamed cheek against his coat, and he was forgiving her with lordly blandness. Also he was announcing that in twenty-seven minutes they would be starting, not for Atlantic City but for a voyage among unfrequented Virginia plantations on the steamer Opodnock.

Some one or other at the Torquay agency had recommended the trip—he didn't exactly remember who.

She was dazed, but she began to pack, murmuring "I must learn to like taking chances," and trying to make it sound natural.

Paul finally agreed with her that perhaps it would be just as easy for her to do the packing alone. He sat in the plush chair boasting.

"We're off to beat all records! I don't care if I spend the rest of my natural with the Torquay-Belfast. Now there's a car! Sells at five thousand two hundred—yes, and the limousine runs up to eight and nine. Grand colors and upholstery and motor—say, that engine's built like a watch, and all the power in the world. Do you know I drove a Torquay at eighty miles an hour once? Well, I wasn't exactly driving, but I was along with a fellow that did. And there's a corking bunch at the agency here—manager is a prince—wait'll you meet 'em! Oh, you're going to have one great time here, Mrs. Paulibus Banningski! Feel a little better about me now?"

"Oh, I'm terribly ashamed!"

II

SHE had enjoyed the comfort of his car; she had, for all her worries about expense, enjoyed the lavish hotels. But she did not enjoy the chunky steamer and their stateroom with shelves for beds. She was the inlander, the hill billy, used to dry air and solid surroundings, and as they slipped from the security of the dock into a blind world of fog, as she caught the slippery smell of mist, salt water, rusty iron and dead fish, she was faintly alarmed. It was, she fretted, a wretched little boat, and the puffy captain didn't seem competent to get them through this wall of nothingness, past those other boats which she could hear—but menacingly not see—with their angry "Zh-h-h-h!" their wailing "Wha-n-n-n!"

"It Means I'll Never be Able to Hold Up My Head Before Decent Folks Again, But What's a Little Thing Like That?"

She hid it; she crawled along the slippery deck, arm about Paul's waist, and tried to join in his boisterous singing of Smile, Smile, Smile. Supper was a trial. The Opodnock served a district between the James River and the Potomac which was untouched by railroads. Small traveling salesmen, fishermen and storekeepers who had gone to Baltimore on business lined the table and gobbled in silence. They ignored her, and in her brisk friendly little life she had never been ignored. Not till they had finished, grunted, pushed away their plates and produced toothpicks did they begin to talk, and then only of Virginia politics.

Paul joined their talk, and in a metropolitan manner endeavored to guide it to national affairs—and the Torquay-Belfast motor. He waved his fork and chanted:

"You take it from me, and I can talk by the book, because I sold a car to a fellow whose brother is one of the biggest newspaper men in Washington and closer to Tumulty than a brother, and this fellow let me in on the inside stuff, and that's how I happen to know that in the 1920 campaign the Republican candidate will be Pershing."

She felt—and tried not to feel—that he was showing off. She was embarrassed by the way in which the older passengers cocked their morose eyebrows at him. She whispered, "Let's go out on deck, Paul, and get some fresh air."

She found nothing to say as they walked round and round the box-heaped deck in the drenched darkness. She was startled at each blasphemous yawp of the foghorn.

"What's the matter? Why the grouch?" he asked.

"Nothing—really! I—Paul, don't we stop in at some town about midnight?"

"Yuh, I think so."

"Wouldn't it be fun—oh, Paul, wouldn't it be fun if we sat up till then, and went ashore, and went to a hotel, and to-morrow—oh, we could walk round and explore."

"What's matter? Scared of the fog?"

"No, not—not exactly."

He held her two arms, spoke sternly, while she writhed with a feeling of inferiority.

"Now look here, old Em. Let's have this out. What's the rub?"

"I don't like this boat! Those men at supper, and our stateroom—those horrid pencil boxes of berths!"

"What of it?"

She was homesick for her pink-and-blue room at home, for its daintiness and its security.

"I'm used to a decent clean place, and I simply don't care for a filthy hole, that's all!"

"No, all you want is a suite with bathroom, like a liner, on a boat making a back-country run! This is a good outfit, with a crackajack skipper and tol'able food, and the stateroom is all you can expect. But suppose it were the limit! What of it? You got to choose between two kinds of life: the dead-or-alive kind, where you never have any fun, and the adventurous kind, where you see the world. That's me! Maybe to-night isn't as nice as you're accustomed to, but wasn't the hotel last night a little nicer than anything you ever hit? That's the way I do things. And if you can't stand my speed—why, you got to leave me!"

He halted. They were in darkness, on a gently rocking deck, the wet planks glaring amidships from the light of the small engine room. Beyond there was nothing save an appalling emptiness and the wailing of a gull. She felt abandoned to that emptiness. She wanted to cling to Paul's protection and dared not. The flippancy was gone from his voice: he was resolute.

"I'm crazy about you, Em, but for that reason I ain't going to let myself make you miserable. Do you like me? Want to stay with me?"

A long kiss, which argued many things.

"Then you've got to be a sport. You've been brought up soft. Always had mother to skip to, and sure of your three squares. Well, sometimes I can beat that; sometimes I can afford the mushrooms and champagny water. Ain't it fair then that some of the time you should only have spuds?"

"Yes, yes! Of course!"

She determined to be very fond of spuds, though what spuds were she did not know.

"Are you going to be a complainer, a nagger? Some sense to kicking when you can get something by it, but when a thing's done, when you can't change it, will you kindly tell me what use it is to nag your spouse into the grave? F'r instance, we're late for a show. Going to make it any earlier by yelping that I started too late? And maybe sometimes I might start late. I ain't perfect. And a fellow like me that enjoys life, prob'ly he won't always be as powerful on the dish-wiping as one of these fish that want to sit and snore all evening. But can't you trust me? Can't you understand I love you? When things go wrong, won't you be a sport and say 'Better luck to-morrow'? Won't you be a good sport?"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes!"

Thus it happened that Be a Good Sport, the slogan of joy-riders and race tracks, became the sacred device of Emily Banning. The sun was brilliant on the water next day, and in a week they came back to Baltimore, to a whole floor of a jolly little house off Charles Street, and during his first two days at the new work Paul sold two cars.

III

SHE made of their apartment a village home, with white curtains, boxes of narcissus, a jug of cider. She went trotting about the markets, a demure figure. Paul laughed at her economies.

"You're one of these Busy Berthas that spend five dollars' worth of gas to save three cents on a bunch of carrots!" he gibed

But he adored her, planned parties for her. To her, their happiest evenings were when they played alone. She did not like his new friends.

"Folks with some zip to 'em, real Bohemians," Paul called them, but to her they were merely noisy. They were men with small salaries and large cars – not quite paid for; with shoes having pearl buttons—and heels ground down to muddy wafers

They scattered cigar ashes on the floor she had scrubbed and polished. They left rings from wet bottles on the book of engravings which Aunt Tommy had given her for a wedding present. They filled the quiet and fragrance of her beloved rooms with the stink of cheap beer and the rattle of coon songs. But she smiled as she saw how people and gayety—any people and any gayety—exhilarated Paul, and she felt guilty because she was a poor sport.

When his Bohemians were gone Paul philosophized: "They're only a starter. We'll duck them when we sneak in on a real society bunch. I'm beginning to get good and chummy with my customers, and you can bet that any guy that can shell out five thousand clinkers for a car is in right with the giddy whirl!"

Then, suddenly, the morning of worry. A Sunday morning; Paul abed at eleven, handsome in the corded silk pyjamas which were economical because, as he explained, "they're so classy that they make you feel like a gentleman, and you know all this new stuff about psychology and mental power—a guy is like what he feels like." Emily herself, in an apron, was probably unclassy. She brought breakfast on a tray, and begged: "Oh, come on now, Paul. It's a peach of a day. Get up and we'll drive to Annapolis. I want to see the middies "

"Oh, what's the use of ever getting up? I been thinking—I'm sick of the hole where I work."

"I thought you liked it!"

"Well, the place is all right, and some of the salesmen. Max Kelley, he's a prince—and say, maybe he can't play bridge! But the boss is a darned old grouch."

"Why, just two days ago you were saying ——"

"Well, I had kind of a run-in with him yesterday. Didn't want to bother you about it: but I goes out to lunch with a fellow, not exactly a customer, but might's well be. Darn nice fellow—and rich? Wow! They say his dad left him one hundred thousand cold bucks! Of course I don't want to hurry a fellow like that, and I was out maybe two hours, and when I gets back the manager bawls me out. Seems there hadn't been a salesman on the floor, and maybe we'd missed a sale—sure, maybe we had and maybe we hadn't! Anyway, if we did, don't I lose my commission? I guess if I'm sport enough to not put up any holler about that the firm ought to take its medicine too!"

"But, dear, you must remember that selling a fine car like the Torquay probably demands so much attention and ——"

"Where do you get that fine-car stuff? Know what the Torquay is? Bunch of junk! And the service station? Oh, zowie, if I told you what I know about that bunch of pirates!"

"But—but ——"

She was so confused, so shaken out of her feeling of security, that "But—but ——" was all she found to say.

Paul rose, shaved, came out cheerful and rosy, in his new hat which "did cost a little more'n I expected to pay, but it'll last twice as long—that is, 'less it goes out of style."

He had forgotten his woes. He chucked her under the chin, he sang My Jazzland Cutie, he took her for a drive among hills serene with autumn, and he admitted: "Guess I was cranky before I got up. The boss ain't such a bad pill if you know how to kid him along "

But the next evening he came home raving

"I won't stand any more of the boss' lip! He had the nerve to spring the new-brooms-sweep-clean line on me to-day. I as good as told him he could have my job, any time he wanted it."

"What would we do? We haven't saved but seventy dollars since we've been here!"

"Don't you worry! Trust Pauly!"

A week later he was again in a glow; he was master of the world. But it wasn't over the Torquay-Belfast and the manager that he glowed. With those illusions, he announced, he was good and plenty through. What delighted him was the knowledge, derived from a friend of an acquaintance of a congressman, that if he could open an agency for the new Helmet car in Washington he could make a million dollars!

He pounded the table with the bone of his lamb chop. He sprang up to put on a one-step record. It was an hour before he came down to details and, incidentally, to helping her with the dishes.

"Here's the idea: The Helmet's only been on the market about a year, and there's no agency for it in Washington yet. You know what a doggy place Washington is—senators and all that plug-hat gang, and a lot of social climbers that go there to spend the winter and get the girls married off to colonels. Class trade, and the Helmet's got the class. Grand body and motor—say, built like a watch, and oodles of power. And I've learned this expensive-car selling game from A to mince pie."

"But dear, my dear! Just yesterday you were saying that these rich people are so unfriendly."

"We-ul, I'll admit they aren't as chummy as I'd thought they'd be. Snobs, looking down on a fellow just because they've got money! But I'll tell you I've learned how to handle the plutes now. The quiet and dignified and the codfish eye, that's the stuff to slip 'em. Like this."

Though his demonstration of the quiet, the dignified and the codfish eye was slightly marred by his costume of ragged apron and dish towel hung over his shoulder, he was lofty as he stalked across the kitchen, shook hands with the folding clothes rack and addressed it compellingly: "'Ah, yes, Mr. Skitamarigg. You wish to see a sedan? Very well I shall be with you in a moment. Pray be seated.' See, like that, Em. Reserved. Then skin off for a couple o' minutes. Let 'em wait. Make 'em think you're ringing up the Queen of Poland for a date to play stud poker. Make 'em think you're important. Or suppose some high muck-a-muck comes in. Let him know you're hep to him. 'Ah, Senator Snickaree! I trust the President is well.' See? Calm and nasty "

The old "But—but ——" rumbled in Emily's brain.

"If I had just a measly little sum I could put it across. We have to put up ten thousand dollars to get the agency; but Lord, for a Torquay agency you'd have to show resources of ten times that amount. I know a fellow that would chip in with five thou—one of my customers. He thinks I'm the livest salesman in the row. If I could only get my mitts on five thousand more I could make a million. No, I don't want to exaggerate. But I could make a hundred thousand. Straight! Just waiting to be picked. Oh, it's murder to see those nice juicy dollars going to waste! Don't happen to have five thousand up your sleeve, do you?"

He laughed artificially and wandered off to the living room. She stood fixed, a hand suspended in the air, because she did happen to have five thousand!

When she was ten her grandmother had left her a bequest, in bonds, which was now grown to more than five thousand. Years before she had met Paul Banning she had determined that this money should be kept for the education of her future children. It wasn't hers—it was theirs. This had become so much a habit of thought that she had really forgotten the money. It came to her with a wrench.

"Nonsense, it ain't mine!" she said—and wasn't convinced. She felt guilty at withholding it from Paul, deliberately preventing her boy from making his hundred thousand. "He's right. I don't really trust him. I'm not a good sport, and I thought I would be—oh, the next time I was sure I would be!"

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But She Smiled as She Saw How People and Gayety—Any People and Any Gayety—Exhilarated Paul

THE SURVIVORS

The Show Herd in Yellowstone Park Working Down to the Winter Range Above—Grazing in the Highlands

THE state of North Carolina recently acquired all of six buffalo. They are in Pisgah Park, and their names are Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton, Davy Crockett, Virginia Dare, Betty Zane and Winnie Davis—nomenclature mostly colonial and wholly Southern, as was appropriate in the circumstances. These buffalo came from the Austin Corbin herd of New Hampshire, and were shipped from Blue Mountain Forest Park of that state on January 16, 1920. The Corbin herd, once the best-known buffalo herd in the world, at that time numbered about one hundred animals. As it was proposed to reduce the size of this collection various parks and associations were made beneficiaries at a cost very reasonable in view of all the facts. Thus there was written one more chapter in the strange story of the American bison.

It chanced that I read the details of this North Carolina shipment during the month of July while on a visit to the Yellowstone Park. The annual report of the American Bison Society came to my hands the very day after a visit to the Yellowstone Park buffalo herd, which is the largest now in the United States. The coincidence brought about a long chain of associated facts and memories, so that it seems interesting to set down a sort of summary of the buffalo situation, not only in Yellowstone Park, but all over the world. This naturally includes the history of the Yellowstone herd, which gives the American public its best remaining opportunity of seeing an actual herd of real buffalo, not inclosed or penned up, but in the open and foot-loose as of old. That is a sight not to be forgotten and not to be lightly valued.

The American Bison Society's Count

TO THE writer this visit was of especial interest, because of a sort of feeling of personal ownership in the Yellowstone herd, not to mention a like feeling in regard to the Corbin herd in part; for with the beginnings of both these herds chance gave me an intimate knowledge not accorded to many men. I cannot say that this knowledge is to-day a matter of pride so much as of sadness. The story of the bison in America is a tragedy, a tragedy of ignoble sort, which not all our best efforts in repentance ever can much alter now.

Of course, every American schoolboy knows, or should know, that the bison once ranged from the Carolinas to the western slopes of the Rockies; from the upper tropics of Mexico north to the subarctic regions. Hardy and prolific, it had shown its right to survive in practically all the environment of the North American Continent, and the species was one of the most valuable the earth ever produced in any country or at any time. In some parts of the country its numbers were fairly incredible; and the only sagas, the only actual American traditions that we have, tell us over and over the tales of the buffalo days, so closely allied with our first national expansion.

Boone, Kenton, Crockett—it was well enough to give those names to the little North Carolina herd. When those frontiersmen crossed the Appalachians they left behind them a buffalo range already old, to find a better one just beyond the hills. Kentucky then swarmed with buffalo. To-day, in that old state of Boone and Kenton, there are just two captive buffalo alive—both females and both, of course, imported from other states. Would it be of interest to make a summary of the numbers of buffalo now alive in each state of the Union which may claim any living specimens? Statistics are not always interesting, but these do seem so.

The alphabetical list begins on the third letter. California has thirty-seven buffalo, Colorado two hundred and twelve, the District of Columbia twenty-one. Georgia owns two buffalo, tying Kentucky. Idaho has now only eight head left of its once large private herds. Indiana has one solitary, lonesome buffalo bull. Iowa owns fifty-eight head. Kansas may claim to-day, out of the countless millions which ranged her plains and prairies fifty years ago, just eleven head of buffalo, owned by two city parks. Nebraska, another of the Great Plains states where the buffalo environment once was at its best, can show to-day but thirty-eight head of that once innumerable species.

Louisiana has three buffalo, Maryland seven, Massachusetts twenty-seven, Michigan eight, Minnesota six, Missouri six. In Montana there are three hundred and seventy-six buffalo, but that is because of the location in that state of the National Bison Range, which has two hundred and ninety-eight head, and of the private herd of the late C. E. Conrad, seventy-three head. There are only five other buffalo in that state. The great New Hampshire herd, earlier mentioned, is now cut down to forty-five head. The state of New York can offer only forty-one head. North Carolina's total, including the six purchased this year, is thirteen head of buffalo. North Dakota, where the species once swarmed in millions, now has only seven head in all; but her sister state, South Dakota, holds the state record, even over Wyoming, which latter state includes the Yellowstone herd. In South Dakota the estate of James Philip, according to the Bison Society, still owns eight hundred and twenty-five buffalo, that herd having largely increased on the open range in spite of all threats to cut down its numbers. There are in the four known herds of South Dakota, in all, nine hundred and forty-eight head of buffalo—a fact not widely known in regard to the representatives of the species now in actual or practical captivity.

Ohio has twenty buffalo; Oklahoma two hundred and six, mostly in public parks, though the 101 Ranch owns sixty-two head. In the state of Oregon the Pendleton Round-up, where so many Easterners get their annual Wild West thrills, can boast a single, lonesome buffalo, as token of a West that once was really wild. There are four buffalo in Portland, which makes five for Oregon.

Pennsylvania shows up with seventy-three head of buffalo; whereas Tennessee, the state of Davy Crockett, can claim three specimens and no more. Texas, out of her millions and millions, now has in her six small herds two hundred and thirty head of buffalo. One man in Utah is said to own three hundred head. Three parks in Washington hold nineteen head; and the state of Wisconsin may lay claim to seven buffalo.

The Yellowstone Park Herd

THE figures given above are from the annual report of the American Bison Society for 1920, and are believed to be approximately correct. The report gave for the state of Wyoming, including the Yellowstone Park herd, five hundred and twenty-three head; but this number is not quite large enough, in fact, since it does not cover the calf crop for the current year. The official count of the superintendent of Yellowstone Park for the spring of 1920 and the summer up to July makes the so-called tame herd of Yellowstone Park number four hundred and thirty-one head of mature stock, with twenty-two calves for 1920; four hundred and fifty-three head in all. The actually wild herd of Yellowstone Park, whose members rarely are seen by anyone in the fastnesses of the lower and eastern portions of the park, is thought now to number about one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty head; whereas the Bison Society claims for this herd only ninety head. We may, however, give the totals as printed in the society's report, which are given as thirty-three hundred and ninety-three head of captive and wild buffalo in the United States to-day.

Of course, there are no really wild buffalo in the United States, for the wild herd of Yellowstone Park, though not fed, fenced or cared for in any way, is under national protection on a national preserve.

In a general way it is known that the Dominion of Canada purchased the Michel Pablo herd of the Flathead Reservation some years ago, and used it as a basis for the

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ON MARGIN

By KATE JORDAN

ILLUSTRATED BY DEALTON VALENTINE

SINGING, she came down the fourth-floor stair; a soft song rich with happiness. The occurrence was so surprising, realization became a loop that held her as she reached the top of the second flight, and she sank against the wall, her flexuously slender shoulder resting just above the shrinelike hollow that in the old mansion's felicitous days had niched a stair lamp.

Delighted amazement made an underglow in Mary's face. Singing in Mrs. Hemingway's boarding house? In the morning, on her way to work? And even before the breakfast that would have brought her at least a modicum of stimulation from the chickoried thing called coffee? Singing! Her lip tilted in the gayest smile as she continued motionless. She knew that the song belonged to a new dawn, that if she could be wholly natural she would go lilting everywhere—on the crowded street or in the packed elevator that soon was to shoot her up to an office aerie on an eighteenth floor—anywhere, to-day, to celebrate its difference from all her hundreds of other days spent among the steady prunes, half-size drab towels and cracking window shades of this place which she had left and entered without ever a lightening of the heart.

And to think that the possession of some money had worked this change. Not even money of her own; only a sum that tangentially and remotely touched her present life.

She was about to go on, when a neatly coifed gray transformation began to loom up through the dusk of the stair well, its owner coming nearer to her. This was little old Miss Drake, who had lived at Mrs. Hemingway's for ten years on the last attenuation of what had once been a plump income. As with her pensive sort of grace Mary waited so that the older woman might reach and pass her easily at the turn of the angled staircase, her happiness shot electric questions through her: "What would Miss Drake say if she knew the real reason for Aunt Mabel's visit to me? What would any of them down there in the dining room say—if they knew?"

The thought had a veritable story-book excitement. It scarcely seemed real that cozy, short, fat Aunt Mabel, with two chins more than she had started life with, and protruding eyes inclined to a sentimental mistiness, had gone into the heiress class from a five-thousand-dollar legacy left her by an almost forgotten uncle; that with Mary sparkling at her side she had spent it all on five Liberty Bonds and had rented under her niece's full name—Mary Martha Dustan—a safe-deposit box as a temporary home for them.

"You see, dearie," Aunt Mabel had said as, together, they had hung over the oblong, japanned tin in the vault of a prominent Fifth Avenue bank, "now with the key in your possession you'll be all hunky-dory if I should die suddenly."

"Oh, no!" This thin protesting wail had come from Mary while she gave a hard hug to the other's soft bulk. "Don't spoil your good luck by talking of dying."

Instantly Aunt Mabel's eyes had shown the ready mistiness. "You sweet dear, I know you love me. But talking of what must come in the natural order of things"—and in spite of philosophy tears had rushed down the folds of her face like crystals leaping from a broken thread—"won't bring it any sooner. Don't you see? So, as you'll have the right to come and go here as you please, the key in your possession, there'd be no red tape to bother you, if anything happened to me."

Free of any flavor of sadness, indeed piercing with delight, was memory of their words during the farewell at the train that was to take Aunt Mabel back to the Maine town where she was matron in a hospital. They were shoulder to shoulder on a bench in the waiting room, an open box of chocolates passing between them.

"Oh, Mary Martha, when I think what by and by I'll do with this money I feel as frisky as an old horse turned loose in a meadow full of clover," Aunt Mabel had chirruped with an incongruous boyish wink of one lackadaisical eye. "You and I, my dear! I'll hold on to half of it in the bonds as a sort of plaster for my real old age when I'm not fit to work—for to tell the truth, lovey, I spent so much on poor Cousin Susy up to the day of her death I haven't saved a cent—but the other half? Well, as the boys say, we'll blow it. Yes, sir-ree! There's a lovely tourist party of twenty-six being made up by a professor in Bangor for next spring to go and see the battlefields, with a day in Paris and London on the side, and a look in at Holland"—she paused here to give a squeak of vindictive joy—"Holland, where, maybe—for you never can tell—we might get a squint at the Kaiser, the old loafer! Oh, it would be lovely if we could see him through those park gates that the papers tell about, and make a snoot, and throw peanuts at him as we did yesterday to the elephant in Central Park! Well, what do you say to all that for a treat, Mary Martha?"

There had been nothing to say for one moment of blinding radiance. And then: "You'd really go to Europe and take me with you?" Mary's hushed answer had come, her heart deliciously faint. "Really?"

"Well, I guess yes! Don't I know a good time when I see it? Why, Mary, you're a joy to have about!"

"Oh, to travel!" Mary, with her head back, had gazed up at the station's sculptured ceiling. "Do you remember how you used to read Dickens to me when I was little? Why, from him I think I even know how London smells."

"So do I. Sort of sooty and damp—h'h?—but nice!" And Aunt Mabel had nestled against her in a shivering sort of content.

"Paris too," Mary had dreamed on. "Oh, to see all the glorious places told about in the histories! I've only just finished the life of Charlotte Corday ——"

"Then let me tell you something about her!" Aunt Mabel had broken in with delight. "A friend of mine who, just before the war, went over with a tourist party from Portland, can give us the address of a place in Paris—I think it's an old bookstore—where for a franc they show you the very knife she ran into that old Marat."

A gasp of joy from Mary: "Oo! How wonderful!"

"H'h, h'h. I'm sorry to say it's under glass so you can't feel it—but there it is." And, unconscious of any leaning to bloodthirstiness, Aunt Mabel had helped herself to her eighteenth caramel.

Further confidences from her had made the very apex of anticipation for Mary: "Do you know it's perfectly dreadful what getting your hands on some money can do to a person?" This was a whisper of self-dismay as a chubby arm came nudging for sympathy. "My dear, it makes you—mercenary! That's the way I'm getting, Mary. I keep thinking in dollars, saying to myself: 'If I had this much I'd do this, and if I had that much I'd do that.' I dreamed last night that the five thousand was changed by a miracle into one hundred thousand and that it was such a weight of gold on my chest I had to stop the traffic at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue and yell to everyone about it. Of course," she sighed, "it was only those clam fritters at dinner—I ought never touch them!—but oh, if it could come true, do you know what I'd dare to do?"

"What?" By the hushed and condoning question Mary flung herself in as accomplice to whatever the fascinating recklessness might prove to be.

"I'd first invest it so that I'd get six thousand a year as income from it. And then I'd take you and we'd go abroad to live for years and years. No seeing America first for me! Oh, I know this is unpatriotic and I ought to be ashamed of myself"—and Aunt Mabel's aigretted toque had wagged dolorously over her waywardness—"but I'd do it, just the same."

"Would you go even to—Japan?" Mary had whispered, a thrill holding her just to speak the colorful word.

"Well, I guess! And further than that. How about seeing that Garden of Allah that was in that lovely story—you know?" was demanded with the languid emphasis of one who is determined to spare no expense. "And wouldn't it be fine to have snapshots taken of ourselves on a camel so we could show them round when we got home, and make people sit up? Somehow, I've always wanted to get away up on a camel, I don't know why," Aunt Mabel had ended helplessly with a sigh.

"Oh, it's no wonder I could sing this morning!" was Mary's inward exclamation as Miss Drake came up the last step and stood beside her. For though it takes time to set down the reasons for the girl's glowing sense of well-being, they had flashed before her mind on the springs of one joy-laden half minute.

"Good morning," Miss Drake said, her fist dug into her side as she paused for breath. "You're late to-day. You told me they fined you for lateness."

"They do—but now and then," came in an excited, defiant whisper, "you've just got to do what you want to do, and be willing to pay for it. Don't you think so?"

"I used to feel that way." A reminiscent look, all yearning, had deepened the almost vanished gray of Miss Drake's eyes. "It's—nice."

She moved on a step, then waited to confide with the boarder's constitutional bias to faultfinding: "You'd better hurry down or there won't be a prune left. Prunes! Wouldn't you think she'd give us a piece of cantaloupe now and then in June?" She tapped Mary roguishly on the arm with the folded newspaper she carried. "Thompson Fibel is still down there. He's waiting for you all right."

"Nonsense!" Mary blushed a faint rose color merely because romance was suggested.

"He took my breath away this morning. He's talking twelve to the dozen. You know how glum he's been from the first day that he and his mother came here? Well, now that she's gone, you wouldn't know him for the same person." Miss Drake's old face, always full of dry humor, took on creases that suggested a wrinkled lemon. "What do you suppose he's been getting excited about all through breakfast?" As Mary continued questioningly vague, she added: "The stock market! Yes indeed," she nodded. "He was in an office on Broad Street, it seems, but he's left it and is going away this morning to meet his mother somewhere en route to Mexico and take a position with an uncle down there. He never gave out a word of this money-and-speculation eloquence when his mother was around, but if you closed your eyes this morning you'd think Morgan, no less, was holding forth. Why," said Miss Drake, pausing at her own door, "my brain is reeling to the tune of—millions! Anything less seems paltry."

She Sat on a Haircloth Lounge Beside Thompson Fibel and Listened to His Recipes for the Making of a Fortune

Mary had dropped her lids over a look that she could feel was new, one excitedly avid. Talk about money had never interested her before; no more than had speculations about the man in the moon. She had not been on bowing acquaintance with either. With fresh knowledge of herself she became conscious that money now seemed a thing it would be good to get used to, reason about. The millionaires of the world no longer were as fabulous beings, absolutely remote from her; they had a huge bunch of keys to fit all the many locks on the gate of opportunity; well, she had one, too, that might be able to make that vast portal sag back for her, if only enough to let in an exploring hand.

"Just as I was coming out," Miss Drake scoffed, "he was making this statement: 'We are in the heyday of a golden harvest. Almost anything on the big board and also on the curb is a buy. In fact the whole market is responding so feverishly you could hardly go wrong on hitting some good thing if you closed your eyes and stuck a pin in the list!' Did you ever hear a more asinine statement?"

It did not seem asinine to Mary Martha Dustan. It seemed, instead, wisdom to which a person with money—say, one with five thousand dollars lying utterly useless in a safe-deposit box—might well listen. No harm could come of just listening. And how pleasant it might be. She gave a confused gurgle of sound as good-by and raced down the stairs, smiling, anticipative. Her entrance into the basement dining room was demure. No sign of a tumultuous heart showed in her quiet face as with an encircling gaze she said good morning to the few lingering at the breakfast table and took her seat, which was almost opposite Thompson Fibel's.

As She Watched the Tape Panting Out Feverishly She Was Made to Taste an Assortment of Biting Sensations

He had been speaking with a sonorous fluency that had stopped in a flatteringly abrupt way on her appearance, as he considered her. The rest were waiting for the continuance of his financial sensations, but he took time to bestow some valued seconds on Mary.

Her comeliness, that contained singularity and surprise, had a way of coming afresh upon a gazer each time. Someone had said that she was like the Mona Lisa, that enchanting and unreliable minx who one moment seems to smile as the embodiment of sunshine, seems impenetrably sad the next, then remote, secretive, even dismissing. This confusing allure could be defined only as charm—that overworked word called in to describe the seductiveness that defies exact registering. For Mary, though having some beauty and the flowerlike quality that belongs to perfect health and twenty-two years, had noticeable defects.

She was a nutmeg-hued girl except that the toneless hair and long pale lashes showed uneven glints of gold; her lips were more pink than rosy, and the two small front teeth peeped forward slightly, giving her at times the look of a greedy babe; her eyes were the cloudy violet seen in the haze of distance on some autumn days; and the lid of one, chronically and gently languid, could never quite lift to the full. And these three things, accounted blemishes—pallor without intense notes to make enlivening contrast, little teeth showing as points of glancing white, and the drooping lid—instead of damaging her magnetism, gave it a witch-like potency; for the soft eye would suggest a twilight sort of dream, and the mouth a prankish, vampirish gayety, and the neutrality of her coloring the tender appeal of flowers in moonlight, bleached by its magic of all tint.

Thompson Fibel did not make this analysis of her. To him, as she sat palely glowing in an iris-colored linen and under a rustic hat, she was: "A peach! And every time you see her she hits you harder than before. Wish I'd had a chance to make a ten-strike with her these two weeks. Would have, if it hadn't been for ma! That cold-storage way ma has of looking at a person and talking to me as if I was still in sashes crimps my style something fierce—might as well have been under the table for all the dent I made on the atmosphere!"

He bent toward Mary and counseled from the side of his mouth, the while he took a bite out of a piece of toast: "Pass up the pan fish! It's a fake; all backbone and skin—wouldn't fill a canary. She'll try to side-step you on the creamed beef, saving it for the help because it's filling. But you insist on it—take my word."

He was about twenty-three, stout in a downy, overflowing way. He had puffy over-eager eyes behind heavily rimmed glasses. His lips, long and thin, twitched continually to one side or the other with the flexibility of the born talker. And his competence to advise on the filling qualities of food was as evident as Falstaff's, though in a youthful way.

Heretofore, as he had sat mute and stiff beside his austere mother, Mary had a passive consciousness of him. She, the only young woman in the house, had faintly underscored him as the only young man. Now, as he luxuriated in self-expression, she felt a sudden squeamish dislike of him. Her reply was cold:

"Thank you, Mr. Fibel, but I won't take either—never do."

"What's the idea? Fruit and coffee, I suppose? The French breakfast?" he jeered amiably, while looking at her with violent commendation. "That's the way with your sex, Miss Dustan. They're romantic and foolish—don't eat properly, nor enough. That's why they're such rank failures as stock speculators. They have no stamina for a crisis."

"Oh, tell us, Mr. Fibel!" old Mrs. Gardiner implored. She was a comfortably built, white-haired little woman who loved to hear about train wrecks and delighted in detective stories where the most blood-chilling murder mysteries were unraveled. "Do many women play the market? How do they act? Oh, I guess you've seen some exciting things. Do tell us!"

Fibel gazed about, holding the unctuous pause that rivets the attention of a waiting audience. "If you could know!" he said solemnly at last. "Why," he swung on, and gave a commiserating downfall to his elastic lips, "only a month ago during an unexpected bear raid on the market I had an awful time in one of the inner offices of the firm I was with—a hand-to-hand struggle with a desperate woman."

"What was she struggling about?" Mrs. Gardiner gasped, expectancy rank in her rigid gaze as she hoped for the worst.

"Trying to kill herself," said Fibel gravely. "One look at the quotation of C. P. O. on the ticker—Central Patagonia Oil, that is—and before I knew it she had pulled a bottle filled with white pellets from her pocket. It was all I could do to keep her from swallowing the lot. A battle for life or death followed. She was determined to take that poison. But—I conquered her."

Mary had been listening with every nerve stretched. A poignant sort of pity burned through the cloud on her violet eyes, made them luminous as she asked with genuine feeling: "And was she glad afterward that you'd saved her, Mr. Fibel?"

"Proud to say she was. And when I'd finished talking like a Dutch uncle to her, I got a taxi and took her home. A week later she appeared again in the office. You see, she had been able to scratch up enough cash to bolster her margin for five hundred shares of C. P. O., and in the meantime the thing had shot up twenty-five points. That was fifteen above what she'd bought it at un'stan'? By selling out right there in front of me she cleaned up seven thousand dollars in about ten minutes. Pretty soft? Oh, she was glad all right, Miss Dustan." And his lids came down as with weariness from too much triumph. "She went plumb down on her knees before me there in the office, said I had been her salvation—tried to kiss my hands! And this is just the point I was trying to make a moment ago—all women are alike. They lose their heads because they have no bodily strength. French breakfasts"—with a speaking look—"do not make a structure to stand the ups and downs of fortune building—for I'm talking of big money."

He pushed back his chair preparatory to rising and was able to convey in its scrape upon the linoleum the finality of a peroration. The thought that he was leaving for Mexico that morning, practically at once, and that no other with such knowledge of Wall Street might ever again cross her path fired Mary through all her gentle pulses with a reckless determination. She must ask him some questions. Yes, some things she must know. As she moistened her lips her cream-white face had a quivering and tragic wistfulness.

"Then, Mr. Fibel, if a woman is sensible, keeps her head, she can make a lot of money in Wall Street?"

"She certainly can."

"If she had five thousand dollars could she turn it into one hundred thousand—or near that?"

"Oh, say," Mrs. Gardiner cried with a friendly jeer, "you don't want much, I must say! Of course she couldn't!"

Fibel nailed her on the cold gaze of one trying very hard to be tolerant with ignorance. "Of course she could," he said with a languor that was almost insolent before he turned to Mary with a confidential smile. "If she gets a good tip—the real thing—and follows it exactly, buying the stock on margin at the price advised and selling it on information from the inside, her five thousand—with a little time, y'un'stan'?—could roll itself up in a market like this into one hundred thousand or more—I say, or more!—as easy as the turning of your hand."

He was standing now. But Mary, her coffee scarcely tasted, had as surely started on his trail as if she were a tiger nosing a blood scent.

"But those tips, Mr. Fibel—where can they be had? Ordinary people can't get them, I suppose? For instance, I—I—have a friend who has some money. She doesn't live in New York. Now if she wanted to speculate, where on earth could I get a tip for her—the sure kind that you describe, Mr. Fibel?"

His smile was an urbane capitalist's. He bowed with something of the jerky precision of a German officer. "I can be of service to you, Miss Dustan. Only too delighted."

"Do you mean that you know of something that could not fail? Absolutely sure?" she questioned on a breath that was making a small storm in her throat. "For it would have to be that—absolutely sure."

"You are giving me the largest possible order—but I will say this: I have inside information from the heads of several groups of professionals. I know of pools they are forming to bull one stock and bear another. And I further add that if my instructions are followed meticulously"—Fibel paused on the last word; he had picked it up lately and liked it—"meticulously, un'stan'?—there can be but one result. That is—success."

After this Mary crashingly dismissed all idea of work for that morning. In Mrs. Hemingway's walnut-and-marble parlor, where in putty-colored triteness Rogers groups knelt and gestured, and conch shells yawned from shaky-legged whatnots, and photogravures of Landseer's animals made a stockyard of the walls, she sat on a haircloth lounge beside Thompson Fibel and listened to his recipes for the making of a fortune in about three months out of five thousand dollars, plus inside knowledge of the intentions of certain capitalists and plus a capability for sitting tight pending results.

Yet she scarcely knew herself as with ice-cold hands that kept twisting she remained motionless, squeezed into the sofa's corner. She was like a creature who had entered an alien plane to be inflated by some hitherto unknown electric fluid that for assimilation and protection required a new personality, much as a diver must attach a breathing apparatus and build about himself a caisson made of clothes that will be impervious to all the attacks and accidents belonging to the nether seas into which he, a stranger, drops.

Naturally candid, she became cautious. Clean and transparent as rain water, she became as a pool deliberately muddied to shield what lay beneath its surface. Her light-hearted indifference became watchfulness, and she held to doubts until, one by one, Fibel made her see them as a sieve that could not hold water. She took all his knowledge and advice while seeming to have only an impersonal interest. No mention of Aunt Mabel or herself punctuated her questions to him. Socrates could scarcely have felt his wisdom as weighty as Mary did hers in the rôle of guardian of the legacy, while coolly—oh, very coolly—investigating the chances by which it might be turned into a solid fortune for iridescent foreign travel.

And no one would have been more amazed than she if illumination had come and she had seen herself already a captive; had known that just as surely would temptation do for her what the hook with its dancing bait does for the inquisitive trout—one venturesome nibble, and then, unless set free by the single chance in a hundred, the loss forever of the cool, swift stream, the feel of sunlight on the pulsing gills; and good-by to all other pleasant and familiar things.

When the time came for Fibel to rush for his southern-going boat the girl, whose unsteady hand he clutched in farewell, scarcely heard his last words, so much more real were the echoes within her left from the hours of instruction.

Now she knew all about the money war in Wall Street in the buying and selling of stocks. Buying long had immediately seemed simple, just as one would buy anything,

hoping to sell it for more. And people who did this were bulls. The short selling had been more difficult of comprehension, but after several simplifying illustrations—notably one about a hat—that too had cleared. How if she sold a certain kind of hat to someone, say, at ten dollars—though really not having it to sell at all—and then started out to buy it at a much lower price from somebody who did own it—say, for three dollars—she would deliver it as arranged, thereby making seven dollars; whereas, if instead of being able to buy it even at what she had originally sold it for its value should go up; her loss would be proportionate. And people who did this were bears.

Recessions, liquidations, declines—were chords to which her brain hummed. Reduction of commodities, bank loans, severe break, turnover, realizations, reactions, upward trend, heavy selling pressure, bull advance, bear raid, declared dividends, bid and asked, steady tone, bullish outlook, a spotty market, a break in silver, sterling exchange—so, in snatches, these new watchwords lingered with her.

"I trust that if your friend does any speculation you'll let me know," Fibel was saying. "It would be a great pleasure to hear from you down in Mexico, Miss Dustan, about any old thing. And may I also send you a line from time to time?"

Mary responded by a drifting nod. While Fibel had opened new horizons to her above a world where Aunt Mabel was to know the bliss of luxurious spending, she felt herself a conscience-stricken ingrate that she did not care if he never crossed her path again. The lover of her hopes in no whit resembled this oleaginous young man whose overtalkative lips had informed her in a side hiss that the pan fish was a fake and the creamed beef filling.

While he stood before her in the broad daylight she was far from him. On the wings of fancy she had slipped into a *chiaroscuro* of bewitching strangenesses. She was in India. A jinrikisha—oh, fascinating word!—held her slenderness and Aunt Mabel's bulk, while a picturesque, half-naked Hindu between its shafts was looking backward at them, waiting for instructions. "Take us to the Taj Mahal, so that we see it by moonrise," she heard her dream self saying even as her lips murmured their indifferent good-by to Thompson Fibel.

That afternoon, having arranged to put in a belated appearance at the office, she stopped at the hall hatrack, where the last batch of letters had been flung for the usual haphazard assorting. There was nothing for her, yet a delayed one addressed to Fibel claimed her attention because of words printed in its corner: "Barstow & Updike, No —— Broad Street, New York."

This must be the firm that had employed Fibel and in whose inner office he had saved a desperate woman from suicide. Mary kept scrutinizing the names, and gradually into the look of enterprise a struggling recognition came. She had heard before of Barstow & Updike. Someone had spoken those words. Now who? And when?

The sultry blue of her eyes grew bright as her charming mouth came roundly open. "Of course! That's the firm that Agnes Pritchard wrote me her brother was with. I remember," she thought.

Memory took her back to a happening of two years earlier: A farmhouse, encircled by ripe fields palpitating in July heat; pools in cool shadow where drowsy-eyed cows stood knee-deep, motionless save for their zigzagging jaws. She saw herself there in the brief sweet vacation time with the two other boarders, chance companions of the holiday, from the city like herself. There was Agnes Pritchard, dark-eyed, practical and active, soon to leave with a shipload of Red Cross workers for France; and Gavin, her brother, a little younger, with rather shy brown eyes and a longish, straightly held, slender body, who was about to embark almost as quickly for the fight.

What days they had had—up at dawn with the milkers, ready for their huge breakfast later in the brick-floored kitchen, swimming through the pools that twinkled with leaf shadows, swinging like birds in high branches where they picked cherries, racing down hills carpeted with clover! And the nights as delectable—walks along the dipping roads in the hush of apricot-pink sunsets, hay rides in moonlight that made a distilled pearl of the world, story-telling in the semidarkness of the porch until, their young bodies racked with a glowing sort of fatigue, their senses drugged with honeysuckle's sweetness, they separated at the early bedtime hour.

And these two had gone their ways. The friendship had been indeterminate, as was so much of ordinary existence when, under the brassy vibrations struck by war, lives became as atoms made to whirl in whatever directions its necessitous will sent them. They had passed like pleasantly tinted shadows into mists beyond her ken. No word had reached her until about six months before this day, when a letter from Agnes, with a German stamp, blurred with sea water, opened jaggedly and then banded by the censor, had found its way to her business address. It had been posted at Coblenz and told how she was staying on with the army of occupation. Her brother Gavin, who had come out of the furnace unharmed, was at work again in New York, and with a new firm, Barstow & Updike. She asked Mary to get in touch with him and have him call on her, as she was sure he would love to do.

"And I'd meant to," Mary was crying inwardly, "as soon as I'd moved to something better than this ramshackle place. Wonder if he's with this firm now! I always liked his smile and his queer name," she thought as she dropped the letter and went on her way. "Gavin—Scotch, they said it was."

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THE thing had happened. What to well-ordered reasoning in the flow of a decently regular life must seem so wrong as to be repulsive and breath taking had happened. Aunt Mabel's five one-thousand-dollar bonds had, without her knowledge, left the japanned box, the silence of the vault and its security, for a niche in a broker's safe, where, one of many labeled bundles, it knew darkness at short intervals between the continual opening and closing of the heavy doors, and security not at all.

There it might be likened to several things: To a wistful query among a host of other waiting questions, all with the human struggle for betterment back of them; to a small raised fist among a crowd of fists beating against the wall of chance, perhaps only to fall away bloody while the wall continued impregnable; to a leaf fastened so feebly to its branch that any rough wind must whisk it off to send it soaring, with a multitude of others as vain, out of sight, up to the storm clouds of mistake, over the sea of failure, over the mountains of disaster, never to be seen as that individual leaf again.

Obsession resists all examination and argument. As well might reason have been tried with the Biblical seven devils that took over the soul and body of a man until cast out by miracles. Mary was not herself for a week after Fibel's departure. The desire to make money that he had fired in her gentle heart became a frenzy for riches. As she wallowed in the thought of it while waiting she studied every item on the financial sheets in the morning and evening papers as he had advised. There she would see stocks that from one day's activity were marked +30 or —30. She would then figure out how, if with the five thousand dollars as margin she had bought even one hundred shares of one of these, she would, from ten in the morning until three in the afternoon, have cleared a profit of three thousand dollars.

Following this thought would come another, as oil to the flame, that the two stocks advocated by Fibel, one to rise about sixty points and the other to fall, were as yet quiescent, the opportunity to seize them as bargains still awaiting her. And mixed with it all was the ever-present memory of Aunt Mabel's pathetic longing to see the world.

Oh, to make this dream possible! Aunt Mabel always loved a surprise. When receiving some unexpected present she was like a child, giving squeaks of joy and a flow of happy tears, while faltering: "Well, I never! Oh, Mary, you are too sweet! I never dreamed!" To be able, then, all alone, to work this seeming magic and then suddenly tumble the gold into the ample lap of this lovable relative, to say: "Now you can stop working, journey to the ends of the earth, my reward to be the going with you into the lands of promise." What rapture for both!

As Mary waited, her mind juggling with the temptation, she lost sleep and appetite. She neglected her work while, bent over her desk, she secretly covered pages with a feverish scribbling of speculative results: If she bought Central Patagonia Oil and sold American Corporation Tin short—these, the two things most urgently recommended by her adviser—at such a price, she would on the rise of one and the fall of the other, after the dates he had exactly mentioned, clear so much and so much.

She would destroy these sheets only to begin others that, with the fancied fortune already a substantial background, would show the cost of travel to Egypt, to Japan, to Hawaii, to Italy—oh, to every golden, beckoning spot on the wonderful earth that at present was to her a closed and clamped book! On her way home she went to tourist offices and came away laden with data about hotels and guides, and with sunset-hued, descriptive folders of the East

(Continued on Page 141)

"As the Station the Telegraph Messenger Told Me He Had Given You a Telegram and Then Had Seen You Running Toward the Beach"

Our Internal Sugar Shortage

Starving in the Midst of Plenty

By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

ILLUSTRATED BY RAY ROHN

THE real sugar problem, like the kingdom of heaven, is within us. One man can lead a horse to water, but ten can't make him drink. And while a nickel and a teaspoon are all that is needed to put an ounce of sugar into our stomachs, what good does that do us if our muscles refuse to eat it? Yet this is precisely the situation in which probably half a million people find themselves in this country to-day. They may have the sweetest kind of sweet tooth; they may be wealthy enough to indulge it to the utmost, even with sugar at wartime prices; and yet because they are what we, in our pompous medical Greek, term diabetics, they must suffer and starve in the midst of plenty, like Tantalus, who, though plunged in water up to his neck, was perishing of thirst, because the water receded faster than he could follow it every time he attempted to lower his lips to drink.

At first sight merely to be deprived of a luxury like sugar and sweets might not appear a very terrible hardship. But what makes the situation of diabetics not merely uncomfortable but seriously dangerous is that inability to eat or burn sugar means starch starvation as well. For every grain of starch—which means every crumb of bread, every mouthful of potato, every scrap of biscuit or cake or pudding or cereal which we eat—must be turned into sugar before it can be absorbed by the blood and burned by the muscles.

In fact, in the body economy it is not love but sweets that make the world go round. Not bread but sugar is the real staff of life, in the sense that our human engine is largely a gas motor driven by sugar, and that something like two-thirds of our food energy is taken in the form of starches and sugars. It is true that two of her six cylinders will still hit on the two others of the food trinity, fats and proteins—meats; but this means a wabbling sort of running and ultimately jars the whole machine to pieces, as will be seen.

The Chemistry of Nutrition

ONE of the commonest bromides that one hears in discussions of health subjects is that diabetes, because it is a sugar-wasting disease, is evidently of recent origin and due to the immense increase in our eating of sugar, since that attractive saccharin was first produced at a moderate price in appreciable quantities less than a century ago. All that is needed according to this simple logic is for both the general public and the diabetic to stop eating sugar, regain their health and save their money.

But, like many other short cuts to health, this simple solution ignores the most important facts in the problem. In the first place, diabetes, instead of being a modern disease, is one of the oldest known ills that the flesh is heir to, and comes by its Greek name honestly, as it was applied to it by Celsus, one of the earliest writers on medicine, in the very first century of our era. And it has remained ever since one of the best known of that great group of changes in the chemistry of the body which, for want of a better name and to conceal our ignorance gracefully, we term diseases of metabolism.

Its name is really very simple, and means running through or leaking through, closely related to the Greek word for syphon, from the fact that the sugar failing to be burned in the muscles and, of course, incapable of being evaporated through the lungs, can escape from the body only in the watery waste from the kidneys. Curiously enough, this fact delayed our recognition of the real nature of the trouble for many centuries, for we would insist upon regarding it as a disease of the kidneys, as indeed it is popularly held to be to-day.

This is small wonder indeed, because the sugar pouring out of the blood carries with it such large amounts of water that the secretion of the kidneys rises from its normal three pints a day to a flood which is measured in gallons, and may even reach the incredible total of four or five gallons a day. And the beginning of this increase in flow, or the thirst which accompanies it, is usually the first symptom to attract the patient's attention.

When this heavy flow occurs there is usually marked loss of body weight, and one of the earliest observers comments wonderingly upon this tragic melting down of the body and limbs into water. As might naturally have been expected from our inveterate and age-long habit of judging from appearances and applying rule-of-thumb remedies, one of the earliest methods of treatment in vogue in diabetes was cutting down on and even cutting off the luckless patient's supply of drinking water, with no other results, of course, save to increase his discomforts and, when heroically applied, actually to put his life in danger.

It was early found that sugar was being lost from the body in diabetes, and that cutting down on the starchy foods of the patient would improve his condition. As there was practically no sugar in the diet in those days, except in the form of a very little honey and dried sweet fruits, there was no ground for the mistaken impression which so widely exists nowadays as to sugar eating being the cause of diabetes.

It has always been a favorite rule of the practitioners of physic, both professional and amateur, "When in doubt blame the liver." And as diabetes was very much in doubt indeed, it was not long before that large and long-suffering organ up under the right rib cartilages was incriminated. It really wasn't at all a bad guess, because the liver was known to be the only organ of the body which contained sugar after death, and also to play a prominent part in the digestion of starches during life. This didn't help us much in our treatment, for, though we are extremely fond to this day of stirring up the liver, and our drug stores and household medicine chests are full of remedies for this purpose, no drug as yet discovered has the slightest effect in quickening the metabolic gait of that imposing and important organ.

However, the earliest foundation of our scientific knowledge of diabetes was based on a liver hypothesis in the splendid pioneer work of the great father of modern physiology, Claude Bernard, about a century ago. By a masterly series of experiments he proved that the starch taken into the body was changed into glucose, or grape sugar, in the intestines. This glucose was carried by the blood to the liver, which proceeded to turn it into a curious substance called glycogen, or animal starch, which was less readily soluble than sugar, and therefore could be stored away for future use in the liver itself, and in the muscles all over the body. Then when sugar was needed in the body the liver would cash its bank reserve back again into sugar and pour it into the circulation.

The Problem Nears Solution

THIS apparently solved the whole problem, and for more than one hundred years the only important difference of opinion was between the school which held that the liver was unable properly to convert glucose from the food into glycogen for storage, and hence the blood vessels and kidneys were flooded with unrefined sugar, which they couldn't absorb, and the school which held that the liver converted the food glucose into glycogen well enough, but was unable to hold it in storage, so that it leaked away into the blood faster than the body was able to use it.

All this time, however, we were getting warm, as the children would say, for though the liver played a real part in the disease, the real and chief offender was his next-door neighbor to the left, a much smaller, less shapely and impressive-looking bunch of glandular tissue known as the pancreas, or chief digestive gland of the intestines, best known in animals as the originator of those popular remedies for digestive disturbances, pancreo-pepsin and pancreo-bismuth. On our tables and menus it appears under the gastronomic alias of sweetbread.

Fortunately, however, the liver theory of diabetes put us on the right track practically. Whatever organ was chiefly involved, there was clearly a disturbance of the normal power of the body to burn starches and sugar, and the way to meet the difficulty was either to cut down on the starches and sugary foods as much as was consistent with the preservation of life and health, or to discover some one among the numerous starchy roots and grains and vegetables which could be burned in the body without loss of sugar, or to stimulate by drugs or other special measures the sugar-burning power of the diabetic's body tissues. And we had in the main a fairly rational and moderately effective system of dieting for the disease, which would at least diminish the discomforts and prolong the life of the patient.

But our results were still unsatisfactory and uncertain, because we did not know the exact nature and seat of the trouble we were trying to relieve. By enforcing a vigorous and almost intolerable self-denial upon our patient in the matter of starches and sugars, we could almost clear the urine of sugar and think we had the disease well in hand.

After Two or Three Days of This Lenten Fare an Egg is Allowed at Breakfast

They Must Suffer and Starve in the Midst of Plenty

But suddenly one day, without any reappearance of sugar or other warning, the patient would begin to complain of headache, shortness of breath and drowsiness, and sink into a state of unconsciousness from which he might never wake up—the dreaded diabetic coma, which causes something like two-thirds of the deaths from this disease. We had apparently cured the disease—but not the patient.

About this time modern methods of studying the chemistry of the blood were coming into general use, and with their aid we discovered that this dreaded and ofttimes fatal coma was produced not by unburned sugar or any of its products, but by large quantities of acid substances of the butyric, or rancid buttery group, known as oxybutyric acid, acetone, diacetic acid and other hard names. These, as their names imply, are not sugary substances at all, but fatty ones, formed by the imperfect burning of fat; indeed, not widely different from the acrid vapors which cause the familiar offensive and irritating odors from burning fat or a blown-out candle

Here was a pretty kettle of fish. The fat was in the fire and no mistake. A disease which we had supposed to be due entirely to the piling up of unburned sugar, turning our blood to sirup, irritating all our tissues and literally gumming up the body machinery, yet its most frequent fatal ending caused by half-burned fat! It looked as if we were going to have to scrap all our ideas of diabetes.

The Double Life of the Pancreas

BUT this upsetting discovery proved a blessing in disguise, a veritable godsend in fact. It pointed us toward the one organ in the body which is capable of dealing with both starches and fats, the pancreas. It gave us a valuable and effective remedy for coma, and it warned us of the very natural error into which we had fallen, of trying to replace the forbidden starches in the diet by heavy amounts of fat, butter and oils. The remedy for coma was the simple chemical one of large doses of ordinary baking soda, an ounce or more within ten or twelve hours, to neutralize the fatty acids, thereby incidentally turning the diabetic's body into a soap factory, but cleaning up the coma promptly. This, however, was only temporary and under the new method is seldom necessary. To say nothing of giving us that blessed word "acidosis," which has almost taken the place of "uric acid" as an ever-available and satisfactory explanation of all sorts of mysterious symptoms. Though for a time it left the poor patient in even more distressing case by limiting him in his few remaining luxuries of cream, butter, fats and cheese, which made his menu card a bleak and dreary blank.

Once our attention was fairly centered on the pancreas, things began to happen. One of the difficulties which had kept us from recognizing it as the chief cause of the trouble was the double fact that cases of known disease of the pancreas during life often had no sugar in their urine, and that the pancreas in fatal cases of diabetes was found to be apparently healthy at post-mortem examination. But this puzzle was solved by the discovery that the pancreas was a double organ, living a double life. One and the greater part of its structure consists of groups of cells arranged in regular clusters round the ducts or delivery tubes, and engaged in forming and pouring out into the intestines the powerful digestive juice of this gland, which carries out something like four-fifths of the digestion of our food, and is the sole solvent of fats.

But scattered in among these respectable and hard-working gland cells were groups of apparently unemployed irregular cells, without occupation or visible means of support, which were in no way connected with the gland groups or the ducts. From their lying in patches all over the pancreas they were known as the islands of Langerhans, after the name of the anatomist who first discovered them, and for many years had been a standing puzzle.

One of our first clews came to us from a most unlikely source. For once cancer, the deadliest and most incurable single plague which vexes humanity, did us a good turn. It was noted that cases of cancer of the pancreas would often show little or no sugar in the urine, and could burn or digest starches and sugar quite well, but were unable to digest fats and oils. The reason for this was found on careful examination to be the fact that cancer attacked chiefly the glandular or digestive cells of the pancreas, and left the islands of Langerhans practically untouched.

The hint was enough, and diabetic pancreases studied post-mortem, from this point of view, were found to have anywhere from one-third to two-thirds of their islands of Langerhans, or interstitial cells, as they are also called, more or less completely destroyed.

To make the matter sure, careful and painstaking researches carried out upon animals showed clearly that by removing under ether and the strictest surgical antiseptic precautions from one-fourth to two-thirds of the pancreas, experimental diabetes could be produced of whatever grade desired, according to the amount of the gland removed.

This cleared the stage for our present accurate, scientific and effective methods of treatment. The diet of these diabetic animals could be controlled and regulated with a precision impossible in even the most intelligent and conscientious human patients, and one after another the puzzling contradictions which had developed and pitfalls into which we had stumbled were explained and put in the way of avoidance.

The problem was clear-cut: Knowing that we had to deal with a shortage of the internal secretion of the islands of Langerhans, which made it difficult for our muscles to burn much starch or sugar, and if allowed to run on unchecked weakened our capacity for burning fats, how could we devise a diet which would not overstrain the pancreas, and yet be sufficiently nourishing to support life and keep up a proper balance of the ration?

Modern Dietary Treatment

THE first and most vital practical problem is whether there are any starches which by their structure or the combinations in which they are found are more easily digested by the diabetic than others. For decades—yes, centuries—we had been testing this problem upon the human subject with the disappointing result that apparently all starches, roots, cereals, wheat, barley, oats, rye, tapioca, sago, arrowroot, were about equally indigestible and unburnable. To the jaundiced eye of a diabetic island of Langerhans, "All starches look alike to me." Save that perhaps the commonest starches and the ones which the patient most craved, those of wheat and barley and corn in breads, biscuits and cakes were a little the most difficult of digestion. We had potato cures and oatmeal cures and rice cures, which helped for a time; but all came to the same thing in the long run. But less than a dozen years of careful experimental study in the animal laboratory showed us that the easiest and safest form of starch for the diabetic was the apparently insignificant amounts which were to be found in the leaves and roots of green vegetables, and upon this humble and hitherto neglected basis began to be erected the stately structure of the modern and hopeful treatment of diabetes.

The process is of a grim and Spartan simplicity, from the patient's point of view. He is brought into a hospital and kept for two days on ordinary diet, while he is thoroughly tested and sized up to determine the degree of his inability to burn starch. Then all food is cut off, and he is placed on an absolutely starvation diet, in Hibernian phrase, the only "nuthriment" permitted being a small cup of black coffee every two or three hours during the day, with a tablespoonful or two of alcohol added if he complains of goneness in the stomach, or faintness. Not that either of these fluids have the slightest curative effect on the disease, but merely to keep the patient comfortable

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STRICTLY LEGITIMATE

By Gerald Mygatt

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

MR. J. D. SCHULTZHEIMER, fur manufacturer, who in so styling himself used merely the parlance of the trade, entirely without thought of discrediting the original designer and maker of all peltry, rolled a fat cigar ruminatively between his ponderous lips. "I certainly wish," he said, addressing the carefully groomed individual at the side of his desk—"I certainly wish, Gallan, that I had even one-quarter of your brass. I'd be a millionaire."

He let his eyes rove speculatively over the scrupulously tailored figure of his visitor, a lean, well-poised figure that reminded him somehow of the collar advertisements in the street cars. From his closely cropped mustache to his polished boot tips Peter D. Gallan radiated an atmosphere of well-bred and prosperous distinction, which Mr. Schultzheimer—mostly for the sake of his wife and daughter—would have given much to achieve.

"Yes," the manufacturer repeated, "I'd be a millionaire by now."

"No, you wouldn't," said the other. "Easy come easy go, you know. If I could hold on to it like you can, maybe I'd be a millionaire in time myself. But I get too much pleasure out of spending. What's money for anyhow?"

Mr. Schultzheimer smiled genially. This man Gallan had just picked out some five thousand dollars' worth of assorted furs, mostly tricky, showy pieces that didn't move any too fast with the regular trade, and the manufacturer was pleased. True, the goods were bought for subsequent delivery, and there might even be cancellation in the case of a few minor items, but a sale is a sale, and sales to Gallan and his like at least meant cash.

"Gallan," said Mr. Schultzheimer, moved by sheer enthusiasm, "you certainly are one of the smoothest swindlers I ever had the pleasure to deal with."

Mr. Gallan drew back.

"Swindler?" he retorted, not entirely gratified. "If I'm a swindler you're a head waiter. How do you get that way? Did I ever try to swindle you?"

"Not me, you didn't," said Mr. Schultzheimer, cocking a beady eye. "No offense, you understand?"

"I understand all right," said Mr. Gallan, "but I don't like to hear that kind of talk. I never swindled you or anybody else either. My business is just as legitimate as yours, Schultzheimer. I go out and get it, that's all."

"Oh, sure!" The manufacturer blinked knowingly. "You get it all right. Only some day maybe it might get you."

"Get me? What do you mean? Don't talk foolish, Schultzheimer. These cheap peddlers may take chances, but McNatt and I aren't that class. We don't misrepresent our goods—believe me or not, we don't have to. And if you don't misrepresent there's nobody can get you—not the police or the Federal Government or anybody. Chew on that for a while."

"I should chew on nothing," Mr. Schultzheimer remarked. "Your business ain't no worry of mine, Gallan. All the same, if you can sell a Jap mink coat, like you say, for two thousand bucks, which you buy from me wholesale for three hundred and seventy, and which would retail on Fifth Avenue for maybe six-fifty at the most, it stands to reason the buyer don't hear the word 'Jap.' And if he don't hear it maybe somebody don't say it, and if somebody don't say it—well, I'm only asking you, Gallan."

Mr. Gallan leaned back in his chair and ever so slightly smiled.

"My dear Mr. Schultzheimer," he remonstrated, "isn't the Japanese mink a mink?"

"Sure it's a mink—mink family. Only ——"

Mr. Gallan shrugged his patrician shoulders.

"Why be small minded?" he asked, and grinned sardonically. "Just the same, Schultzheimer, don't ever think for a minute that either McNatt or I would misrepresent. If the buyer should ask if it's Jap mink, that's something else. It don't pay to deceive people—that's where some of these cheap peddlers get in bad." He paused. "Funny thing, though," he added; "you may not believe it, but I've never been placed in the position of having a customer ask. That's where the art comes in. See? Now how about that French seal—the one I want to take along? Match me double or quits? I know just the woman that wants that coat."

"You mean she wants Hudson seal, don't you?"

"How should I know?" Mr. Gallan proclaimed. "If a lady takes a fancy to a garment, why spoil her pleasure? That's the principle I work on. All right now, double or quits! Come on, Schultzheimer, four hundred or nothing!"

He pulled out a coin and tossed it in his palm.

"Who do you think I am?" asked the manufacturer without heat. "Your memory for prices needs brushing up maybe. The price of that coat, I said, was two hundred and thirty bucks—and no matching. Take it or leave it."

Mr. Gallan spread out his manicured fingers.

"I won't be any piker for a few dollars," he said cheerfully, and yanked a chunky roll of bills into the light. "Cash and carry, Schultzheimer—that's my motto. Here—two hundreds, a twenty and a ten. That's right, count it—count it carefully."

Mr. Gallan's smile was slightly ironical. The manufacturer turned in his swivel chair.

"Jake," he shouted to an invisible personage in the workroom beyond the office door, "wrap up that French seal coat I just had down." He methodically folded the bills and stuffed them into his pocket. "As I understand it," he said, this time addressing Mr. Gallan, "you'll want that order shipped to Hanover in about two or three weeks—you'll wire me when? Is that right?"

"Not to Hanover," Mr. Gallan explained. "Probably to West Point—maybe Mobile. We'll have to see. And McNatt will wire you, not me. He'll have to receive them and see to the labels, you know, and all that—and it may not be for a month. You'll hold the garments, though, won't you? We're good—you know that—and I'll have the deposit round this afternoon."

"Sure," said Mr. Schultzheimer. "The only thing I'd like to know is why you keep the goods idle a month. You can't keep busy on this one sale between now and then."

The visitor rose to his feet, then slowly winked.

"Can't I?" he said.

As he swung his well-proportioned, well-groomed frame from the steps of the dusty Pullman and shot a swift appraising glance about the big glass-roofed railway station Mr. Peter D. Gallan permitted his chiseled features to relax in a gratified smile. What little of the city he had been able to glimpse from the car windows had been encouraging. The air of prosperous activity which permeated the station was decisive. Mr. Gallan had never even seen Hanover before, but long schooling had enabled him to catalogue cities and towns with rare dispatch and some accuracy. Even as he let himself smile he knew—knew as certainly as if he had lived there for years—that he was going to find this place very much to his fastidious liking. It was just what he had been hoping for.

In spite of McNatt's assurance, Mr. Gallan had been somewhat concerned about this Southern town, for he had heard it called sleepy; and when a man is limited to one city in any given section of the country it is a matter of plain common sense to pick a live wire. It was not that Mr. Gallan was restricted, as many salesmen are, to any particular territory. On the contrary he was free to go wherever he might

"Mr. Gallan"—Lily Lee Marbell Had Come Up to Him—"I'm Just Disappointed to Death, But I Think You Were Just Dandy"

She Frowned Into Her Check Book. "I Think I've Got Four Thousand — No, Five—No Six! Yes, Six! About Six Anyway"

choose. The only thing was that he and McNatt had developed a prejudice against remaining in any one neighborhood for a protracted period. All vocations have their peculiarities and customs. Besides, in almost any line of business there are likely to be misunderstandings.

Mr. Gallan checked his handsome pigskin traveling bag and his golf clubs in the parcel room of the Union Depot, gave a careful twist to his brown mustache and sauntered out into the street. An instinct as unerring as that of a homing pigeon led him straight to the business center of the town, where presently he was strolling about with the interested but apparently aimless eye of a time-killing tourist. He did not seem to be in any hurry, nor was he. Rome, he knew, had not been built in a day; and even he and McNatt had learned from experience that there are certain processes which cannot be hurried.

After an hour or so of casual roving Mr. Gallan drew a time-table from his pocket and studied it. The New York train would get in at about half past one.

That gave him another forty minutes. He nodded judicially and turned his steps up the long leaf-shaded grade of the South Street hill. Nobody had told him that this thoroughfare would lead him into the thick of Hanover's more prosperous homes; nobody needed to tell him. Mr. Gallan, as has been intimated, had a remarkable instinct in regard to cities.

At this moment, for instance, though he may have forgotten the color of the State House roof, he could have given any inquiring stranger a good deal of pertinent information about certain phases of Hanover's commercial life. He could have pointed the way to at least five banks and he could have told more than something about the wholesale houses, the department stores, the shops, the office buildings and the hotels. In a few minutes now he would also be able to sketch a more or less graphic picture of the comparative scale upon which the foremost residents of Hanover lived; whether, specifically, most of them owned one motor car or two. The private garages always told that.

The stroke of one-thirty found Mr. Gallan at the railway station once more. He claimed his pigskin bag and his golf kit. Then when the New York train pulled in he lounged over to the doorway through which the debarking passengers were crowding and allowed himself to become one of the throng. This time when he elbowed his way out into the street it must have been obvious to anyone that he had just come in on the train from the North. He hailed a cab, spoke the name of the hotel he had decided to favor with his presence and clambered into the vehicle. It had taken Mr. Gallan some little time to decide between the Exchange Hotel and the Southern, but again his instinct had settled the question.

At quarter before three Mr. Gallan sauntered across the street, the manager of the hotel treading cheerfully at his side. The manager had been impressed by this sprucely groomed New Yorker who had come to Hanover for a six weeks' rest, who had come demanding a suite of two rooms and bath, who had asked immediately about the facilities for golf, who had spoken in an offhand manner of his intention to pick up a car for the length of his stay and then sell it—what matter if there was a little loss?—at the expiration of his visit. Thus when Mr. Gallan had said something about opening a small temporary account in one of the local banks, confiding with a deprecatory laugh that he disliked to carry more than three or four hundred dollars in cash upon his person, the manager had straightway put on his hat and offered to introduce Mr. Gallan to no less a personage than the president of the most progressive banking institution in the city, sir.

The president of the bank, a bald-headed gentleman with a smile as genial and as broad as his face, was pleased to meet Mr. Gallan—very pleased indeed. And what, if he might ask, had drawn Mr. Gallan to Hanover?

"Well, you see"—Mr. Gallan looked modestly at the floor—"I'm really here for a complete rest. It's been a rather trying business season, you know, and my doctor told me to go South and play golf. But the regular resorts bore me to death—as they bore any active man, don't you think?—and I thought—this is just among ourselves, if you don't mind—that I might perhaps be able to kill two birds with one stone." He paused

"Yes?" suggested the banker after a moment's wait.

Mr. Gallan bit his lip.

"I really shouldn't have spoken of it," he said, "but I know you gentlemen will keep my confidence. The truth of the matter is that I'm interested in the development of a chain of retail establishments. We're already pretty well under way in the northeast, and I have more or less had my eye on Hanover as a possible distributing point for the southeastern territory."

"Couldn't do better," said the hotel man fervently.

"Of course"—Mr. Gallan spoke casually—"of course there are several other cities, but I rather felt ——"

"Quite right," said the bank president. "Hanover is the gateway to this whole section."

Mr. Gallan laughed pleasantly.

"There'll be plenty of time to talk that over," he said. "In the meantime let me get some of this unearned increment off my person." He drew out a bulky wallet and fished from it a sheaf of yellow bills and a check. "The check is certified," he explained, "and I think you'll find an even two thousand dollars there in bills—no, my error—twenty-four hundred. I'd like to start my account with that. Let's see—the check is for five hundred. That makes twenty-nine, doesn't it?" He stabbed his hand down into his trousers pocket, pulled out another roll of bills and peeled from it two fifties. "That's better," he observed, half to himself. "I like to start off with an even sum. That ought to make three thousand. Doesn't it?"

The banker nodded, his eyes glowing. This stranger was going to be worth while.

"You spoke of a chain of stores," he prompted. "Might I ask—er—what line ——"

"I beg your pardon!" said Peter D. Gallan with vehemence. "Here!" From the wallet he drew out a card, an engraved card, and handed it to the president of the bank. "Of course I have letters too," he added, and reached into his inside coat pocket.

"Oh, no," deprecated the banker, "not at all, sir, not at all! I was merely interested—not curious." But even as he brushed away the letters he read the card, which bore the legend: Peter D. Gallan, President, The Fur Company of America, Fifth Avenue, New York. It occurred to the banker as he passed the card to the hotel man that the absence of a numbered address was undoubtedly a touch of metropolitan swank, comparable with the assurance which, he knew, had made it fashionable for the smartest of Fifth Avenue shops to banish all trace of anything as common as a name from their chaste façades, thus making it necessary for the awed stranger to ask in each case what such a splendidly unmarked establishment might be. How nearly right he was the bank president did not guess. It was swank, surely enough, but not exactly of the kind he imagined. For no door of any Fifth Avenue building bore the name either of Peter D. Gallan or of The Fur Company of America.

"We're really just organizing," the New Yorker absently explained. "That's one reason I'm pretty well worn out. Which reminds me of golf. You spoke"—he addressed the hotel man—"of a course at the edge of town—didn't you say ——"

"I'm going out this afternoon," said the banker, "and I'd be delighted, Mr. Gallan, to have you come along as my guest. It's the Country Club, you know. I'll put you up."

"Now, Walter," put in the hotel man hurriedly, "I told Mr. Gallan that I'd be more than glad ——"

"Well," laughed Peter D. Gallan, "I can only thank you both—most sincerely, and I'd certainly love to try a round this afternoon. I'm not very good, you know, but I like to whack round."

"You can trim me," said the banker jovially.

"Not me," said the

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Lily Liked Dancing and Liked to be Flattered, But More Than Either of These Things She Seemed to Like Peter D. Gallan Himself

THE WAY OF CAPITAL

WITH BROAD STREET

By George Kibbe Turner

HAVING simply but exhaustively studied modern Wall Street, its foundations in the dry goods, clothing and notions trade, and its well-known contribution to capital of the first sound, permanent American corporate security, for which capital had been searching seventy years, in the three and a half per cent railroad bonds, we will now turn and follow the footsteps of capital as it plunges on its way to the financing of America and the world out of Wall Street to Broad, pausing as we do so at the corner of those two thoroughfares, at the much-discussed New York Stock Exchange, the nature of whose business we shall now consider.

All corporate securities, as any broad consideration will show, are divided at their inception into two parts—the past and the future. The past is represented by the bond or, in cases, the seasoned and preferred stock, showing roughly the capital previously saved and now invested in the machinery of production and distribution. The future—what capital hopes to accumulate through the corporation—is represented quite generally by the common stock, which consequently largely represents what the social economists sometimes call water, and at other times the capitalization of the future value of a new process or idea.

Wall Street, as we have seen and as will be sensed by the casual visitor from the somber severity of its buildings, is the street of the past—of bonds.

Broad Street, from its freedom of speech, its vivaciousness in smashing hats while doing business, the bright, young, cheery voices from the so-called Curb or street market, and the half-smothered, barklike yelling from the other two exchanges, will be recognized at once by the most casual caller as the street of hope—of the future—of the so-called common stock.

Now it is perfectly possible to conceive of a world without common stocks of corporations. America was a continent without them when, as we have seen, she was paying one hundred dollars a ton for hauling freight from Buffalo to New York just about a century ago. It is also even more possible to imagine the United States without a national stock market—a Broad Street; with its three great exchanges as they exist to-day—because it has been not more than a quarter of a century since this country had one.

This is the case for the excellent reason that until after Wall Street's reorganization of the railroads there were no really national corporate stocks.

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Broad Street With Its Curb Market in Session

The Ticker in Infancy

LOCAL stocks there were, of course, in plenty—railroad stocks, not the so-called industrials; for these, as is well known, did not then exist in forms offered for public sale. But the railroad stocks were known and had their small markets in the localities where the first disjointed fragments of the present systems were laid, with local stockholders subscribing to their securities, as much for the sake of local pride or benefit as for any great hope of future profit. This was fortunate, of course, for the first American railroad stock was usually a quickly vanishing value.

The local roads, growing into larger systems, still had a market for their stock, now situated at the place of management, and continued financing of the new aggregation—in Boston, Philadelphia or Baltimore—and had these until the birth of Wall and Broad streets twenty-five years ago, at the time when foreign capital's grasp on America began to loosen with general railroad bankruptcy and American capital began to arrive—through the banks, savings banks and insurance companies—in a national market for securities in New York. Soon after that the great general flood of free, independent, untamed American capital began to turn toward Broad Street—coming, as not all may know, by the way of the Mississippi Valley.

If you will go back and place yourself in the seventies or eighties, anywhere outside the greater cities, with five thousand dollars in your hand to invest you will begin at once to understand this movement.

In the seventies or eighties or the nineties even the stock or even the bonds of corporations had small significance to the average American's mind, and what significance they carried was not pleasant. The one great obvious place for investment, in a half vacant and growing country, was land and the land mortgage. Land and the products of land had a meaning to a hundred men, where one would have the faintest knowledge of a corporate stock. And so it came about that the first wild, indigenous American capital began first to turn its attention toward grasping the future of America through corporate stocks by way of the great, rich, alluvial, cereal-producing plains in the center of the country—following the invention and introduction to the uses of agriculture of that widely known implement, the so-called stock ticker.

This ingenious electrical instrument was, the records show, first used in crude form for the purposes of transmitting stock quotations in New York in 1867. Its use, however, proved limited there, owing to the limited interest that American capital at that period took in stocks. In the Mississippi Valley, however, time was ripe for its introduction. The great grain market of the country, the Chicago Board of Trade, had introduced in the early sixties the selling of futures in grain—and later in meat products—contracts for delivery, that is to say, months from date, at times when these products might not yet be in existence.

This practice proved most valuable to millers, exporters and other large buyers of grain or of meat products by allowing them to base contracts for future delivery of their wares on the purchase of these future contracts for delivery in the Chicago market—thus, of course, transforming a gamble into a calculated business transaction. The custom also, on the other hand, of course, attracted a great number of grain speculators to the Chicago Board of Trade. It was not, however, immediately called to the attention of American capital in other places; and it remained, in fact, for the stock ticker to do this, with the perfection of that instrument in the late seventies, through legitimate brokerage houses and bucket shops.

Native American capital at that time, as in all new countries, was divided among many holders in very small amounts—according to Mr. Marx's theory that to be had in large quantities capital must be produced by machinery.

In the past—before the days of corporations—these small fragments of capital were aggregated for public improvements through the then familiar instrument of the lottery. Nations used it for this purpose; and states and colleges did likewise; localities built their roads and bridges by it; and the lottery was a serious, respected institution of society whose periodical sessions were all but opened with prayer.

The Age of Bucket Shops

ALL this, of course, had a very excellent practical reason founded deep in the nature of capital. For it is an old and very fundamental characteristic of capital in small amounts in many hands to be especially inclined to investment in the ten-to-one or hundred-to-one shot—on the philosophical principle of action, well known to all very small capitalists: here goes nothing to make a fortune!

It was this great underlying impulse of small capital that the ticker made use of in its widespread wakening and education of the native American capital—now on the road leading to Broad Street—through the bringing to its attention of future values as expressed in grain and later of the future value expressed in corporate securities, through the great national educational medium of the bucket shop, which now arose and became a formidable competitor of legitimate brokerage houses all over the eastern part of the country.

In the Mississippi Valley at that time there were few indeed who did not know or calculate on the price of the coming grain crop. The residents of that great section needed no education in this. It was a primary fact in the mind of any man in any livelihood. You could kick any man out of a sound sleep, so to say, and he could tell you the price of wheat. It was a knowledge as universal as that of the value of farm land, or even more so.

Out of this common knowledge and the world-old law of small amounts of capital to aggregate for purchases of possible large shares of future values from small present investments grew the great speculative movement, which eventually, spreading eastward to educate small American capital in stocks as the great representatives of future values, in the end led American capital into Broad Street and a national stock market.

The appeal of the bucket shop to the wild, young, venturesome capital of America is not unremembered by many in middle age. For the small and handy sum of ten or even five dollars placed on a one or two per cent margin upon a stock the young speculator had opened to him the whole unfulfilled future growth and destiny of the richest continent in the world, as expressed in a well-known railroad security; and every point's advance in that great prospective growth would net the young investor a clean ten-dollar or five-dollar bill, as the case might be. And it was precisely by patriotic and logical appeals of this kind that a great new branch of American capital was being educated and aggregated for the patronage of a new national stock market by a new class of financial leaders.

We have already seen how by natural commercial processes one class of men—the dry goods, clothing and notion

merchants—built up modern Wall Street, the street of bonds, inducting American capital into bonds by way of the savings banks and insurance companies. Now the wild, free, independent capital of the United States was being led into Broad Street—the street of stocks—and interested in the future of America as represented and influenced by these securities quite largely by another class of specialists of quite definite origin—men not a few of whom had been deep professional students of the future, through the medium of the lottery, the faro table and the pool room. Such, for example, was the former king of policy so-called—the game at that time especially successful in appealing to capital in small amounts, who started one of the chains of bucket shops in the East; while another chain was founded by a combination between a famous gambling-house keeper and race-track bookmaker.

Under these men the interesting of small capital in the developments of the future as registered in corporate stock was thoroughly accomplished among capitalists of small means east of the Missouri. The grain bucket shop covered the more western part of this area, penetrating into the small town as well as the city—owing to the familiarity and the natural interest of the farmer and local tradesman in the future prices of grain; while in the East the progress of the stock bucket shop, slow at first and never reaching quite such small towns as in the West, yet interested and educated all the sources of small capital in the future movements of stocks, reaching down so small in New York, for instance, as to attract bootblacks to a knowledge of stocks through offering purchases on the basis of cents instead of dollars.

The Beginnings of National Markets

MEANWHILE in many cases the education of American capital in stocks began to be carried on to its present national development through another process of popular education. This was the so-called discretionary pool, which advocated the step of hiring a so-called expert to act for you in your purchase of the future through stocks. You handed him your money and he returned you your profit. This development, growing stronger in the late nineties and about 1900, was remarkable for two points: It used for the first time in a large way printer's ink, the great foundation upon which so much of the Broad Street market is now laid; and it hastened at least the inevitable conflict between Wall Street—the street of bonds of the past—and Broad Street—the street of stocks and the future.

Up to this time there had been no sharp conflict between Wall Street and Broad Street, largely perhaps because neither yet existed as a really national market. The expert in stocks, who disseminated education concerning their future movements by word of mouth to the population east of Chicago and north of the Ohio, to whom knowledge of stocks was brought through the bucket shop, quite frequently, indeed, laid claim to a knowledge of the future which was obtained through an intimate acquaintance with some influential Wall Street source. Such also, inferentially at least, was the claim of the manager of the discretionary pool when he sent out his circulars or advertising and drew the attention of free small American capital to stocks by his well-known do-you-know formula, which ran somewhat like this:

Do you know how long it would take to accumulate a million dollars in a savings bank? Do you know how bankers use your money when you hand it to them? Do you know why bankers always get rich? Do you know the advantages to be gained by conservative speculation in stocks on a scientific system? Do you know that J. G. Jobosh, after fifteen years' experience in the New York Stock Exchange, has the same secret information which makes all bankers rich men? Do you know that J. G. Jobosh not only offers but guarantees you ten per cent a week from your investment in the great Jobosh discretionary pool?

American free capital did not at that time, of course, know all this—and acted accordingly. And this fact brought on at last, as might have been anticipated, the inevitable conflict between Wall Street and the new leaders of free American capital in Broad Street, which we are now about to contemplate. For, as will be noted, the do-you-know method of educating American capital in stock buying was an attack not only on banks and bankers but indirectly upon Wall Street and its product of safe three and a half per cent railroad bonds, which were then the banks' and insurance companies' great corporate investment. It diverted, of course, much small capital which might have gone into safe investment.

The situation at the opening of this historic contest between Wall and Broad streets, which, to some extent, is still proceeding, is worth a moment's pause for consideration. Let us say that we are now back twenty-two or twenty-three years ago. The American railroads have been reorganized; their headquarters and security markets brought on to Wall Street by the old bond merchants. The grasp of European capital upon America begins to loosen through its losses in railroad bankruptcy. The young capital of America starts to rush into its place. And for the first time in our national history a national security market appears which is to supplant all others. At this critical moment began the conflict we are considering between the conservative forces leading American capital in Wall Street and the leaders of the wild, free, undisciplined, new American capital.

Up to this time the new independent capital of the country was not only a scattered but a comparatively negligible affair—still probably in the tens of millions a year. But now it grew very rapidly, and with its growth it could be seen that its diversion was a diversion of a large and valuable following from the leadership of Wall Street, and Wall Street accordingly led to its attack.

It pointed out to the American public and authorities many unpleasantly suggestive facts concerning the persons and histories of the leaders of the bucket-shop movement, bringing to light in some cases their previous careers as gamblers, or in other cases as criminals. It pointed out to American capital that the very fact that these men now operated bucket shops showed they had much more of the professional gambler's chance than in their previous occupations in the policy, faro or horse-racing games, or otherwise they would not have diverted their efforts from their old enterprises to their new one.

They showed that in the long run capital not only never actually invested in the future of this country through a bona-fide purchase of common stock, but really bet on figures on a blackboard, at odds which made it almost a mathematical certainty that it must finally lose.

These attacks by Wall Street upon the newcomers in security markets were at first of no avail. The new small capital of the United States which patronized the bucket shop paid little attention to the warnings, and the leaders of the speculative element now retaliated by their exposures of Wall Street methods, concerning which the American public has been so amply informed from that time to the present day.

The Wall Street system, as we all now know, is composed of the great bond merchants of Wall Street and their allies, the great financial backers, and their personal friends or business customers. It was these men who reorganized the American railroads to create the first permanent American corporate security—the three and a half per cent railroad bond—in the interests of capital. While doing this for capital they were given quite generally the then unconsidered trifle of the control of the future of most American railroads, often through the so-called voting trust for bondholders, often through the ownership of common stock given them quite generously as a small bonus in part payment for their services as reorganizers. They were thus virtually managers of the transportation system of America.

The Outsider's Chance in Wall Street

IT DID not escape the attention of the bond merchants how profitable a position this relation to corporate capital was to be to them. Indeed in such cases as the inception of the Great Northern in the seventies or the Northern Pacific in the nineties, where various groups of men made many millions apiece in a half dozen years by the increased value of common stock secured at very cheap prices, we see quite plainly the influences which led the old-time dry goods and clothing merchants of Wall Street to reach out through their regular business of merchandising bonds, and pay more and more attention to the stock market at the corner of Broad and Wall streets; and—being human—to found the now widely understood system of Wall Street, which, their opponents pointed out, could be with great difficulty beaten by any so-called outsider speculating in stocks. If you will but ask yourself one simple question you will understand perfectly the inside workings of this so-called system in the stock market, with which you are no doubt already more or less familiar. How much to put this hypothetical question—will your grocer, the man whose business is perhaps closest to your own knowledge, have cleared at the close of the current year?

Having answered this question to your satisfaction, and believing now that you can bet safely with your grocer as to just what his net profits are to be at the end of this year, you will be equipped to enter the stock market at the corner of Broad and Wall streets with some expectation of successfully speculating, after years of practice in the stocks of a hundred different railroads, in competition with the

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The Consolidated Stock Exchange Building

THE WRONG TWIN

The Wilbur Twin Admiringly Noted That His Father Greeted This Rare Being, Too, as an Equal

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

CHAPTER IV

IN THE Penniman home it was not merely Sunday morning; it was Sabbath morning. Throughout the house a subdued bustling, decorous and solemn; a hushed, religious hurry of preparation for church. In the bathroom Judge Penniman shaved his marbled countenance with tender solicitude, fitting himself to adorn a sanctuary. In other rooms Mrs. Penniman and Winona arrayed themselves in choice raiment for behoof of the godly; in each were hurried steppings, as from closet to mirror; shrill whisperings of silken drapery as it fell into place. In the parlor the Merle twin sat reading an instructive book. With unfailing rectitude he had been the first to don Sabbath garments, and now lacked merely his shoes, which were being burnished by his brother in the more informal atmosphere of the woodshed.

It was the Wilbur twin's weekly task to do the shoes of himself and brother and those of the judge. No one could have told precisely why the task fell to him, and he had never thought to question. The thing simply was. Probably Winona, asked to wrestle with the problem, would have urged that Merle was always the first one dressed, and should not be expected to submit his Sunday suit to the hazards of this toil. She would have added, perhaps, that anyway it was more suitable work for Wilbur, the latter being of a rougher spiritual texture. Also, Merle could be trusted to behave himself in the Penniman parlor, not touching the many bibelots there displayed, or disarranging the furniture, while the Wilbur twin would not only touch and disarrange but pry into and handle and climb and altogether demoralize.

In all the parlor there was but one object for which he had a seemly respect—the vast painting of a recumbent lion behind bars. It was not an ordinary picture, such as may be seen in galleries, for the bars guarding the fierce beast were real bars set into the frame, a splendid conceit that the Wilbur twin never tired of regarding. If you were alone in the sacred room you could go right up to the frame and feel the actual bars and put your hand thrillingly through them to touch the painted king of the jungle. But the Merle twin could sit alone in the presence of this prized art treasure and never think of touching it. He would sit quietly and read his instructive book and not occasion the absent Winona any anxiety. Wherefore the Wilbur twin each Sabbath morning in the woodshed polished three pairs of shoes, and not uncheerfully. He would, in truth, much rather be there at his task than compelled to sit in the parlor with his brother present to tell if he put inquiring fingers into the lion's cage.

He had finished the shoes of his brother and himself, not taking too much pains about the heels, and now labored at the more considerable footgear of the judge. The judge's shoes were not only broad but of a surface abounding in hills and valleys. As Dave Cowan said, the judge's feet were lumpy. But the Wilbur twin was conscientious here, and the judge's heels would be as resplendent as the undulating toes. The task had been appreciably delayed by Frank, the dog, who, with a quaint relish for shoe blacking, had licked a superb polish from one shoe while the other was under treatment. His new owner did not rebuke him. He conceived that Frank had intelligently wished to aid in the work, and applauded him even while securing the shined shoes from his further assistance.

But one pagan marred this chastened Sabbath harmony of preparation. In the little house Dave Cowan lolled lordly in a disordered bed, smoked his calabash pipe beside a disordered breakfast tray, fetched him by the Wilbur twin, and luxuriated in the merely Sunday—and not Sabbath—edition of a city paper shrieking with black headlines and spectacular with colored pictures; a pleasing record of crimes and disasters and secrets of the boudoir, the festal diversions of the opulent, the minor secrets of astronomy, woman's attire, baseball, high art and facial creams. As a high priest of the most liberal of all arts, Dave scanned the noisy pages with a cynic and professional eye, knowing that none of the stuff had acquired any dignity or power to coerce human belief until mere typesetters like himself had crystallized it. Not for Dave Cowan was the printed word of sacred authority. He had set up too much copy. But he was pleased, nevertheless, thus to while and doze away a beautiful Sabbath morning that other people made rather a trial of.

Having finished the last of the judge's shoes, the Wilbur twin took them and the shoes of Merle to their owners, then hastened with his own to the little house where he must dress in his own Sunday clothes, wash his hands with due care—they would be doubtingly inspected by Winona—and put soap on his hair to make it lie down. Merle's hair would lie politely as combed, but his own hair owned no master but soap. Lacking this, it stood out and up in wicked disorder—like the hair of a rowdy, Winona said.

The rebellious stuff was at last plastered deceitfully to his skull as if a mere brush had smoothed it, and with a final survey, to assure himself that he had forgotten none of those niceties of the toilet that Winona would insist upon, he took his new straw hat and went again to the Penniman house. For the moment he was in flawless order, as neat, as compactly and accurately accoutered as the Merle twin, to whom this effect came without effort. But it would be so only for a few fleeting moments. He mournfully knew this, and so did Winona. Within five blocks from home and still five blocks from the edifice of worship, while Merle appeared as one born to Sunday clothes and shined shoes and a new hat, the Wilbur twin would be one to whom Sabbath finery was exotic and unwelcome. The flawless luster of his shoes would be dulled, even though he walked sedately the safe sidewalk; his broad collar and blue polka-dotted cravat would be awry, one stocking would be down, his jacket yawning, all his magnificence seeming unconquerably alien. Winona did him the justice to recognize that this disarray was due to no willfulness of its victim. He was helpless against a malign current of his being.

He held himself stiff in the parlor until the Pennimans came rustling down the stairway. He could exult in a long look at the benignant lion back of real bars, but, of course, he could not now reach up to touch the bars. It would do something to his clothes, even if the watchful and upright Merle had not been there to report a transgression of the rules. Merle also stood waiting, his hat nicely in one hand.

The judge descended the stairs, monumental in black frock coat, gray trousers and the lately polished shoes that were like shining relief maps of a hill country. He carried a lustrous silk hat, which he now paused to make more lustrous, his fingers clutching a sleeve of his coat and pulling it down to make a brush. The hat was the only item of the judge's regal attire of which the Wilbur twin was honestly envious—it was so beautiful, so splendid, so remote. He had never even dared to touch it. He could have been left alone in the room with it, and still would have surveyed it in all respect from a proper distance.

Mrs. Penniman came next, rustling in black silk and under a flowered hat that Winona secretly felt to be quite too girlish. Then Winona from the door of her room above called to the twins, and they ascended the stairway for a last rite before the start for church, the bestowal of perfume upon each. Winona stood in the door of her room, as each Sunday she stood at this crisis, the cut-glass perfume bottle in hand. The twins solemnly approached her, and upon the white handkerchief of each she briefly inverted the bottle. The scent enveloped them delectably as the handkerchiefs were replaced in the upper left pockets, folded corners protruding correctly. As Wilbur turned away Winona swiftly moistened a finger tip in the precious stuff and drew it across the pale brow of Merle. It was a furtive tribute to his inherent social superiority.

Winona, in her own silk—not black but hardly less severe—and in a hat less girlish than her mother's, rustled down the stairs after them. Speech was brief and low-toned among the elders, as befitted the high moment. The twins were solemnly silent. Amid the funereal gloom,

broken only by a hushed word or two from Winona or her mother, the judge completed his fond stroking of the luminous hat, raised it slowly and with both hands adjusted it to his pale curls. Then he took up his gold-headed ebony cane and stepped from the dusk of the parlor into the light of day, walking uprightly in the pride of fine raiment and conscious dignity. Mrs. Penniman walked at his side, not unconscious herself of the impressive mien of her consort.

Followed Winona and Merle, the latter bearing her hymn book and at some pains keeping step with his companion. Behind them trailed the Wilbur twin, resolving, as was his weekly rule, to keep himself neat through church and Sunday school—yet knowing in his heart it could not be done. Already he could feel his hair stiffening as the coating of soap dried upon it. Pretty soon the shining surface would crack and disorder ensue. What was the use? As he walked carefully now he inhaled rich scent from the group—Winona's perfume combining but somehow not blending with a pungent, almost vivid, aroma of moth balls from the judge's frock coat.

They met or passed other family groups, stiffly armored for the weekly penance to a bewildering puzzle of mortality. Ceremonious greetings were exchanged with these. The day was bright and the world all fair, but there could be no levity, no social small talk, while this grim business was on. They reached the white house of worship, impressive under its heaven-pointing steeple, and passed within its portals, stepping softly to the accompaniment of those silken whisperings, with now and again the high squeak of new boots whose wearers, profaning the stillness, would appear self-conscious and annoyed, though as if silently protesting that they were blameless.

Thus began an hour of acute mental distress for the Wilbur twin. He sat tightly between Mrs. Penniman and the judge. There was no free movement possible. He couldn't even jiggle one foot backward and forward without correction. The nervous energy thus suppressed rushed to all the surface of his body and made his skin tingle maddeningly. He felt each hair on his head as it broke away from the confining soap. Something was inside his collar, and he couldn't reach for it; there was a poignant itching between his shoulder blades, and this could receive no proper treatment. He boiled with dumb, helpless rage, having to fight this wicked unrest. He never doubted its wickedness, and considered himself forever shut out from those rewards that would fall to the righteous who loved church and could sit still there without jiggling or writhing or twisting or scratching.

He was a little diverted from his tortures by the arrival of the Whipples. From the Penniman pew he could glance across to a side pew and observe a line of repeated Whipple noses, upon which for some moments he was enabled to speculate forgetfully. Once—years ago, it seemed to him he had heard talk of the Whipple nose. This one had the Whipple nose, or that one did not have the Whipple nose; and it had then been his understanding that the Whipple family possessed but one nose in common: sometimes one Whipple had it; then another Whipple would have it. At the time this had seemed curious, but in no way anomalous. He had readily pictured a Whipple nose being worn now by one and now by another of this family. He had visualized it as something that could be handed about. Later had come the disappointing realization that each Whipple had a complete nose at all times for his very own; that the phrase by which he had been misled denoted merely the possession of a certain build of nose by Whipples.

But even this simple phenomenon offered some distraction from his present miseries. He could glance along the line of Whipple noses and observe that they were, indeed, of a markedly similar pattern. It was, as one might say, a standardized nose, raised by careful selection through past generations of Whipples to the highest point of efficiency; for ages yet to come the demands of environment, howsoever capricious, would probably dictate no change in its structural details. It sufficed. It was, moreover, a nose of good lines, according to conventional canons. It was shapely, and from its high bridge jutted forward with rather a noble sweep of line to the thin, curved nostrils. The high bridge was perhaps the detail that distinguished it from most good noses. It seemed to begin to be a nose almost from the base of the brow. In a world of all Whipple noses this family would have been remarked for its beauty In one of less than Whipple noses—with other less clamant designs widely popularized—it might be said that the Whipple face would be noted rather for distinction than beauty.

In oblique profile the Wilbur twin could glance across the fronts in turn of Harvey D. Whipple; of Gideon Whipple, his father; of Sharon Whipple, his uncle; and of Juliana Whipple, sole offspring of Sharon. The noses were alike. One had but to look at Miss Juliana to know that in simple justice this should have been otherwise. She might have kept a Whipple nose—Whipple in all essentials—without too pressing an insistence upon bulk. But it had not been so. Her nose was as utterly Whipple as any. They might have been interchanged without detection.

The Wilbur twin stared and speculated upon and mildly enjoyed this display, until a species of hypnotism overtook him, a mercifully deadening inertia that made him slumberous and almost happy. He could keep still at last and be free from the correcting hand of Mrs. Penniman or the warning prod of the judge's elbow. He dozed in a smother of applied godliness. He was delighted presently to note with an awakening start that the sermon was well under way. He heard no word of this. He knew only that a frowning old gentleman stood in a high place and scolded about something. The Wilbur twin had no notion what his grievance might be; was sensible only of his heated aspect, his activity in gesture and the rhythm of his phrases.

This influence again benumbed him to forgetfulness, so that during the final prayer he was dramatizing a scene in which three large and savage dogs leaped upon Frank and Frank destroyed them—ate them up. And when he stood at last for the doxology one of his feet had veritably gone to sleep, the one that had been cramped back under the seat, so that he stumbled and drew unwelcome attention to himself while the foot tingled to wakefulness.

The ever-tractable Merle had been attentive to the sermon, had sung beautifully and was still immaculate of garb, while the Wilbur twin emerged from the ordeal in rank disorder, seeming to have survived a scuffle in which efforts had been made to wrench away his Sunday clothes and to choke him with his collar and cravat. And the coating of soap had played his hair false. It stood out behind and stood up in front, not with any system, but merely here and there.

"You are a perfect sight," muttered Winona to him. "I don't see how you do it." But neither did the offender.

With a graciously relaxed tension, the freed congregation made a leisurely progress to the doors of the church; many lingered here in groups for greetings and light exchanges. It was here that the Penniman group coalesced with the Whipple group, a circumstance that the trailing

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"About Three Hundred Million Years' Difference Between Those Two," He Said, Indicating Herman and His Pet

MY SON

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

II

IN NOVEMBER of his graduation year Peter joined the Conference and received his first appointment. He was sent to Brasstown, a small place in the mountains, far north of the church equator of this state. This was not a circuit, but what is known as a half station. Besides the church at Brasstown he would serve one other, five miles distant in the country, known as the Suetally Chapel. This was encouraging, for the rule is to try out a young preacher on one of the hardest circuits, many of them consisting of six churches.

I was very busy while he was at Conference, selling the things I had accumulated during the last four years and getting ready to move. When my trunks were packed I had nothing extra except my onion buttons and a little garden seed. I had my doubts about Peter as a pastor, and no matter what happened if we had a good garden we could pull through. This was a sort of private collection William and I used always to take from the earth, to insure us against those misfortunes which overtake the children of God when their daily bread depends upon the good will of their stewards and the Quarterly Conference.

Then He Told Me He Hoped I Would Pick Out a Wife for Peter as Soon as Possible

Nothing remained to be done when Peter returned from the Conference except to pack his father's books. The trunks were in the hall, and one large black tin box. This box contained the strongest and most cherishable sermons of four generations of preachers in the Thompson family. They dated back to a certain discourse by the Rev. Henry Thompson, who had been a terribly ungodly man until he was converted at Savannah under John Wesley and received the call to preach, but did not get one of Mr. Wesley's teaspoons. I do not know how it happened, but there are a lot of these teaspoons handed down in Methodist families, which are said to have descended directly from John Wesley. And it always sounded queer to me, presenting newborn souls with souvenir spoons. If I should ever meet this great apostle of Methodism in the next world I may make some discreet inquiries of him about this. You cannot approve of everything a good man does, but if he was rewarding his converts openly, what I want to know is why Henry Thompson did not get one of these spoons. He was soundly converted. He became a great preacher and seems never to have forgotten the narrow escape he had from damnation. He appears always to have preached with a coal of fire in his mouth. The text of this old sermon was, "The soul that sinneth, it shall surely die." And it was a brimstone masterpiece of the gospel. There were also many of William's best sermons in this box.

After we had discussed the news every preacher always brings back from a meeting of the Annual Conference, and Peter had delivered messages from some of the elder brethren who entered the itinerancy years ago when William did, we went into the hall to consider our baggage, which must be shipped at once to Brasstown.

Peter stood with his hands in his pockets regarding three old itinerating trunks, the ribs of them bulging, their sides battered and the tops crank-sided, grinning a little, but securely roped and tied. He said he doubted if they would make the trip.

"Oh, yes, they will. They are used to it," I assured him.

He recognized the tin box. From the time he could remember he must have seen this box going before us to the next appointment.

"Still keeping those old sermons," he said, smiling.

"Yes, they are the Enoch records of men who walked with God," I answered, nettled by something in the tone of his voice.

We went back into the living room, where he began to examine William's books. He bent over, wrinkled his fine nose and doubled up the wrinkles on his smooth young brow at these old ragged volumes with their bindings torn and their loose leaves sticking out here and there.

"Mother, these books are all out of date," he said.

I regarded him. The eye may speak to a man even when he has his back turned to you. My son felt something poignant laid on him from behind. He stood up, glanced at me sidewise, ran his finger across the backs of Kitto's Commentaries, which filled one shelf.

"Now, these are perfectly useless," he told me.

"Peter ——" I began.

"There is not a single volume in this collection worth the cost of packing and shipping," he finished in spite of my trying to say something.

"Peter," I began again, giving him an eye for an eye this time, "I do not know what is in these books. I never did know. But your father knew. He said that they were a great help and inspiration to him. And where I go, they are going!"

"Oh, well, if you feel so about it, we must take them, of course," he answered in the manner of a man who humors, merely humors, a woman.

So we took them, and every time we moved to another appointment we carried them and the old battered tin box. Peter shed his own modern books on the Scriptures frequently, as if his spirit molted theologically like a chicken. But I kept right in behind him with all those thunderous old commentaries from which William had obtained the stern and majestic obscurities of his preaching style.

We arrived in Brasstown much as preacher folk always do. And I was too busy for a time to know how Peter was performing his offices as a pastor.

The Methodist parsonage has changed less in the last twenty years than the Methodist Church. The effect of the religious mind on parsonage furniture is, I believe, far more permanent than it is on human character. This may be because the human is never quite reduced to the mere grimness of it. Even a saint flares sometimes and lets in a rosy light on his morals. But the parsonage is hopelessly submissive to anything your sternest Christian imagination can do to it, which is also a frugal imagination. The insides of it never minister to anything but the sacrificial instincts of its victims. The one at Brasstown was very severe. But it was clean. Sister Stone, who was chairman of the reception committee which met us the day we came, called my attention to this fact.

"You see, it is clean," she said when we returned to the parlor after we had finished checking up the list of all the parsonage things.

"Yes, everything is beautifully clean," I agreed cordially.

She was regarding me authoritatively over the top of her spectacles. The other women of this committee were regarding me like a determined cloud of witnesses.

"Six of us spent two days getting this house in order," Sister Stone went on.

"You did!" I exclaimed, lifting my face and blinking admiration at them through my glasses. You may always look pleasanter through your glasses than you can over the top of them.

"And I hope such a task will never be laid upon us again. Our last pastor's wife was not a good housekeeper."

I made a sad little sound through my nose in memory of their last pastor's wife, and let it go at that, though I could have made a few searching remarks.

It is true that some preachers' wives are not good housekeepers, but it is not a singular fact, nor peculiar to them. Other women fall short of this perfection with less excuse. They do not do their own work or nurse their own children. On their busiest day and in addition to everything else, they are not obliged to dust and wipe off their husbands, as the pastor's wife must do, lest he show a human grease spot on the lapel of his coat in the pulpit. Then she must make sure the poor absent-minded soul, being in the spirit on this Lord's Day, has a clean handkerchief in his pocket with which to wipe his brow when he warms up in the course of his sermon. She must also get the children off to Sunday school. She must prepare dinner, and get ready for church, and be there in her accustomed place before the first hymn is sung.

Multiply these activities by the fifty-two Sabbaths in the year. Double that to count the Sunday-night services.

Add all the Wednesday-night prayer meetings, and you receive some idea of what the day of rest means to a preacher's wife, even if there is no quarterly meeting with the presiding elder on her hands. There is also the revival season of six weeks in the hottest part of the summer, and all the company incident to that, with the youngest baby getting his teeth and keeping her up at night. For the infants in preachers' families always do cut their hardest teeth during the revival season. I never knew a single exception, no matter if he was due according to Nature to have produced them during the previous month of January. Even the grace of God does not give such a woman the time and physical strength to be a good housekeeper.

I have sometimes wished in my bitterer moments that the Lord would even it up to Methodist preachers' wives in the next world by giving them special committee privileges to investigate the housekeeping records of prominent church women who know so much and tell so much about how we kept their parsonages in this one.

After Sister Stone and her cohorts took their leave I unpacked and put my things in place. Then I sat down to have a good cry. This was a sort of baptismal habit with me in the old days. Whenever we moved to a new work I used to take a little time off to weep and rock myself and soothe my feelings, which were always secretly suffering from the change. But now I could not work myself up to the point of tears. I felt queer and cold and strangely removed from these old griefs and associations. Maybe it was my age and Peter's youth, but I did not feel so near and kin to pastoral things.

On the following Sunday morning I heard Peter preach for the first time. It was the usual little village tombstone of a church, this one in Brasstown, very white outside, dark and sadly toned inside, as a grave must be after you have lain in it a long time.

I have not seen much in my life, only the plain things. My eyes have not been cultivated by the splendors of this present world. I have never seen a great statue or a great painting. But I have often wondered what the world which has seen all these things would think about the picture of a Sunday-morning congregation somewhere on a Methodist preacher's circuit, which has been painted by a really great artist. It would be like painting the Beatitudes. Rows upon rows of candlelit faces in the brown gloom, with such a plain altar in front of them: this one looking so meek; that one blessed from having mourned; this old saint wearing his seeing-God look from having been so long pure in heart.

No matter what these people have done during the week, they drop that secular and carnal expression; they are now innocent of themselves. It is very touching. You may scarcely distinguish the worst of them from the best of them. The man seated there at the end of the bench, whose very hair snarls, whose face is marked with so many lines of human frightfulness, seems now in this shadowy peace only to have been weather-beaten by exposure in some harsh, windy corner of life. The evil in him shows for what evil really is, a sort of ugly pathos. This woman on the other side of the aisle, who is a termagant in her own house, wears an air of repose, as if for this hour she has been eased from the worry and flurry of doing her duty, right or wrong. The veriest gossip of them all looks like an elderly handmaiden of the Lord ready to fall upon her knees and wash the feet of the saints. And the others, the plain script of the congregation, are so submissive, so completely at rest from themselves and from their neighbors.

This is not hypocrisy, it is the church; the effect of its silence and the association of ideas for which it stands in the minds of these people.

I came early that morning because I wanted to have a look at Peter's flock and form some idea of the sort of men and women with whom he would have to deal. I knew that somewhere among these tired old lambs there would be the usual difficult brethren, known to each other but not to the new pastor. I have inspected too many congregations in my day not to recognize them almost by sight. And I have seen a hundred like the one inside the doors of that church—the same red-hot stoves down near the front, the same little glass pitcher and tumbler on the right-hand side of the pulpit. I chose a seat as usual at the end of one of the amen sections, not to be too close to the saints nor too far from the sinners to see what was going on without turning my head inquisitively.

I saw my son for the first time sitting in a pulpit. Only his head was visible above the top of the altar. No doubt he had said his priest-prayer before I came in. I know of no other act of worship which is so definitely and almost shockingly performed at the expense of the congregation as this private personal pulpit prayer of the itinerant preacher. He enters this sacred place, and with his back to the congregation he drops upon his knees, both of them, bends his body to a right angle, covers his face with his hands, and, with his long coat tails artlessly parted behind, he makes his prayer to Almighty God to sustain him and give him courage to preach the word with power to these people behind him. It is the one moment in his life when he publicly outranks his congregation by holding a sort of official council with his Lord in which they are merely the topic under discussion.

I settled down and spread out my skirts, adjusted my glasses and caught sight of Brother Stone at the other end of the same bench in the darkest corner of the amen section. I whispered him one of those discreet nods you offer in the prayerful atmosphere of a church. He returned it. Then he seized his long white beard as if it were the apron of his face, held it back, took a sort of hissing aim at the little sand box and expectorated, meaning that it was nearly time to sing the opening hymn.

I have noticed this, that the fiercer male saints frequently use tobacco, while the vacillating, hair-hung and breeze-shaken saint is almost sure to be an abstemious man, who must backslide before he can indulge in the use of tobacco, or even coffee. Therefore, the fields of spiritual battles are always strewn with these wounded who must be restored to a state of mild ecstasism before they can possibly believe that they are right with their Lord.

I had already recognized Brother Stone as one of the fiercer saints who would never backslide or even during a revival admit that they needed a "deeper work of grace." He was a standpatter in the Lord's vineyard, and usually kept one foot on his pastor's neck. I knew that his relation to Peter would be strictly doctrinal, and I wondered how he was going to manage Peter, or if it was possible that Peter might manage him. This was a maternal flight of imagination. In all my experience I had never known such a thing to happen.

We see through our glass darkly when we look toward the future, but if we face about and look toward the past

(Continued on Page 120)

It Was Not Until Mrs. Barton Arrived in Front of the Pulpit That She Realized Her Pastor Had Deserted Her

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 11, 1920

Now is the Time for All Good Men

THE presidential election was more than a solemn referendum on the League of Nations. Sentiment in America undoubtedly favors a league, even though it does not indorse the Wilson covenant without reservations, and it would be a capital mistake for the new Administration not to recognize that fact. A solemn referendum on the bitter-enders in the Republican Party, uncomplicated by other issues, would probably have had a very bitter end for them. The country is neither pro-Wilson nor pro-Johnson, but pro-League on a middle ground between them.

The solemn referendum that resulted in an overwhelming victory for the Republican ticket was outlined by the party spokesmen and pretty generally accepted by the voters as a referendum on Americanism versus internationalism; on reconstruction versus obstruction; on scientific versus wasteful taxation; on reorganization of Government versus disorganization; on rigidly restricted immigration and less rigidly restricted deportation versus letting almost everybody in and putting almost nobody out; on hopeful promise versus hopeless performance.

Both parties were liberal enough with promises for the future, but the Democrats labored under the disadvantage of having been in power and of having had their chance. The Republicans will now labor under the disadvantage of being overwhelmingly in power and without the shadow of an excuse, such as the Democrats have had during the past year, for a failure to give us better government. The very magnitude of their victory increases their obligation to redeem their promises, and multiplies the dangers to which they are exposed if they fail the country. The voter has given, but the voter can take away, and there are other elections and a solemn referendum on the record of the Republican Party coming.

"They never come back" is not true of political parties. The Democratic Party will come back just in proportion as the Republican Party goes back on its promises to the country. In any event it will doubtless survive this licking and become, we hope, under wiser leadership, a genuinely liberal party, instead of a composite of reactionaries, moderates and radicals. There are many able Democrats who could lead their party into paths of service and usefulness. A wise man, a strong man is never so dangerous to an opponent as in defeat. He examines himself for faults, not for excuses, and his comeback is the only explanation that he offers.

There is, however, only one way in which a party out of power can come back, only one way in which a party in power can make good, and that is by the intelligent cooperation of the rank and file. There is, too, only one way in which the voter can make himself felt in politics and redeem the pledges pawned by his party for office: He must become an active part of the source of all political power—city, state and national—in his home district. It is right there that the reorganization of the Democratic Party must begin, right there that the strengthening of the Republican leaders to go through must be done. The active interest of the voter cannot end at promise, but it must keep on to performance. Now, and not three years and ten months from now, is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party. The really important part of the campaign began the day after election. If you will look into the matter you will find that professional politicians have been even busier and more interested since Election Day than before it. They are looking for theirs. If you want yours—the things that you voted for—you, too, must keep busy and interested.

It is a hopeful sign of the political times that the country so generally refused to view the last election as a sporting event; that it talked concrete issues instead of glittering generalities; that it voted its conclusions instead of its prejudices; that it put country above party. It is true that the voter struck out a little blindly, that a good deal of his criticism of the Administration was not based on first-hand study and information; but that was because the average man had not been on the job during the important year that preceded the election.

Probably a majority of the voters wanted Hoover for President, but it was a passive yearning and they went on the theory that some vague power would attend to the detail of securing the nomination for him, and that then they could cheer him into office. Even with Hoover out of the running, neither of the candidates selected was the popular choice, but it is not too late to make sure that the things done by the candidate elected are those chosen for the popular planks of the platform. It will surprise those who have not tried it to see the effect that an expression in strength by organized and informed voters will have on any duly elected officeholder. In the past such expressions have come almost altogether from special groups and classes. But there is no good reason why in the future these expressions should not come from the larger group that wants all-American instead of special-class legislation.

Nothing has done more mischief in our political life than the negative influence of the smug mollusks who lean back in their shells and exclaim "I never mix in our dirty politics!" and of the little-neck clams who snap shut the lid with "I never talk politics!" This attitude is based on a total failure to comprehend the causes that make politics dirty, and their relation to our daily lives. The failure of qualified voters to mix in politics is precisely what makes them dirty; their refusal to discuss politics is what makes them corrupt. Of course, these self-satisfied people do mix in politics, do discuss them every day of their lives—when they protest against the poor pavement in their street; against the slums and plague spots in their city; against the ease with which burglars loot their houses; against the flagrant bootlegging and lawbreaking that are going on under their noses; against the raise in their rent; against the high cost of food; against the price of coal; against the strike that forces them to walk to work; against the hordes of new immigrants that keep coming to compete for their jobs; against the heartbreaking nick that, either directly or indirectly, taxation makes in their pay. All these things are politics and these things and others like them are all there is to politics. Yet there are still people who say they are not interested in politics; others who are interested in them only once in four years.

There is a class of politicians who want nothing better than to keep these people in this frame of mind; who like to have them safely herded in the grand stand, fatuously cheering and betting on the ponies without any real information on them. They are strong for the mollusk, and next to him for the man who has been a lifelong Republican, or who has always voted the Democratic ticket, but who has never been a worker inside the party, trying conscientiously in victory to make it stand for something more than an appetite for office, and in defeat for an ideal of better government.

Though President-elect Harding was not the popular choice in June we trust that on his record he will be the popular choice four years from now. He goes into office, we believe, with a sincere desire to do those things that his platform promised, to institute those basic business reforms that the Government needs. He has a great opportunity, a tremendous task and enormous power. That is his greatest danger. Too much power is bad for any man, unless it is continually checked up and renewed by the source of power. If Harding is to succeed he must have the people not only behind him but beside him. That means that all voters must consciously think politics, talk politics, get up to their necks in politics.

The country stood by President Wilson in war, but it failed him in peace. It was not in politics after the armistice, not on the job during the critical months preceding the conventions. The Democrats who were opposed to their party's course were largely inarticulate because they were not, as they should have been, an active part of the organization. They took it out in an eleventh-hour protest vote. The criticism that reached the President was probably ascribed by him to opposition maneuvers for place and advantage. But a fully organized electorate in both parties, an active rank and file, would have commanded instant attention, even from one so convinced of the rightness of his course as the President. There is something insistent, relentless and not to be denied about the voice of the people, when it speaks in unison and with calm conviction.

There can hardly be a just estimate of President Wilson at this time, but his place in history will probably be much higher than that assigned to him by his passionate opponents, lower than that claimed for him by his devoted adherents. And even though we may disagree with him and criticize his inability to execute practically an idea that was nobly conceived, we are far from blameless in the final event. Let us not treat our next President so badly by neglecting an obvious duty to him—our duty to get into politics, to stand by, to think out, to speak out. Senator Harding was elected by single votes combined to express the will of the people. He can be helped and directed by single voters combined to express the will of the people.

At times it almost seems as if the average American prefers bad government that entails no effort beyond that of futile criticism, to the good government that could be his if he would work actively for it. We are getting so that we function through waves of hysteria for good, and of passion for bad; sagging back between times, exhausted and indifferent, until a new spasm of emotionalism sweeps over the country. If we keep it up we shall become a nation of knockers, without power to think clearly, to reason calmly or to build sanely.

Loyalty

ALIENS or naturalized citizens or native-born citizens who would by other force than the ballot overthrow the Government are disloyal to America and by their disloyalty sacrifice all right in America's institutions.

Those who are Americans by virtue of their love for America may without offense seek by every peaceful means to shape the policies and destiny of America. Aliens and natives who have by disloyalty sacrificed all title in America display an insufferable insolence when they seek to shape affairs in which they have no rightful interest. If the guest does not like the fare, will he linger on and complain of it?

There is room in the world for all. Those who do not love America may find a happy home elsewhere. May peace and joy go with them. Or, if they would stay, let them learn the humility of the novitiate and seek diligently to understand the miracle that is America, finding thus the grace to reverence and to love.

America is a melting pot, but those who keep the pot boiling must reserve the right to discard foreign substances that will not melt.

The Apologies of an Old Fogy

By E. W. HOWE

IN MY neighborhood an old piano professor lives next door to an amateur who practices lessons taken from a rival. The old professor is able to point out many flaws, in addition to the annoyance. In all your relations with men there are usually old professors present to note your mistakes, and they do not do it very kindly.

Every submarine should be sunk, and their manufacture prohibited. Any nation should be ashamed to have such an implement in its possession. There is some excuse for the battleship—the excuses of parades, firing thundering salutes, and the terror of the noise; but the submarine is an inhuman monster. It can be used only when it has an unfair advantage; every time it comes up out of the water it is looking for foul play.

One may find nearly anything in the newspapers; and if the magazines and books are included, nothing is missing.

Speaking for myself, I do not excuse poetic license.

Every experience in life develops hindsight that may be used thereafter as foresight.

In most transactions in the practical world, you at least have the article laid before you and are permitted to examine it. If your purchase is not as represented you may have your money back; if you were promised fast colors you get them. But in propaganda, before you have a look at the article you buy you must wait a year or so after the convention adjourns.

In the history of men no attempt has been made to help each other comparable with the attempt to injure each other during the recent war.

In the opinion of a little man combating the opinions of big ones, if the people of this country do not pay more attention to little problems, and less to big ones, they'll finally get into serious trouble.

The ants and bees have so much intelligence that man is almost jealous of them. The foresight of the little creature that gathers its harvest; that has been known apparently to plant, to weed its garden, to keep domesticated creatures; that has been observed gathering grain into storehouses underground, yet with such care as regards moisture that it does not sprout; that, indeed, has learned to do all the tasks required in community life—all this is one of the marvels of the world round us. But the prevailing virtue of the ants and bees is their industry; half of them do not sit round indulging in poetry, history or politics; all work at appointed tasks; there are no revolutions as a protest against natural conditions; no preachers of shorter hours. They give their attention to observing old laws and waste no time in experimenting with constructive legislation.

Indignation does no good unless backed with a club of sufficient size to attract respect. There will never come a time when a body of men with an advantage will not use it, unless they have wholesome awe of the opposition. It is not the rights of men we respect; it is what they will probably do to enforce them.

In view of the present unexampled row over democracy we moderns have no great reason to be shocked by the little spats of the past over religion.

There are so many simple programs that will always work and are always right that many of the big ones may be safely neglected.

It isn't just if I am ordered about by a policeman or bow to a judge, that another man may take away the policeman's club or mash the judge's hat.

The problem that requires the attention of a commission usually cannot be solved; and the salaries and expenses of members of the commission become another problem. If the experience and simple common sense of your neighbors can't help you there probably is no remedy. An expert may look wiser than anyone you have consulted before, but his final decision will be what you knew in the first place, if he is a real expert.

Note the clamor of nations at war for shells which

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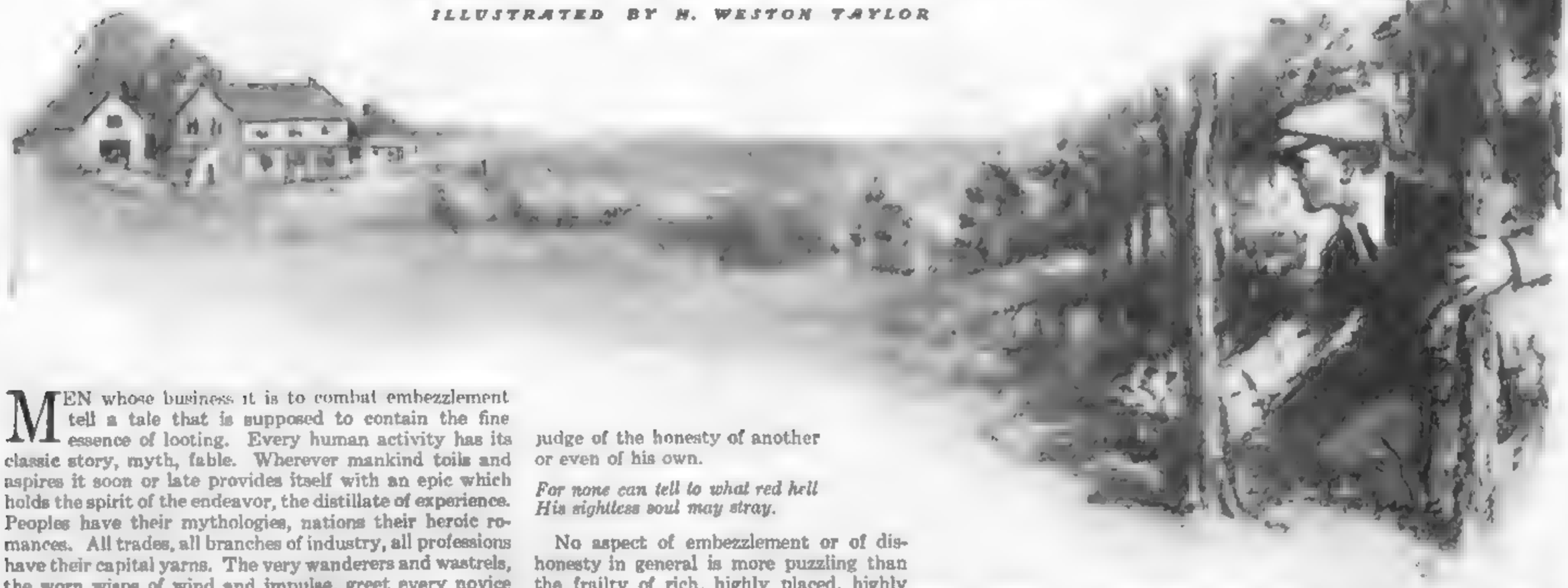
"Good Morning, Judge"

THE LOOTERS

By Edward H. Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR



The Hunter Now Decided to Watch the House, But There Was Not the Slightest Cover Within Three or Four Hundred Yards

MEN whose business it is to combat embezzlement tell a tale that is supposed to contain the fine essence of looting. Every human activity has its classic story, myth, fable. Wherever mankind toils and aspires it soon or late provides itself with an epic which holds the spirit of the endeavor, the distillate of experience. Peoples have their mythologies, nations their heroic romances. All trades, all branches of industry, all professions have their capital yarns. The very wanderers and wastrels, the worn wisps of wind and impulse, greet every novice with the telling tale. Man is a moralizing creature. He instinctively puts the lessons of life into a pattern, and is not much concerned if life forever mocks him.

On a summer afternoon, so the tale goes, the president of a bank in a Southern capital closed his desk and went out to see the Derby run. This man was not only a financial master in his town but also a church pillar and moral leader. There was in his presence at a race-track nothing at all strange, for in his state the most conservative sinners lend their approval to the racing of horses.

The banker was in for something of a shock. He had no more than taken his seat when he saw one of his young tellers near by; and what was more to the point, saw him making bets. The banker said nothing, but the following morning he summoned the young man into his office and began suavely, "Fred, didn't I see you at the races yesterday?"

"Yes, sir; I go every now and then," said the employee with complete assurance.

"And I saw you betting, too, didn't I?"

"Yes, sir; I often make small bets."

"You do, eh? Do you think a man in a bank has any right to do such things?"

"I had never thought about it, sir. I am not married, as you know. I make a fair salary and I never wager more than a few dollars. I hope you don't think I might ——"

"I have no right to think you might steal," said the banker, "but you know how it looks to find a bank employee betting on the races. It is bad for credit, and it may be very bad for you."

"I'm very sorry," the teller began. "I had never thought of it in that way. I'll not ——"

"Never mind, Fred," the financier interrupted. "I had to call this to your attention. Now I want to make you a present."

Was He a Hypocrite?

THE banker reached to his desk top, took down a small Bible, inscribed it and gave it to the young man.

"If you'll be guided by that," said he, "you will not get into trouble. Take your lessons from it. Go according to its ideas. I think before you leave here we had better say a prayer."

The two men bent and prayed. When they rose the president discharged the teller with the hard admonition to do better, but do it elsewhere. Two years later the banker was arrested for wrecking his institution and sent to prison himself to meditate upon the problems of conduct.

Here is the story par excellence of bank looting. You will hear it again and again from those who have professionally the deepest knowledge of the subject. Just what moral is to be drawn from the tale I hardly know. But the gist of experience expressed in it is sufficiently clear. No one can say how high or low a man may take the money of other people. No human being is the competent judge of the honesty of another or even of his own.

For none can tell to what red hell
His sightless soul may stray.

No aspect of embezzlement or of dishonesty in general is more puzzling than the frailty of rich, highly placed, highly moral and respectable men. It is easy enough to understand the peculations of the underpaid, the thieving of the poor and starving. A thousand tables of statistics, thousands of years of observation attest the power of need over human probity. But just why men, often the most respected and deeply trusted in their communities, should loot banks, trusts and treasuries is a recondite question to which no general answer can be given.

That such men do commit great crimes against the public and the private purse needs no proof. Anyone with a competent memory may run down the list of men who have been caught at the looting of financial houses and discover scores of names that were, locally at least, eminent in their day. Millionaires, politicians, captains of industry are among them.

In some cases sheer ambition led these men to ruin. They scrambled and aimed too high, scaled forbidden peaks, stumbled upon pebbles and crashed into the abyss. But overreaching explains only a part of the dishonesty of the aloof. Indeed, there are cases which baffle all interpretation, unless their crimes be explained as was that of Herostratus, who burned down the temple of Diana at Ephesus to immortalize himself by an unbelievable deed. The Greeks sentenced this rash young man to be forgotten and his name forbidden. Let us likewise forget the colossal plunderers of financial houses. Their crimes are, after all, infrequent and important only because of their size and notoriety.

He Was an Amateur Geologist and Spent His Spare Time Prospecting

No Trustworthy Figures on Peculations

IN AN earlier article I discussed embezzlement in general, devoting myself to the commonplace stealing from employers and communities. I pointed out then that perhaps one hundred million dollars was lost through defalcation last year, mainly because of the vast number of small dishonesties. In the present case I intend to speak solely of embezzlements from banks and treasuries. These constitute the larger but far less frequent crimes. How great a part of the hundred millions lost last year was taken by officials and employees of financial houses no one can say. All figures on bank peculations are worthless. They are issued either to minimize or to inflate. On the one hand the banks justifiably wish to make embezzlement seem as small a problem as possible, for the public is always nervous and capable of senseless runs on perfectly solvent banks. On the other hand there are writers who try to sensationalize this subject for purposes of one kind or another.

Personally, I doubt whether anyone knows the actual amount of money lost a year through dishonesty inside financial houses. Judging merely from the admissions of bankers, from the newspaper accounts of defalcations and trials and from police records, the stealing must run high into the millions.

Here, however, it is necessary to make immediate reservations. There are nearly eight thousand national banks in the United States, and, I am told, nearly as many state banks, trust companies and private banks. Perhaps the total of financial houses is as high as fifteen thousand. If we accept the annual bank loss through dishonesty at thirty million dollars, a wholly theoretical figure, the tax on each bank is only two thousand dollars. Again, the paid-in capital of the national banks alone was $1,118,603,000 last year, and the deposits nearly sixteen billions. Almost as much was on deposit in state banks and in savings banks, so that the percentage of loss was certainly not alarming.

There were just twenty bank failures in the United States in 1918. Whether more than half a dozen of them were caused by embezzlement is doubtful. Decidedly the thing is not that embezzlement from banks causes bank wrecking. Failures from this

(Continued on Page 30)

Throwing the switch

You can see it any day—

A slight shift of the rails, only a few inches one way or the other, yet it makes a difference of hundreds of miles at the end of the road.

You see the same thing all through life. It is one of the big factors in your health. Form the habit of eating good soup every day in the year and you are on the right road to good physical condition.

Beginning your meal with Campbell's appetizing Tomato Soup not only increases the enjoyment and benefit of that particular meal but it strengthens digestion, helps to regulate the entire process of nutrition and is thus a direct means of improved health and condition.

Can you afford to overlook it?

21 kinds **15c a can**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 28)

source are few and far between. Such cases are the criminal enormities that happen at long intervals. Stealing from banks must be taken as a subject interesting in itself. It need cause no alarm. It is simply one of the regular risks of financing. If you like comparisons of risk, take the 9982 business failures of 1918, with liabilities of one hundred and sixty-three millions, against the twenty bank failures with liabilities of five millions.

On the other hand the number of small thefts from financial houses is genuinely astonishing. Of late years bankers have been chary of discussing this subject, but among themselves it causes much annoyance and some concern. A dozen years ago, when embezzlement from financial houses was at its worst, Mr. Pierre Jay, then commissioner of banking for Massachusetts, said to the convention of the American Bankers' Association in session in St. Louis, "I think I am safe in estimating that a new case of bank embezzlement is discovered in the United States on every day in the year."

This statement was meant to include all sorts of peculations, large and small. No estimate of the loss was made. Mr. Jay's figures were moderate for his day, and they do not begin to cover to-day's total. This in spite of better bookkeeping, bonding, more frequent audits and every type of modern precaution. It is now, because of the attitude of the bankers, quite as impossible to gauge the number of stealings as the loss. It is a fact that many banks refuse to realize on their indemnity or fidelity bonds. They force their employees to take out bonds insuring their honesty, but this is done more to restrain the employee than to indemnify the bank. It has been learned from experience that a scary public is likely to make trouble on the slightest provocation. Therefore, if a bank teller has got away with a few thousand dollars many a wise banker finds it better policy to dismiss the man and pocket the loss than to report the theft to the bonding company, which is certain to cause the arrest of the offender and thus bring the matter to public attention. Where such things are done, and done frequently, who can hope to make estimates?

A Predacious Trio

LOOTING banks is not a crime touched with the silver and shine of antiquity. Only a hundred years ago, when the first great robbery of this kind was perpetrated in America, there was no law to cover the case, and the conspirators escaped unpunished. This was the affair of the Baltimore branch of the Bank of the United States, and it happened in 1818, when the country was experiencing the great inflation that followed the successful conclusion of the War of 1812. The stock of the Bank of the United States, whose charter had been renewed in the hope that a central financial house would serve to restrain much of the wildcat local banking that was going on, was expected to rise to a high figure. John A. Buchanan was president and James W. McCulloh cashier of the Baltimore branch, which was then the largest in the country. These two men engaged with George Williams, a director of the main bank in Philadelphia, in a conspiracy to buy secretly stock of the Bank of the United States with the funds of the Baltimore branch, using forged notes and false entries to conceal their activities. They had every reason to hope that this stock would mount, and they planned then to sell out quietly, restore the bank's money and take down a huge profit for themselves. It will be seen that neither the actuation nor the method of these early plunderers differed from to-day's characteristics. The stock went to pieces, the operations of the trio were revealed and they were arrested. After making what restitution they could, they were still short about two millions.

It was discovered that bank looting had not been thought of, and that Congress had made no laws to cover the activities of these men. The worst charge that could be brought against them involved little more than misdemeanor. They chose to be tried by judges rather than a jury, and were speedily acquitted. This affair caused the first laws for the protection of bank deposits to be written upon the statute books.

Evidently, however, this trio of predacious gentlemen taught the dishonestly inclined more than they did the lawmakers, for bank peculations began to be heard of at shortening intervals. By the time the Civil War broke out such crimes were being discovered every few months, though usually only small amounts were stolen. After the war, when business and banking began to leap up to unheard-of prosperity, embezzlement reached the estate of a recognized form of lawbreaking, and it has not fallen off—far from it.

At one time, ten years ago, the Leavenworth penitentiary, where the Federal Government imprisons offenders from the Western part of the United States, was detaining forty bank criminals; and this was the largest number of men incarcerated for a single type of crime, excepting only burglary and mail robbery. Since then the number of embezzlers imprisoned has fallen off.

"We Might Take One of Those, Go Far Away and Be Happy Together," She Whispered

So long as men steal, just so long will other men try to discover the philosophy of larceny. When the bluster and sensation which follow a notorious crime have abated a little there is always the haunting Why? to tempt and baffle the student of criminality. Men steal because they want the money. It is possible to dismiss the whole question with this cynicism. But why do they want the money? A second irony might dispose of this query as well, and come no nearer any human solution of the problem. Perhaps the reader will prefer to do his own theorizing.

A few years ago a young man of respectable antecedents was accountant in a bank. He was friendly with a lawyer who had a weakness for kiting checks. The man persuaded the boy to hide his shortage on several occasions, and soon made up by transferring money from another account. The time came when the attorney put through a check for a few hundred dollars. It came back unpaid, and the young accountant once more concealed the irregularity and notified the lawyer. The man promised to pay, but did not The boy was forced to falsify the books to conceal his misdeed, which had been originally only a well-meant laxity in favor of a friend.

Overtempted

THE young accountant's salary was small and his home needs were such that he had always been turning over his check to his mother on pay day. He could not make up the shortage out of his pay. At the time a financial campaign was running in the newspapers and magazines which tempted many thousands of persons to try risky speculation. The boy thought he might recoup by playing the game, and took money from the bank to make this venture, again falsifying the books. When he had taken twenty thousand dollars, and still failed to find the pot of gold, he confessed. The bank directors took cognizance of the young man's good character and the unusual circumstances. They retained him and made up the loss.

The cashier of a small bank in a Western state became obsessed with the idea that there was oil in his region. He was an amateur geologist, and his head had been a bit turned, as the phrase goes, by the accounts of colossal fortunes made from oil. This man spent his spare time prospecting, and when he had satisfied himself that he had found promising locations he used his money for boring. One well after another proved a mere empty maw, fashioned to swallow his savings. But several lessons failed to cool this man's ardor. He was shortly taking the bank's money and using it to bore further holes. Year after year he went on this way, and year on year his shortage mounted.

The manner in which he concealed his crime from the bank examiner is a romance in itself. He had known this particular auditor for years, and the two men were intimates. Long before the cashier had made his first raid on the bank he and the examiner had formed the habit of doing the audit together. The examiner worked the adding machine while the cashier sat by him and read off the entries from the books. When he began to steal he also resorted to making slight false pencil entries in the ledgers, and it was a simple matter to read off to the unsuspecting examiner these fraudulent figures.

This farcical auditing went on for a number of years. Then the disaster came.

One morning a stranger walked up to the cashier and said quietly, "I'm the new bank examiner. Jones is sick."

(Continued on Page 32)

A National Christmas Gift

ONE of the safest Christmas gifts you can select for him is a box of 50 White Owl Cigars.

Why? Because, as far as we can find, more men smoke White Owl than any other cigar. White Owl is, by a wide margin, the most popular 10c cigar in America.

White Owl is one of the National Brands of the General Cigar Co., Inc. It is nationally popular, nationally sold, nationally priced at 10c, and will be, this year, a National Christmas Gift.

General Cigar Co., INC.

NATIONAL BRANDS

NEW YORK CITY

WHITE OWL

10¢ STRAIGHT

Box of 50—$4.75

(Continued from Page 30)

The cashier knew at once that the game was up. He put on his hat and smilingly announced that he was going home to lunch, leaving the examiner busy with the books.

At home he kissed his wife, played for a few minutes with the children and walked out into the back yard. A moment later there was a shot. He was dead when his wife reached him.

Here are unusual initial motivations. They explain only the special cases. In general, embezzlements from banks, as from other houses, are brought about by economic factors and by ambition and desire for display. In an earlier article I pointed out the effect of low wages and high living costs on the honesty of men and women. An insurance company has kindly made some additional compilations on this subject which may be of interest. These figures cover the experience of five large firms, whose total number of employees varied but little in the three years examined.

Crimes Traceable to High Living Costs

A BREWERY suffered one loss in 1915, two in 1917 and three in 1918

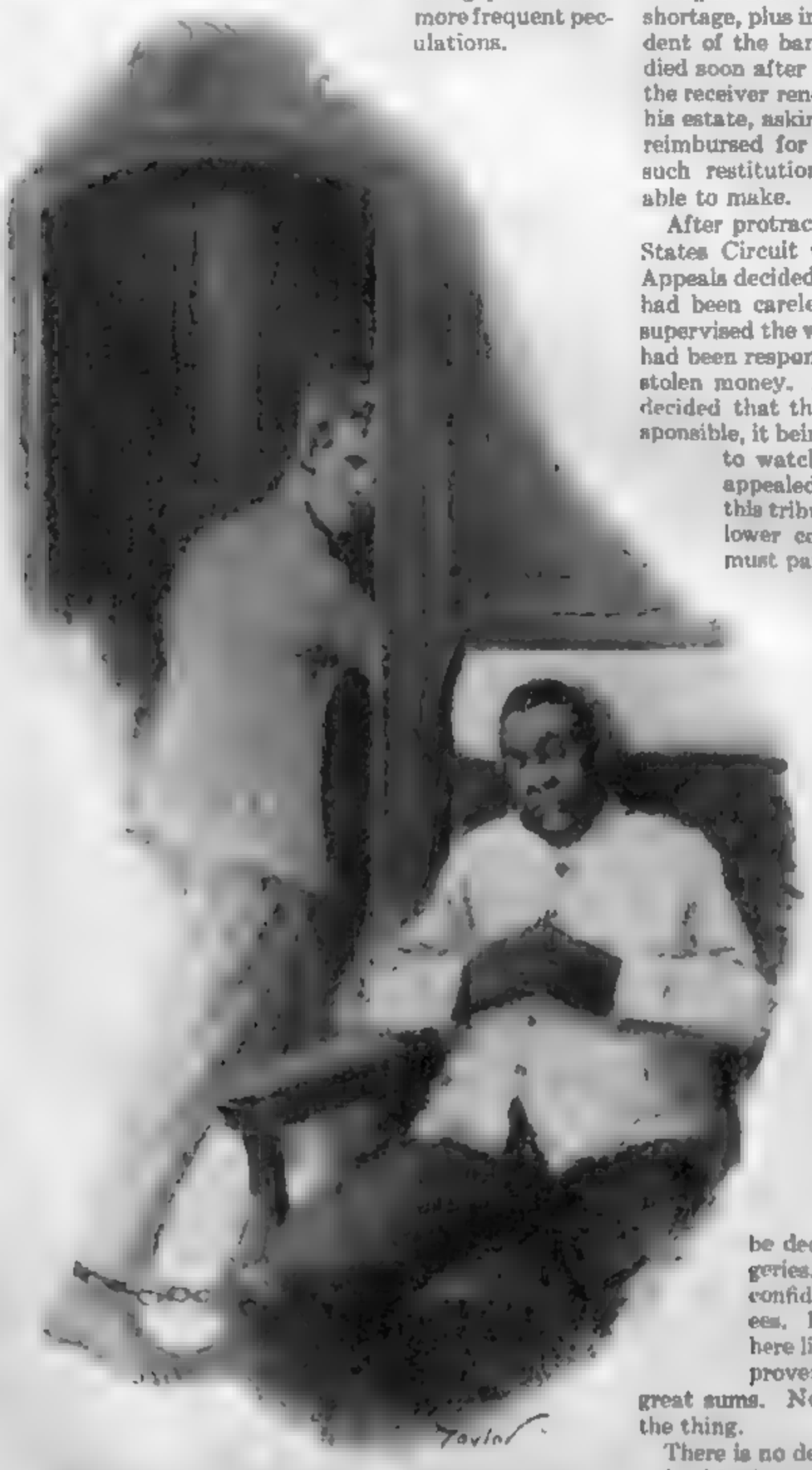
An insurance concern experienced one embezzlement in 1915. In 1917 three employees absconded; in 1918, fifteen.

A packing house lost through one embezzler in 1915, through four in 1917 and through four in 1918. The last named were all heavier than previous losses.

A department store had three small losses in 1915, twenty-three small losses in 1917 and forty-three in 1918, some of the latter serious.

A dairy company had two such losses in 1915, five in 1917 and seven in 1918.

Two other concerns on which there are no 1915 figures experienced an increase in embezzlement of from fifty-four to sixty-nine and from seventy-three to eighty-three between 1917 and 1918. These are figures of ordinary industrial or commercial firms, and they show that with rising prices come more frequent peculations.



When the Train Was Plowing Through the Nevada Desert Lands One of the Men Hopped to the End of the Car Past the Dozing Porter

In the cases of banks it is trite to say that men on the smallest salaries have often stolen the largest amounts. Samuel C. Seeley, bookkeeper in the Shoe and Leather National Bank, New York, some years ago, was paid one hundred and fifty dollars a month and stole $354,000. Cornelius L. Alvord, Jr., note teller in the First National Bank of New York, was paid $5000 a year and got away with $690,000. William F. Walker, treasurer of the Savings Bank of New Britain, Connecticut, on a nominal salary, stole $565,000 back in 1907. George W. Coleman, a bookkeeper of the National City Bank of Cambridge, Massachusetts, was paid fifty dollars a month and stole $309,000. August Ropke, assistant secretary of the Fidelity Trust Company of Louisville, Kentucky, was paid one hundred and fifty dollars a month in 1910, when the president of the bank had him arrested for embezzlement and declared the bank's $1,340,000 surplus was wiped out.

It would be difficult to say that all these crimes were impelled by want, but it is certain that comparative poverty juxtaposed to huge piles of ready cash furnished the usual formula of temptation plus opportunity.

While we are in this trend of thought it may be well to discuss the responsibility for the thefts of bank employees. A most interesting decision has just been handed down in the case of George W. Coleman, previously mentioned. This man's peculation of $309,000 threw the National City Bank of Cambridge into the hands of a receiver, who soon saw, or thought he saw, that Coleman could never have stolen so large a sum but for carelessness on the part of his superiors. John L. Bates, the receiver, thereupon brought suit for the amount of Coleman's shortage, plus interest, against the president of the bank. The bank president died soon after the filing of the suit, but the receiver renewed proceedings against his estate, asking that the depositors be reimbursed for the full amount, minus such restitution as Coleman had been able to make.

After protracted litigation the United States Circuit Court and the Court of Appeals decided that the bank president had been careless in not having closely supervised the work of Coleman and thus had been responsible to the bank for the stolen money. At the same time it was decided that the directors were not responsible, it being no part of their duties to watch the employees. The banker's estate reappealed to the United States Supreme Court, and this tribunal has lately affirmed the decisions of the lower courts. The estate of the bank president must pay $264,088, restoring to the bank the total net loss through Coleman's manipulations.

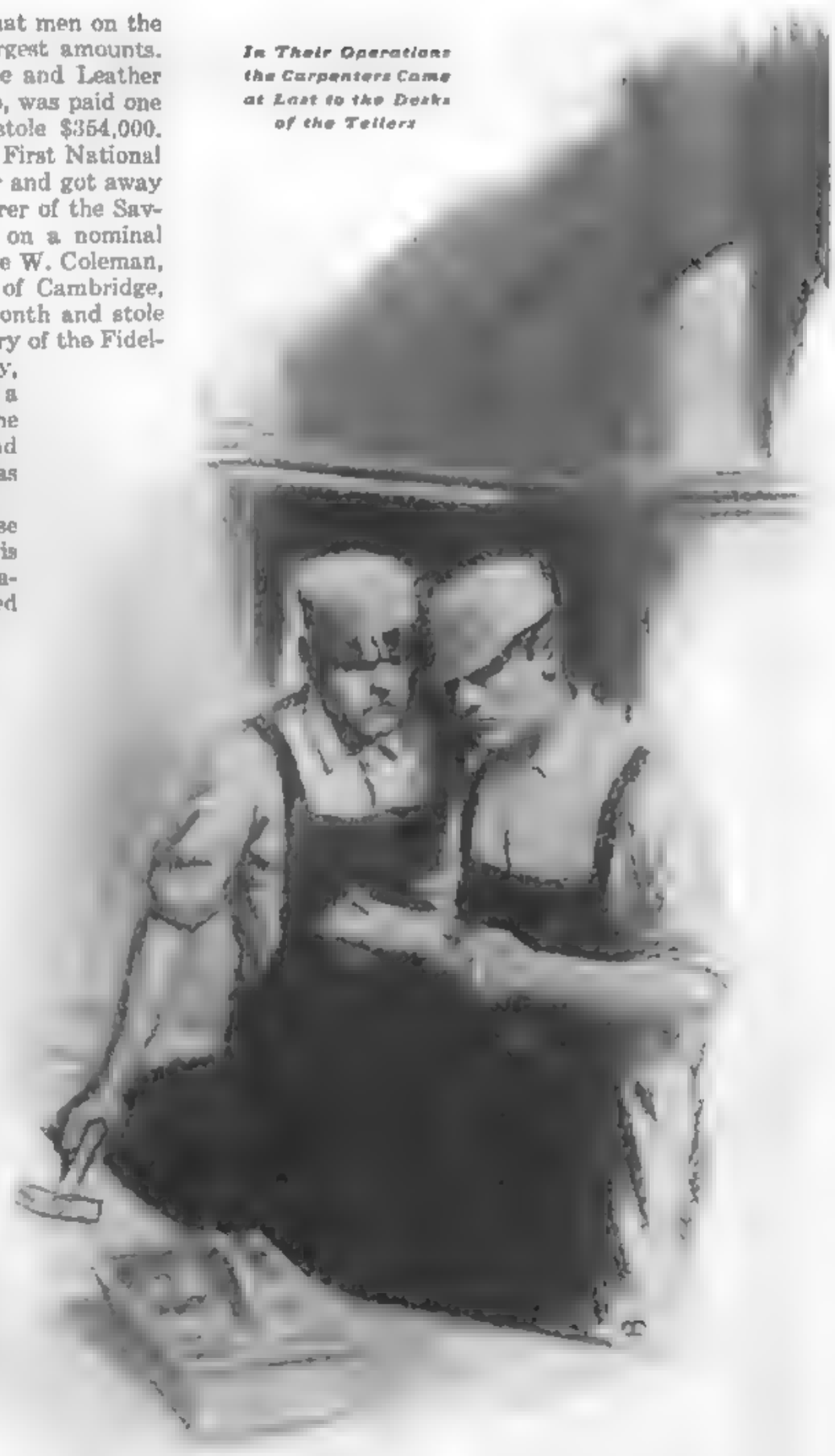
This case has been watched with the keenest interest by bankers, and no decision in recent years has been of more importance to them. It means that the officers of a bank must pay if their employees are dishonest, especially if it can be shown that diligence would have prevented the peculations.

The manner of concealing peculations from the officers of a bank is always a mysterious matter to the layman, who has usually an exaggerated notion of the watchfulness of the average banker and looks upon the huge ledgers and account books of banks with labyrinthine shudders. Bankers are not Argus-eyed, and bank bookkeeping is no more abstruse than any other sort of intricate arithmetic. It is relatively no harder to juggle bank accounts than to substitute bad wares for good.

The difficulty lies in the concealment. The bank examiner can often enough be deceived by false entries and common forgeries. It is perhaps more difficult to keep the confidence of bank officers and fellow employees. Here the psychological element enters, and here lies the explanation of the fact that it is the proverbial trusted employee who gets off with great sums. None but a trusted employee could manage the thing.

There is no deeper mystery.

In Manistee, Michigan, a few years ago, a bank examiner walked into a bank and began for once a thorough audit. The cashier saw that he was about to be trapped.



In Their Operations the Carpenters Came at Last to the Desks of the Tellers

He called in the officers and directors of the bank and confessed a shortage of about forty-five thousand dollars. The bankers immediately made up the loss out of their private means and had the defaulter arrested. The confession of the man revealed that he had begun his peculations sixteen years earlier, and had continued to take small sums and lose them in speculation during thirteen years of that period. Three years before his detection he had suffered a change of conscience and had stopped his pilfering, hoping that some stroke of fortune or the chill of death might intervene before his detection.

For sixteen years this man had been able to deceive his superiors, who never had the slightest touch of distrust. Innumerable audits and bank examinations had been made. The man was simply so brave and conclusive in his manner, so well known and so long trusted that no deep inquiry had ever been made into the state of his accounts. The first intensive audit undid him, to be sure.

Two Service Men in Hot Water

IN ANOTHER recent case a conspiracy existed between the cashier and the ledger clerk. The cashier was in the habit of drawing checks and pocketing the money. He then turned the check over to the ledger clerk, who listed it. But when he came to add up the day's business on the adding machine he tampered with that piece of apparatus so that it failed to add the amount of the check. The total was then brought down with the amount of the check unadded, so that the amounts always balanced. These two young men managed to continue this type of operation for two years and to get about eight thousand dollars. They both went to war and served in France. They were brought back and mustered out, expecting every moment to be arrested and jailed. Strangely enough, their shortage had not yet been discovered. They sought about for a means of making restitution, found it and then confessed their misdeeds.

A young woman who was a filing clerk in a metropolitan bank conceived the idea of opening accounts in various banks under assumed names. In her own bank she watched

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Judgment

THE final decision invariably reflects wisdom and sound reasoning. Being based on fact, it is undisputable. And, by the same token, it conveys a genuine feeling of confidence and good faith.

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Our Last Undeveloped Empire

TO-DAY the greater part of the arable lands of the United States is under cultivation, while one-half of the 32,000,000 acres of our reclaimable deserts has been redeemed by Federal and private irrigation projects. The only good cheap lands of the future will be the remaining acres of desert which water will convert into fertile fields, and the unexploited empire of interior Alaska. There lie the future opportunities of the agricultural pioneer. The United States is an agricultural country primarily. For several generations farming is likely to continue to be our chief pursuit. In the meantime, however, there has been an unprecedented and disturbing drift of our population to urban centers. The production of foodstuffs per capita has consequently decreased, and our only salvation has been the larger use of machinery, which has resulted in a greater output per person on our farms. We can hardly expect to continue to benefit in like degree from the substitution of mechanical devices for manual labor, so our best insurance for an adequate food supply in the future is more farms and more farmers. A nation may be supreme in manufactures and the arts, but in a crisis it will be subordinate to the country having ample food.

A Typical Alaskan Fishing Plant

Therefore assuming that the prosperity and success of America are dependent upon agriculture as a basic industry, it is interesting to discuss common ideas and possible opportunities in this field. At the same time one is prompted to question the wisdom of a system of education that permits hundreds of thousands of able-bodied citizens to labor and live in congested cities with scarcely a chance of success, when there are unlimited openings in our great western empire for men to acquire wealth and independence in modern farming. It is easy to secure information concerning these new developments from the great transcontinental railways or the chambers of commerce located in all the new and thriving communities.

Strange as it may appear, the two factors least understood and yet of greatest importance to a proper understanding of our future agricultural development are temperature and moisture. It is quite probable that a majority of the people in the United States, and especially Easterners, hold the opinion that temperature varies definitely with latitude—that is, the mean average temperature gets lower as we go north and higher as we go south. The fact is that the isothermal lines, or lines of equal temperature, in many parts of the world bear little or no relationship to the lines of latitude.

The best example of this truth is the case of Alaska. Notwithstanding years of campaigning to set forth the truth, the majority of Americans still hold the opinion that Alaska is a barren land of Arctic cold valuable only for its minerals and fisheries. They reason that it is farther north than Labrador and as a consequence must be as cold as that inhospitable land. The fact is that a part of the Pacific Coast section of Alaska has a temperate climate. The permanent snow and ice fields of the territory are situated on the mountain slopes, as they are in the Swiss Alps, and cover only a small part of the country. Just as the Arctic current flowing down our Atlantic coast chills Eastern Canada and our New England States, so the warm Japan Current raises the temperature of the western coast of this country, Canada and Alaska.

The records of the weather bureau show that the average winter temperature of the towns on Prince William Sound is thirty degrees above zero, or the same as St. Louis and New York. Even the winters in Nome, on the Bering Sea, in Northwestern Alaska, are no more severe than those in Northern Minnesota and Dakota. The climate of Southeastern Alaska is like that of New York and Boston except that the rainfall is greater and there is less sunshine. Point Barrow, the most northerly land in Alaska, has an annual precipitation of only seven inches, which indicates that a far-north latitude does not necessarily involve great depths of snow. Incidentally it may be mentioned that Point Barrow is warmer than any other point in the world as far north of the Equator. All the harbors of the southern coast of Alaska remain open the year round. This forms quite a contrast with the port of Vladivostok, on the other side of the Pacific, and in about the same latitude as New York, for the Vladivostok harbor is closed by ice six months of each year.

The interior of Alaska contains the great valleys of the Yukon and Tanana rivers. This region is protected by lofty mountains and is well watered. The average summer temperature is fifty-eight degrees, though the thermometer often climbs to ninety degrees, or higher, in the shade. An examination of the reports of the United States Weather Bureau will show that frequently in January dozens of cities in the United States on the same day report lower temperatures than many towns in Alaska. Not many people fully appreciate the ameliorating influence of the Japan Current.

Here in brief are a few facts every American should know:

The latitudes of Norway, Sweden and Finland are identical with that of Alaska. Christiania and Stockholm are in about the same latitude as Seward. The total area of Alaska is greater than that of Norway, Sweden, Finland, England, Scotland and Ireland combined. It is nearly twice as large as the area covered by the thirteen original states. It is almost equal in size to the combined areas of Germany, France and Spain. From north to south, Alaska extends over 1000 miles of latitude, or a distance equal to that from the Canadian line to the Mexican border. From east to west it covers more than 2000 miles of longitude.

Norway and Sweden are the Mecca of European tourists in search of Nature's beauties. Alaska has scenery far more picturesque, and mountains that overtop Mont Blanc, the Matterhorn or the Jungfrau. Its glaciers dwarf the Mer de Glace and the Alaskan fiords are far more sublime than the wonders of the Rhine. The highest mountain in Switzerland is a mile lower than any one of a half dozen of Alaska's tall peaks; and when it comes to quaint people and primeval customs, the natives of our most northerly territory supply a subject of absorbing interest. There is good basis for the belief that Alaska will one day be the summer playground of the world's lovers of unalloyed Nature.

Let those who belittle the future of Alaska consider the virility and prosperity of the Scandinavian countries. Norway, Sweden and Finland under like physical conditions sustain a population of 11,000,000 people. Alaska has but 55,000, with only 30,000 whites. If populated to the density of the three countries mentioned, Alaska would show a census count of 14,000,000. Half the population of Sweden are farmers, while Norway depends upon its timber and fisheries. Yet Alaska has more arable land than Sweden, and far more timber than Norway and Finland. If Sweden can support Stockholm with its 342,000 population, and Russia can maintain Petrograd, built on a morass, and lying farther north than the capital of Alaska, then surely it is no idle dream to anticipate a day when Alaska will be a land of busy cities and fertile farms.

Most people are familiar with Alaska's mineral riches. Since the territory was purchased, in 1867, it has produced minerals worth $437,465,930; fish products worth $413,749,223, and furs worth $84,704,428. By the end of the present year the three industries mentioned will have produced values totaling more than a billion dollars. What an answer to those who opposed the purchase of the country by the United States!

Twenty-seven per cent of the area of Alaska is covered with forests and woodlands. Of this about 31,000 square miles—nearly the area of Maine—contains timber suitable for manufacturing purposes. The coast region timber tracts contain about twenty per cent spruce, the trees reaching up to six feet in diameter, and the wood being especially suited for box material, aëroplane frames and paper pulp. The Puget Sound timber is better for building purposes, but few regions possess greater possibilities for the upbuilding of a big paper industry than does Alaska. There is an abundance of water power and a vast supply of suitable wood in proper sizes. If present plans carry, another year will witness the birth of a substantial paper industry in our land of the midnight sun.

It is not my purpose, however, to devote time to a discussion of the minerals, timber and fisheries of Alaska, for those basic industries for many years have formed the subjects of numerous stories.

Here is one simple thought that most people know but entirely overlook: The hours of daylight per year are exactly the same in number on every point of the earth. The North Pole has as many hours of daylight as any point on the Equator. Fairbanks, Alaska, has as many hours of daylight as Los Angeles, California. If one lives on the Equator the days and nights throughout the year are about equal in length. Long winter hours of dusk and darkness also mean long hours of daylight in summer. On June twenty-first, Ketchikan, Alaska, having a latitude of fifty-five degrees north, has a day that is seventeen hours and twenty minutes long. On this same June day, Fairbanks, Alaska, situated at a latitude of nearly sixty-five degrees north, has a day twenty-two hours long.

Not only experiments but actual practice has proved that cereals grown in northern countries mature with surprising rapidity. At Uleåborg, Finland, in the same

(Continued on Page 36)

THE more closely you observe motor cars, the more clearly you perceive what an extraordinary value the Hupmobile really is.

Everywhere, its performance is known, by every standard of comparison, to be exceptionally fine.

It has the name of consistently staying out of the repair shop. Its economy of tires and gasoline and its wonderful durability are almost proverbial.

These qualities are so prized, and so marked in the Hupmobile, that people almost habitually refer to it as the best car of its class in the world.

(Continued from Page 34)

latitude as Fairbanks, oats, barley and rye are staple crops and require only seventy to eighty days from the time of seeding to maturity. Certain grasses do particularly well in these northern climates and one native grass attains a growth breast high in thirty to forty days. It is a fact, however, that this grass rebels against annual cutting, so that it must be cropped every other year. One farmer in central Alaska last year cut barley for hay, getting three tons to the acre. The experiment stations have demonstrated that the seed of wheat commences to germinate when the ground attains a temperature of forty-two degrees. Winter-sown grain does well if covered by snow, but will likely be frost-killed on ground swept bare by the wind.

In the matter of vegetables, those grown in Alaska are easily equal to the vegetables grown in most parts of the United States. Potatoes planted the first week in June mature between September eleventh and September twenty-second and yield at a rate varying from 7000 to 19,000 pounds per acre. Cabbages grown by the Government on its experimental plots weighed eight to twelve pounds each. Sugar beets grown at Matanuska contained fourteen to seventeen per cent sugar. It is now an acknowledged fact that most vegetables can be grown successfully even in regions north of the Arctic Circle. Extreme cold in winter is not an important factor in the growing of most grains and vegetables. The success of farming in the far north depends upon the depth to which the ground is frozen, the number of days of sunshine, the annual precipitation of rain and snow, and the summer temperatures.

PHOTOS BY ASAHEL CURTIS, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Strawberries on an Irrigated Farm in Washington. Above—Sagebrush Desert That Will be Reclaimed by the Columbia Basin Project

Long summer days tend to thaw out deeply frozen ground. That part of the subsoil which remains frozen the year round takes the place of the stratum of underlying rock so common in southern regions, and, being impermeable, the frozen ground causes all the products of vegetable decay to be retained in the surface stratum, producing a soil rich in humus and well adapted to the growth of plant life. In the Tanana Valley the ground is deeply frozen in the winter, but the midsummer day is twenty-two hours long and the surface soil is soon thawed. This same district in Alaska has 270 days when the rainfall does not exceed one hundredth of an inch. The summer temperature will get up as high as ninety degrees, while the mercury will often go to fifty degrees below zero in the winter in interior Alaska.

Alaska may one day become a land of flowers, for hundreds of varieties will thrive there, but up to the present time there is little hope that it will become a land of fruit. However, it is always well to remember that though agriculture is an ancient industry the profession of scientific farming, practiced as a fine art, is only in its infancy. Now I hear from a returned traveler that China is growing oranges and melons superior in flavor to those cultivated in the United States. Still more amazing is the statement that the Chinese orange can be grown in countries in which the winter temperature reaches twenty degrees below the freezing point. All of which is merely an indication showing that some day many fruits and vegetables will be acclimated to the conditions of northern lands just as humans have been acclimated to new conditions by centuries of residence.

One of the principal industries of Norway is dairying. It would require only a little encouragement to establish such an industry in Alaska. Already cows for dairy purposes are kept near all the principal Alaskan towns and at many of the roadhouses. It will not be long before the experiments now being carried on will show just what breeds of cattle and sheep are best adapted to the food and climatic conditions of the Territory. Alaska uses many horses, and these animals have done well, but there is reason to believe that some type of small tough pony, similar to those now used in Norway, will eventually be introduced and in time will supplant horses. It is always desirable that a country shall be able to supply its own fresh meats. It is likely that the solution of this problem in Alaska will be the reindeer. Smoked reindeer meat and smoked reindeer tongues are everywhere found for sale in the markets of the Scandinavian countries. Several years ago, before the high cost of living struck the world, reindeer hams in Norway and Sweden were worth ten cents a pound and the tongues ten cents apiece. Raw reindeer skins were marketed for $1.50 apiece, while the tanned skins brought as high as $2.75 each. These skins are used for gloves, riding trousers, the binding of books, and so on. Reindeer hair is sold to companies that use it for filling life-saving apparatus, and a fine quality of glue is made from reindeer horns. In Lapland on an area of only 14,000 square miles there are approximately 400,000 head of reindeer, which sustain about 26,000 natives in real comfort. As one authority points out: "Why should not Arctic and sub-Arctic Alaska sustain a population of 100,000 people with 2,000,000 head of reindeer?" Lapland markets 22,000 head of reindeer annually, which indicates that even those lands of the far north that are unsuited for agricultural purposes can be made to produce values in reindeer meat. It is estimated that Alaska has grazing grounds sufficient to support at least 10,000,000 head of reindeer.

All of which does not mean that we have entirely neglected the reindeer industry in Alaska. During the ten years commencing in 1892 the United States imported and supplied the Alaskan Territory with 1280 reindeer. By June thirtieth of last year there were 150,000 reindeer in Alaska, and it is estimated that by the end of this year the Territory will contain at least 200,000 of the animals. The work of introducing, distributing and caring for the animals in Alaska during the last twenty-seven years has cost the Government about $350,000, while if we add the income that has been obtained from the industry and the present total valuation of the herds the profit to the Government has been more than $4,500,000. During the year ending June 30, 1919, the income of Alaskans from the reindeer industry, exclusive of meat and hides used by the natives themselves, was $150,000.

The reindeer industry of the Territory is under the direction of the Bureau of Education of our Department of the Interior. The animals are distributed among the natives under a system of apprenticeship whereby each apprentice receives six, eight and ten reindeer by the close of the first, second and third years, and ten more at the close of the fourth year, when, if he has demonstrated his ability, he assumes entire charge of his herd and must, in turn, employ and similarly distribute reindeer among his apprentices. Under the governmental regulations no native may dispose of female reindeer to the whites. The Laplander herders who were responsible for the early training of the native herders have been allowed a percentage of the increase of their respective herds. The Lapps now own more than 23,000 head of reindeer, and as they are not so restricted in the sale of the female animals to the whites as are the natives, an incorporated company of citizens in Nome has acquired many thousands of reindeer from the Laplanders and is now attempting to place the business of shipping reindeer meat to the States on a commercial basis. With proper legislation which will permit the whites to engage in this industry, and which at the same time will safeguard the natives in the increase of their herds, there is no doubt that reindeer raising in Alaska will become an important business.

Alaska is scarcely growing at all, though it is a storehouse of untold wealth. The Government of the United States, fearing that the resources of the country might be wasted or monopolized, has locked them up. Practically all the leading nations of the earth pursue a policy of encouraging frontier development. Alaska is our richest and in fact is our only frontier that remains undeveloped. Though our Government has had a freer hand in working out the problem of Alaska than it ever had in planning the future of any of our states, less has been accomplished in the development of our great northland than was achieved in the settlement of all other parts of our country.

Alaska is no land for weaklings. Just now it is a country rich in resources, but one that needs only men and women equipped to meet the hardships of frontier life. The United States should extend the same encouragement to the new settlers that was given by Russia to the people who settled Siberia and that is now being extended by Canada to those who are peopling its western provinces. Our policy of burdening settlers with prohibitive conditions instead of offering inducements has resulted in sending thousands of hardy pioneers to the other countries having a better understanding of the fundamentals of empire building. It is no fault of the Territory's physical resources that the total population of this northland after fifty-three years of Yankee occupation is less than the number of inhabitants in an average-sized American city.

Watering Our Deserts

THERE is something inside most of us that creates the desire to push on into the wilderness. It is this pioneering instinct that causes so many folks to leave lives of comfort and ease for the unknown and undeveloped regions of the earth. We all would like to climb a mountain that no one had ever climbed and plunge into a forest where no human foot had ever trod. It is fascinating to search the

(Continued on Page 86)

Letting yourself in for a good time!

Four from this family.

And four's *all*, or the line would be longer, because this little thing is unanimous:

Entertainment for the whole family, *undivided*, is Paramount Pictures' long suit.

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PARAMOUNT PICTURES
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George Melford's Production
"Behold My Wife"

Ethel Clayton in
"Sins of Rosanne"

Wallace Reid in
"Always Audacious"

*Enid Bennett in
"Her Husband's Friend"

Billie Burke in
"The Frisky Mrs. Johnson"

Bryant Washburn in
"Burglar Proof"

George Fitzmaurice's Production
"Idols of Clay"

Dorothy Dalton in
"A Romantic Adventuress"

Thomas Meighan in
"Conrad in Quest of His Youth"
A Wm. De Mille Production

Dorothy Gish in
"Flying Pat"

A Cosmopolitan Production
Heliotrope

Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle in
"The Life of the Party"

Bryant Washburn in
"An Amateur Devil"

Lois Weber's Production
"To Please One Woman"

Wm. S. Hart in
"The Testing Block"
A Wm. S. Hart Production

CONTINUED FROM FIRST COLUMN

*Enid Bennett in
"Silk Hosiery"

Maurice Tourneur's Production
"The Bait"
Starring Hope Hampton

Dorothy Dalton in
"In Men's Eyes"

Wallace Reid in
"The Charm School"

George Melford's Production
"The Jucklins"

A Cosmopolitan Production
"The Inside of the Cup"

Billie Burke in
"The Education of Elizabeth"

*Douglas MacLean in
"The Rookie's Return"

William De Mille's Production
"Midsummer Madness"

George Fitzmaurice's Production
"Money Mad"

Thomas Meighan in
"The Frontier of the Stars"
A Charles Maigne Production

Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle in
"Brewster's Millions"

Dorothy Gish in
"The Ghost in the Garret"

Cecil B. De Mille's Production
"Forbidden Fruit"

*Douglas MacLean in
"Chickens"

A Cosmopolitan Production
"The Passionate Pilgrim"

Charles Maigne's Production
"The Kentuckians"

Ethel Clayton in
"The Price of Possession"

A Lois Weber Production
"What Do Men Want"

*A Thomas H. Ince Production

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

Paramount Pictures

SMALL-TOWN STUFF

By ROBERT QUILLEN

The Jungle Courts

ONCE upon a time, when the animals could talk and chew tobacco and do the one-step, there was a certain part of the jungle that was called a republic. Here there was no king, and each of the animals ranked as high as another. There was a congress to make laws, a president to sign them, and courts to pronounce sentence on foolish animals that disobeyed them.

The congress was directly responsible to the citizens of the republic, and its members, being desirous of holding their jobs, kept their ears very close to the grass roots. Frequently they passed foolish laws and frequently they sat and made faces at one another, being subject to a form of madness known as party loyalty, but for the most part they did the will of the creatures—and that is all any reasonable constituency could expect.

Thus the animals governed themselves and boasted of their liberty and felt superior to jungle creatures that did not live in the republic. Things drifted along, as things will, and the creatures elected representatives to make laws and the president signed them and the courts put them into effect. It was a very pleasant arrangement and everybody was satisfied.

But there was a serpent in Eden.

A certain congressman, having observed that jungle citizens made a practice of preying on one another, at times destroying as many as six perfectly good voters in the course of one lunch, consulted with his constituents concerning the matter, and finding them unanimously in favor of a law that would guarantee the right of each to walk abroad without fear of an assassin, introduced a bill designed to end the practice.

The congress passed it and the president signed it with an extraordinary flourish of his gold pen. It became the law of the republic. And it was a law having teeth. It prohibited the taking of life for any purpose whatsoever and, to prove itself above the cramping influence of a foolish consistency, provided that violators of the law should be hanged.

The head of each family in the jungle read the law aloud to his spouse and his progeny, remarked that it was a wise piece of legislation, and on the morrow set about getting his dinner in the accustomed way. As a result the sheriff and his deputies were driven to unaccustomed activity and by nightfall the jails were full.

Each creature arrested was guilty of taking the life of another. There were reliable witnesses to establish the fact of guilt. Congressmen knew and the president knew and all the creatures knew, beyond the peradventure of a doubt, that the accused were guilty as charged. But whether guilty or innocent, creatures of a republic are entitled to a fair trial, and accordingly the violators of the law were brought into court and faced by their accusers.

In one district of the republic the judge was a rabbit—a conscientious old gentleman with a feeling of importance and opinions of his own. A fox accused of killing a rabbit was brought before him, convicted by the jury, and sentenced to be hanged in conformity with the new law.

In a neighboring district the judge was a fox. Another fox, likewise accused of killing a rabbit, was brought before him for trial. The jury was composed of rabbits and it returned a verdict of guilty, but the judge rebuked it, saying: "The clear intent of the law is to discourage the killing of foxes, and no fox has been killed. True, the accused, in the lawful pursuit of his dinner, caught and devoured a rabbit, but rabbits are food. It is not the purpose of the law to discourage commendable enterprise, and the killing of a rabbit is not the taking of life within the meaning of this statute. The jury will return a verdict of not guilty."

So in another district Judge Lion interpreted the law to excuse the killing of creatures a lion likes for lunch, and in yet another Judge Jackal made a similar decision in order to hold the friendship of a lion who lived next door to him.

And when all the creatures observed that judges had usurped legislative powers and made law of no effect in order to please their own fancies, they lost respect for all law and became anarchists—each dodging the other and taking such morsels as he had strength or cunning to seize and make off with.

And since that day there has been no law in the jungle and no government, and one who walks that way of a dark night has need of a sharp eye and a stout stick.

Nose Rings

IN A CERTAIN district of Africa there was a tribe of savages—warlike, shrewd and industrious people, wise with the wisdom of simplicity, and yet a little insane in one particular. Their respect and desire for nose rings was the guiding influence of their lives.

That any people should so highly prize bits of metal for personal adornment will seem strange to one unacquainted with the circumstance that gave the rings their value.

In the beginning there was a chief, a mighty man of valor, who found upon the beach a case of brass rings washed ashore from the wreck of some passing ship. He was a man of ideas and quick to discern a profit. When the case had been opened he selected a ring, contrived to saw it through, and clamped it in his nose. The operation was painful, and the ring interfered with his eating, but the end he sought justified the means.

The tribe lived frugally, growing a little corn, raising a few milch goats, but depending upon skill with the arrow or spear for its supply of meat. When a deer or buffalo had been brought down the carcass was brought to the door of the chief's hut and there dressed and cooked. The chief and his wives and courtiers dined sumptuously, and if there were fragments left from the feast these were apportioned among the commoners of the tribe.

When the chief came into possession of the case of rings he issued a decree that no man should thereafter share the leavings from his table except he had in his nose a brass ring similar to the one affected by the ruler of the tribe.

Then the people were distressed and appealed to him, saying: "How shall we live if we get no meat? Or how shall we come into possession of treasures now held by the chief, whose person is sacred?"

Thereupon the chief published the details of his plan. The man who planted and harvested an acre of corn each year, or the man who made a kill within the same period, should have as a reward a ring with which to adorn his nose and advertise his worth, and the ring should be forfeited if the wearer failed to repeat his performance each year thereafter.

Thus it will be seen that a nose ring became a meal ticket. It was proof of industry or prowess, and evidenced the good will and commendation of the chief, but it was prized for a reason more prosaic. It represented juicy cuts of roast.

Inspired by an ambition altogether commendable, the people labored and prospered and there were none who knew the pinch of hunger. But even the untutored and unspoiled savage does not properly value moderation, and after a time the tribe turned to folly.

From respecting nose rings because they were passports to the dinner table the people progressed to respecting them because they were coveted by those who had not yet given proof of worth. It was then but a short step to the belief that the rings had intrinsic value.

Thereafter the savage who had one ring in his nose and felt a little pride in his possession began to scheme in order to acquire another. A second ring would not bring him a greater portion of meat, for the first insured all he could devour, but it would feed his vanity and win him a greater portion of envy. Therefore he schemed. He traded a hut or a goat for a ring; he gave his daughter in exchange for another; he risked one ring against another in a primitive form of dice; and at length he stooped to theft and waylaid a brother along a jungle path to slay him and take away the ring from his nose.

A generation died, and another, and yet the desire for nose rings endured. If a man had but one ring he still had all that he could eat, but if many rings hung from his nose he was a prominent citizen. If the members of one family possessed a total of eight rings they despised the members of the family in the next hut who possessed but five rings. If a maiden had three rings in her nose she was courted by many young men, but if a one-ring male sought to win her heart he was led aside by the maid's mother and given an earful of consonants and vowels and exclamation points meaning: "Young man, my daughter's nose boasts three rings, my own as many, and her father's eight. We are descended from a long line of three-ringers, and no one-ring trash need apply."

There was a great how-d'ye-do in the land, with men risking their lives and butchering their fellows for rings, and women snubbing one another and making biting remarks about the impudence of low-class people who had but one ring to their name, and hard-faced old men gathering more and more rings through the years until at last their poor noses could no longer lift the weight of them, so that they lay down and died because of the greatness of their possessions.

It is not pleasant to contemplate the customs and manners of a people so stupid, but one must remember that they were a primitive people, without acquaintance with books or knowledge of values, and thus find grace to pardon their absurdities.

Pussyfoot Religion

IN CERTAIN portions of the world men are mastered by their religion. Their lives, even to the smallest detail, are directed by the hard-and-fast rules that make up their creed. Religion is the biggest thing in their existence. By it they are classified among the peoples of the earth. It is their politics, their patriotism, and frequently the cause for which they do battle. Their religion has not made them men of superior virtue. They love, hate, lie, traffic and fight as do other men the world over, and from this circumstance it would appear that their religion is no better than another; but whether it be good or evil it is the axis about which their lives rotate and it has their loyalty and respect.

In America, a cultured land possessed of the religion that has civilized the world and made it almost free, the attitude of men is wholly illogical and a little ridiculous.

Some years ago a Southern state was driven to extremes of factional bitterness by a political candidate whose personality inspired unquestioning love or uncompromising hatred. Let us call him Brown. Citizens of the state were divided into two hostile camps, the one composed of Brownites and the other of anti-Brownites. Brown's followers were loyal to the point of fanaticism. They rejoiced in the honor of serving him.

His opponents, on the contrary, considered him one of Satan's first lieutenants.

A certain young man who was among Brown's enemies was approached by a fellow townsman and asked concerning his politics. He answered promptly, frankly and vehemently. Later in the day an evangelist who was holding a series of meetings in the town stepped into the young man's place of business, introduced himself as a fisher of men and said: "I am trying to learn something about the people of your town. Are you a Christian?"

The young man was embarrassed and in his embarrassment found cause to be offended. He was not a Christian, but neither was he an enemy of Christianity. Rather he was a neutral, taking no interest in religion and speaking neither good nor ill concerning it.

Why should a question concerning religion be more embarrassing than a question concerning politics?

There is a feeling, seldom put into words, that religion belongs to Sunday and the preachers—that a man does well to practice it in a quiet fashion, provided he doesn't permit it to color his conversation or interfere with his business, but that those who discuss it publicly without invitation or provocation are bores, cranks and visionaries.

A religion that is taken down from its shelf on a Sunday morning, dusted and carried to church and replaced on its shelf Sunday night, isn't worth a great deal to anybody. A one-day religion, long-faced, solemn and awe-inspiring, that cannot be discussed or exercised throughout the working hours of the week, offers little that is of value to a world in need of cheer and guidance.

If Christianity is of value on Sunday, why isn't it of value on another day? If it is a good thing for the preacher, why isn't it a good thing for a bricklayer, a merchant, a traveling man? If it is a good thing for all these, why should they hesitate to speak of it? What is there in the profession and practice of Christianity to cause humiliation, embarrassment or shame? Why do men look down their noses and appear ill at ease when Christianity is mentioned by one who would, in the language of the day, boost it? Any good party man will throw out his chest and declare to the world that he is a Democrat or a Republican. Given opportunity, he will give a reason for the faith that is in him. Is a political faith more honorable than a religious faith?

There is too much of reticence, too much of timidity, too much of modesty in the practice of Christianity. If a man is a Christian let him tell the world and go about his business. If he is not let him say as much and make no bones of the matter. It is not a matter to occasion stammering, fidgeting and side-stepping. One is a Christian or he is not. If he is a Christian he has found the way to a peace of mind that is worth a fortune, and if he isn't a Christian he is missing something distinctly worth while. In either case he should, as a concession to his own dignity and self-respect, retain sufficient poise to discuss the question as frankly as he discusses the League, the future of Japan, the batting averages of rival hitters or the need of inventing a way to put a crimp in profiteers.

One can understand why men keep silent concerning their little meannesses and their secret vices. They wish to retain the respect of their fellows. Do men keep silent concerning their religion in order to escape criticism and ridicule?

If that is the explanation we have come a long way since the day of the martyrs, and the modern backbone is made of rather shoddy material.

The Hoover lifts the rug from the floor, like this—flutters it upon a cushion of air, gently "beats" out its embedded grit, and so prolongs its life

December 15th is Hoover Day

(See footnote)

Give Her a Hoover

and you give her a lifetime of pride in an immaculate home. You give her hours of leisure to replace those of drudgery. You give her better health, for no longer will she breathe insanitary, dusty air. Give her a Hoover and you give her the best expression of loving consideration. For you give her an electric vacuum cleaner—and an electric carpet sweeper—and an electric rug beater; all three in one.

The HOOVER

It Beats—as it Sweeps—as it Cleans

In observance of an old custom, this coming Wednesday, December 15th, is to be prominently featured as "Hoover Day" by stores throughout the world. There will be unique window exhibits of The Hoover and other attractions of note. Watch for local announcements

Go to Kresge's for Candies

At Kresge's you get such *good* candies

—rich, delicious sweets that tempt the palate just to look at them.

The numerous kinds are always pure and wholesome. They are always fresh. The immense quantities sold demand a continuous renewal of supplies.

The Kresge Company can sell candy at a saving to you because of the vast quantity of standard brands which it buys

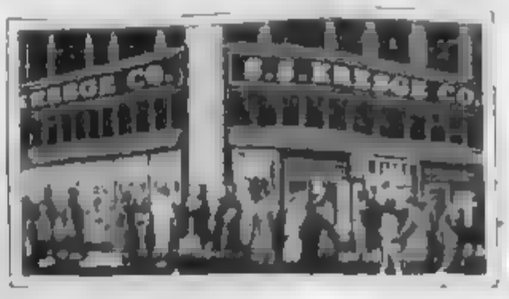
Also because the value is all in the candy itself.

It's the candy alone, the pure, delicious candy for which you pay.

Candy For Christmas

You'll want the best and purest candy for the coming holidays. Buy it at your nearest Kresge store. Each one of the hundred and eighty Kresge stores throughout the country carries a large and complete supply all ready for your holiday desires.

S. S. KRESGE COMPANY, *General Offices*, DETROIT, MICH.



S. S. KRESGE *Stores*

5¢ - 10¢ - 15¢ *Red Front*

25¢ 50¢ - $1.00 *Green Front*

OUT-OF-DOORS

The Year in Sport

THE year 1920 was marked by a perceptible decrease in the extent and extravagance of our sporting tourist travel. This especially became noticeable during the latter part of the summer season. A certain gauge of this sort of thing may be found in the numbers of visitors at the several national parks. The season started out very strong, but toward the close began very sharply to fall off in daily attendance. It may be that the peak in commodity prices has been passed, and the crest also of the wave of motor and sporting traffic. Some of the dude ranches of the West, as they are called—the outlying log hotels which take in sportsmen and tourists—even reported that they did less business all this season than last. Several of these outfits report growing numbers of tourists who carry their own food along with them in their cars, and who camp out, only taking an occasional meal at a ranch hotel. It is possible that next year will show an increase in this motor and camping-out travel.

On the contrary, all through the fall months of 1920 the Western railroads reported that the sharp increase in prices of railroad and Pullman tickets had not cut down the heavy travel. Everything was running to full capacity, and with that same general discomfort of the traveling public which always goes with crowded cars. This traffic, however, though made up in part of persons bound for California and other health resort and society country, was in good part local or business travel, and had nothing to do with what we might call the sportsman tourist trade. It is difficult to make predictions, for no one knows what business will be next year, but it seems a colorable guess that next year probably will see out-of-door people a little less ready with their money. The current year, as it was, probably marked an increase over the traffic of last year.

The Dude-Wrangling Industry

The outdoor world surely needs no propaganda and no publicity now, and none need preach its virtues. The Americans have got the outdoor habit and got it strong. There are more cars with guns and fishing rods in them than ever were known—a hundred cars to where there used to be one buckboard or light wagon. Naturally this means increased demands upon our wilderness resources. We so gradually adjust ourselves to these conditions that the only way in which we can visualize the sharp decrease of our fish and game is by a look back to a period several years ago. When we come to speak of the days when Hector was a pup we can recall that Hector used to find birds where none are known to-day.

A distinct new industry has come into the Western country and grown rapidly within the last two or three years. Perhaps prohibition has something to do with it. Some think that more people go out-of-doors now than formerly because of the wiping out of the attractiveness of other meeting places once familiar. Certainly the dude ranch and dude wrangling are two established and lucrative enterprises of the West to-day. There are a number of former cow ranches which have found more money in dudes than in cows, which now, for a part of the year at least, turn their attention to furnishing pack trains, guides and outfits to those Eastern persons desiring to be really and devilishly Western. You can always tell the visitor from the real article, because he is far more apt to dress the part. He will be apt to wear chaps and spurs and try to look unconscious in his wide-brimmed hat. His shirt may be noticeable, and his gloves may even have fringes. The man who meets him at the train may, upon the other hand, be a plain sort of person in any sort of clothes and hat. Anyhow, when the boys all get together, and the pack train is made up and they really line out for the hills, at an expense of fifteen to fifty dollars per diem for each dude involved, they are off for a good time together and no one the worse for it. Vive le dude ranch, which apparently has come to stay!

The tendency to offer Western entertainment to Eastern persons is especially noticeable in the number of boys assembled by these ranch outfits for a few weeks or months in the summer time. Sometimes these companies may include from twenty to fifty boys, all of them regular boys and out for a regular time. It is one of the new phenomena of out-of-door life in this country, and is praiseworthy. Beyond a little of the natural Wild West affectation to which the average boy takes as a duck to water, there is practically no bad feature to this sort of thing for the healthy American boy. He learns to saddle a horse and to ride one, learns how to make a bed and cook a meal and, sometimes at least, how to catch a fish. Many of the men in charge of these parties are capable and dependable. If your boy goes to a good outfit of this kind he goes to a good place. The number of these places largely increased during the current year. In all the national parks there were more Boy Scout parties and more dude parties than ever were known before.

The Water Power Bill

In some of these wilderness hostelries an Eastern man or boy may get practically club accommodations when in camp, and make occasional trips into the rougher country which lies close at hand. To be sure, there is more emphasis on scenery than there used to be, and the camera has become mightier than the gun, but it is impossible even to walk in the mountains unrewarded by the sight of game and not be immensely benefited by the experience.

It would be entirely misleading to say that the fish and game attractions of the West are not on the steady downhill slide. As to fish, the increasing demands of civilization become most apparent in the lesser size of the fish taken. Practically all of our best Western fishing rivers now are stocked by the fish commissions, state or national; but from year to year the fish are running smaller and smaller. Of course, also, the game laws become more and more stringent, and the seasons shorter. In the State of Idaho, for instance, where the duck season begins September sixteenth, and where snow may come almost any week thereafter, the difficulties of transportation leave the Eastern club members less and less inclined to take the long fall journey to the edge of the wilderness.

There is little doubt that the advancing reclamation enterprises of the West, though helping agriculture, will prove disastrous to sport. It could hardly be said that the irrigation and reclamation projects of the St. Mary's and Two Medicine country of Montana, the Jackson's Lake project of Wyoming, the Madison Reservoir project of Montana not mentioning scores of others have altered the ways of Nature and changed the local conditions to the advantage of sport. Thus it is confidently believed by the settlers round Henry's Lake in Idaho that if the long-threatened reclamation dam is put up at the foot of that lake the trout fishing will be doomed. Fishways are almost never put in these dams, and sometimes they cannot be. It is reported that this dam will be put up about a mile and a half below the lake and that work has begun.

In any fair general estimate of out-of-door affairs of the country the year 1920 must be called the year of wrath. It was in June of that year that Congress passed the Water Power Bill, which means not only the utilization of our great mountain streams, but which, unless amended, means also the ultimate ruin of some of our national parks.

It was in this year, also, that there suddenly broke into open attack the massed forces of the irrigation industry who are intent upon securing storage waters in practically every one of our parks. We all know how Hetch-Hetchy fared some years ago in Yosemite Park—civilization and industry won. How far are civilization and industry going to continue to win? Are we going to be able to hold the lands of any national park whatever? Are we rich enough, strong enough, of vision wide enough, to keep any part of our wilderness country safe for all the people as against commercial demands? Those questions came to issue in the current year. The answer is not yet determined.

The filings for water-power privileges have extended to practically all of the national parks. As to the irrigation fight, that was most noticeable in Yellowstone Park, over whose bones, so it would seem, three states willingly would soon be quarreling, or at least the two states of Idaho and Montana, certain individuals of which are demanding the right to dam Yellowstone Lake and to divert its waters to the uses of irrigation. It is earnestly suggested that every out-of-door man get into this game at once. If you want anything of the old wilderness country left, tell your senators and congressmen to kill every measure which looks toward putting up a dam inside the limits of any national park. There is no need for it. We are rich enough to afford our parks. We do need them. There is good incentive for their preservation. That preservation is up to you and me. Let us be busy, and not in the least weary in our well-doing.

It is not unusual for the so-called practical men of the country, the men who think that the great phenomena of Nature can be owned individually, to set up the doctrine that outdoor lovers are vague and visionary folk devoid of common sense and using sentiment instead of reason. Let not our hearts be troubled over that sort of thing. On the contrary, let us ask these very practical persons who wish to ruin our parks whether they themselves have ever added one drop to the natural rainfall of the country, ever stretched one inch the natural surface of the earth. All they have done is to get rich a little quicker, a few men of them.

Not every citizen of the country is deceived by the literature of these enterprises. Thus I have communications from hard-headed business men in Montana who say that the danger of flood waters in the Yellowstone country is imaginary; that the wonderful increase of irrigation prosperity is to some extent visionary, laudable as it is when practically applied. Bankers in those Western states say that they do not need more enterprises, but more farming: not wider acreages taken under title, but more actual plowing done on those which are owned by individuals. In short, this year of wrath does not seem in the acid test to have been altogether a year of common sense after all. Take out your own acid bottle and make a few tests. You cannot enlist in both armies.

The Warden System a Failure

Throughout the forty years of American field sports with which I have been more or less closely identified there has been one continuous record of hope about a proposition which really was hopeless in the start. It is now almost time to admit frankly and freely—and with a view to something better—that we have enough good game laws, but that we never have enforced them and never will. Under the state system of game laws, which includes the game warden and fish warden systems also, there has been almost an unbroken progress toward disappearance on the part of our fish and game supply. We have had little spurts of improvement here and there, but they have not affected the general result at any time during the past forty years.

The warden system does not work in this country. It never has and I fear it never is going to. I do not believe that you could put a sufficient number of wardens into Alaska to save the Alaskan game. You can put in a sufficient number of Royal Northwest Mounted Police to protect the Canadian game and uphold the Canadian laws. But that country is different from our own. They go through with their laws and we do not. We never have, and I doubt if we ever shall. The enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment of our Constitution is going to increase the enormous warden tax which is carried by the American people. For some reason the warden system does not seem to work with us. We stick to it, stand up for it, continue to use it, but it does not work. We have too many laws, too laxly enforced. Since this is the truth we might as well look it in the face and admit its existence.

That now we have remaining for sport only ducks, geese, a half dozen species of shore birds, some quail and grouse, as our total sporting supply, is the opinion of Dr. William T. Hornaday, Director of the National Zoological Gardens in New York, who believes also that presently we shall have left only a few water fowl, a few white-tailed deer and a few imported pheasants. He says that no one can believe that quail or grouse of any species whatever can by hand-made propagation keep up the sport of shooting on a permanent basis. This is practically the doctrine which a number of other thinking men have held for a long time. The truth remains that all our effort to increase local game supply by means of transplanting birds in other and more favored regions practically has ended in failure. It naught increaseth the regions stocked and leaves those trapped poor indeed.

The net result of all our efforts to protect American quail, ruffed grouse, pinnated grouse and sharp-tailed grouse, in the belief of the above-mentioned observer, has simply left them "on a steep toboggan slide going swiftly toward sure oblivion." In regard to the much ballyhooed imported pheasants he says: "The propagation is worth while, though not a great factor in the production of sport." On all land game, as he points out, the conditions of civilization sit heavily, through the disappearance of cover and food resultant upon drainage, cultivation, fires and all the other attendant phenomena of civilization.

Fees Too Low, Bags Too Large

All the foregoing facts are very well known to the average American shooter, and that shooter will also agree with Doctor Hornaday that our license fees are too low and our game bags too large. We have always as sportsmen readily agreed that everything was all wrong, but we have never been willing to do anything to correct matters. What the normal and natural results of this let-it-go policy will be are pointed out by the foregoing student of conditions rather more radically and unsparingly than ever has been done before. The famous Bulletin Number Seven issued by the Permanent Wild Life Protection Fund of New York is without doubt or question the most sensational document ever issued on the tendency of American sport, the products of American game laws and the scarcity of American game.

Indeed we may regard this sensational booklet as the culmination of that great feeling of unrest over the out-of-door situation which for two years, and more especially this year, has been manifesting itself. We all know our game is going, all know that we have no working plan to save it. Not all of us, however, ever have seen set down in cold black and white the facts and figures of the whole proposition. Doctor Hornaday gives these with a frankness which will make him both friends and enemies. As an adversary he is rather awkward to run against, because he has back of him the extremely disagreeable support of actual facts and actual figures.

He assumes that there are about five million traceable American shooters, most of whom are able to hit something when they shoot. The number of these shooters seems to be increasing. Thus in 1911 New York issued 150,220 hunting licenses, and in 1918, 230,000 licenses. Besides this increase of 80,000 shooters there must be reckoned in the great number of farmers and tenants who may shoot without taking out licenses, hunting on their own farms. The latter factor is quite large. In all rural communities it is generally known that as many men shoot without paying a license as shoot with license. The vast number of firearms annually put out by our great firms have been absorbed by someone, that is sure.

Last year Pennsylvania issued 400,000 licenses. It is estimated that in that state 200,000 farmers hunt on their own lands

(Continued on Page 42)

without license. Doctor Hornaday believes that the estimate of 5,000,000 is a fair one. It would be curious to figure how many shotguns are sold in America every year.

Practically all of our states now have daily bag limits for fish and game. The term is more or less a mere fashion of speaking, the bag limit clause being violated almost more than any other.

For instance, the state which permits a daily bag of five prairie chickens must trust to the honor of the individual shooter, for it simply cannot put out wardens enough to watch them all.

Very well.' -Honorable Shooter gets a covey of chickens marked down in the grass and they go up one by one. Does Honorable Shooter stop at five? He does not! When Honorable Shooter goes out in his boat with his pusher after ducks, does he stop at a state limit of fifteen? He does not! He brings in thirty, shooting on his pusher's license. Still the bag limit is a good thing when it comes to weighing prima facie evidence. When a shooter gets within touch of the officers of the law his bag may be counted. So we are immeasurably better off with the bag limit than we should be without.

The great point which Doctor Hornaday makes in regard to bag limits is that they are entirely too liberal, and that even if they were observed they would serve legally to wipe out every head of game in this country within one season.

Legalized Game Slaughter

The text of Bulletin Number Seven is illustrated by a series of those abominable slaughter pictures which seem to mark the limit of editorial and artistic enterprise in the average sporting magazine—a thing long deplored but not remedied. One such illustration in this booklet shows the usual display of game fish, and there is a little story which makes plain the legality of destruction:

"At Elkhorn, Washington, was found a party of Seattle sports who had been catching the limit or more every day for the week past. They had fully 250 pounds of trout in sight, some in a smokehouse and more lying round rotting, a disgrace to them and a shock to every angler possessing the least sense of decency."

Yet all of that was legal! The game warden pointed out that at the legal limit of thirty pounds a week a party of six people out eight days might legally pile up and rot 360 pounds of rainbow trout. There are countless other brutally convincing photographs of the same sort, for the worthy doctor swings a nasty dragnet when he goes out after facts.

In the state of New York, as the table of figures shows, a resident pays $1.10 for his shooting license; an alien $10.50. I shall not give the entire list of game birds, for all the game fauna of the state are covered; but any man may stop and think a while about this bag limit and its virtues when he sees the figures of game which each license holder may kill each year. That figure is 10,531 head of game—all for $1.10. In New York for $1.10 a man legally may kill 2275 ducks. None of us had stopped to figure out the possibility of the game bag—not the illegal, but the legal game bag allowable in one state. We may get hold of that comprehensibly when we see in cold black and white the statement that in 1918 the state of New York, at $1.10 a head, issued legal authority for the killing of two billion, four hundred and twenty-two million, nine hundred sixty-one thousand, nine hundred and forty-nine head—that's all!

On Long Island two years ago there were about twenty-five hundred quail left alive. I presume for every quail ever planted in Long Island which survived there were ten quail taken out of Oklahoma and Texas—probably very many more than that, for quail put down in a new habitat have a queer fashion of disappearing. Very well, in 1918 the state of New York issued permits for killing 5,889,600 out of the 2500 still alive. Nasty figures, eh, what? The man tells it to us, eh, what?

Two years ago New York was thought to have about 50,000 head of deer. A deer license cost fifty-five cents. Licenses were issued to kill 460,000 deer.

That is quite enough to show the absolute folly of the bag-limit proposition. Of course not every shooter shoots up to his limit on all sorts of game, but every shooter who takes out a license does shoot something. Add to these the landowners who may shoot free, and the aliens and others who shoot free anyhow, and you must arrive at the conclusion which Doctor Hornaday sets out with his aforesaid and duly admitted frankness:

"The plain fact in the New York case is that legal permission is each year bought, paid for and delivered to kill about ten thousand times as many head of game as there are alive in the state, all told. This means that had the two hundred and thirty thousand licensed hunters of 1918 hunted with sufficient diligence they could have killed, in 1918, every wild game bird and mammal in the Empire State, and left no game alive anywhere save in the game preserves and the zoölogical parks.

"And furthermore, with similar laws on the books of all the other states of this nation, the licensed and authorized hunters of the United States could, had they been sufficiently enterprising, have wiped out in that same year all the killable game of the United States."

Migratory Birds

Passing over the comment on our absurdly long and conflicting open seasons in the United States, our very unwelcome commentator mentions the Federal bag limits on migratory birds permissible under the regulations of the Department of Agriculture. Of migratory birds a person may take in any one day, and legally, one hundred and eighty-seven head. This covers ducks, geese, brant, rail birds, plover, snipe, woodcock and doves. If five million shooters each killed in one day, say, two hundred head of birds legally, how many would ten million shooters kill in two days? Of course, we do not all shoot the season through, and none of us kills his limit on all these species. None the less there is a joke in the figures when you come to look to the future.

In Alaska any resident may kill in any one year, legally and without license, three thousand eight hundred and fifty pounds of dressed meat. It costs a nonresident fifty dollars to do that much, but it is cheaper than pork chops at that.

It is probable that anyone who reads the disagreeable pages of this very logical booklet will find himself carried along to the conclusion that we have a very liberal set of game laws in America, since they permit us to kill the last head of game we have inside of three months if we like and if we can. These game laws are for the most part established by the sportsmen themselves. The Department of Agriculture always consults the leading sportsmen when it makes up its annual regulations. Our game laws may be said to reflect the current sentiment and standpoint of the American shooter. It is the function of this booklet, and I think it is carried out admirably, to throw a jolt into the sentiments and standpoints of our shooters who have not yet been in possession of all the sober facts.

Longer Closed Seasons Needed

Of course, being practical men, we run at once to the question, What is the answer? Doctor Hornaday says: "If our sportsmen can endure the extinction of the sport, I can." As much as that might be said by every sporting writer of the entire country who has been trying to do something to stop the extinction of our American field sports. As a rule these men are sportsmen, but not destructive sportsmen. When you stop to think, the flavor of extensive killing rather leaves you nowadays. But that lust for slaughter is a trait of youth, and youth is coming on all the time.

Doctor Hornaday thinks that license fees all over the country should be doubled, and that a license should be paid everywhere on each big game animal killed, and that ten per cent of the total state license fees should be turned over to the Federal Government.

I myself do not believe that a doubling or trebling of the license fees would save very much of our game. It would make everyone holding the expensive license more eager to kill to its value. It would encourage illegal shooting, and not really stop very much of the shooting of the large class who have money to do what they like. It would, of course, furnish us more money for political machinery—the yet more extended application of that game-warden system which we have found an absolute failure and in all likelihood always will find a failure.

What other answer is there? No very pleasant one. Doctor Hornaday says that we must diminish all shooting of game at least fifty per cent. He thinks this can only be done by closing all shooting whatever on alternate years. That is to say, a man may be licensed to shoot this year, but no one will be licensed or allowed to shoot next year at anything whatever.

Here we come to one of those broad and sweeping propositions which in my own belief offers the only solution for American field sports. Not that I advocate it, or rather that I expect it, for to me it sounds Utopian just now at least. But I mean to say that this is the sort of thing on which we can keep cases. It is the sort of thing which leaves the warden system unnecessary. That system never has worked and never will. But something perhaps may work which has nothing to do with the warden system. Overlapping game laws never have been worth a hoot. All this meticulous exactness of the Federal regulation allowing so many birds in one state, a different number in an adjoining state, comes to little or naught in the last analysis. It is good compromising, good politics, but poor game saving. Shooters can't see a state line or a date on the calendar. They can see a fence. They could see one general date for all sorts of shooting. They could see a law which made this year the year of wrath and next year the year of joy.

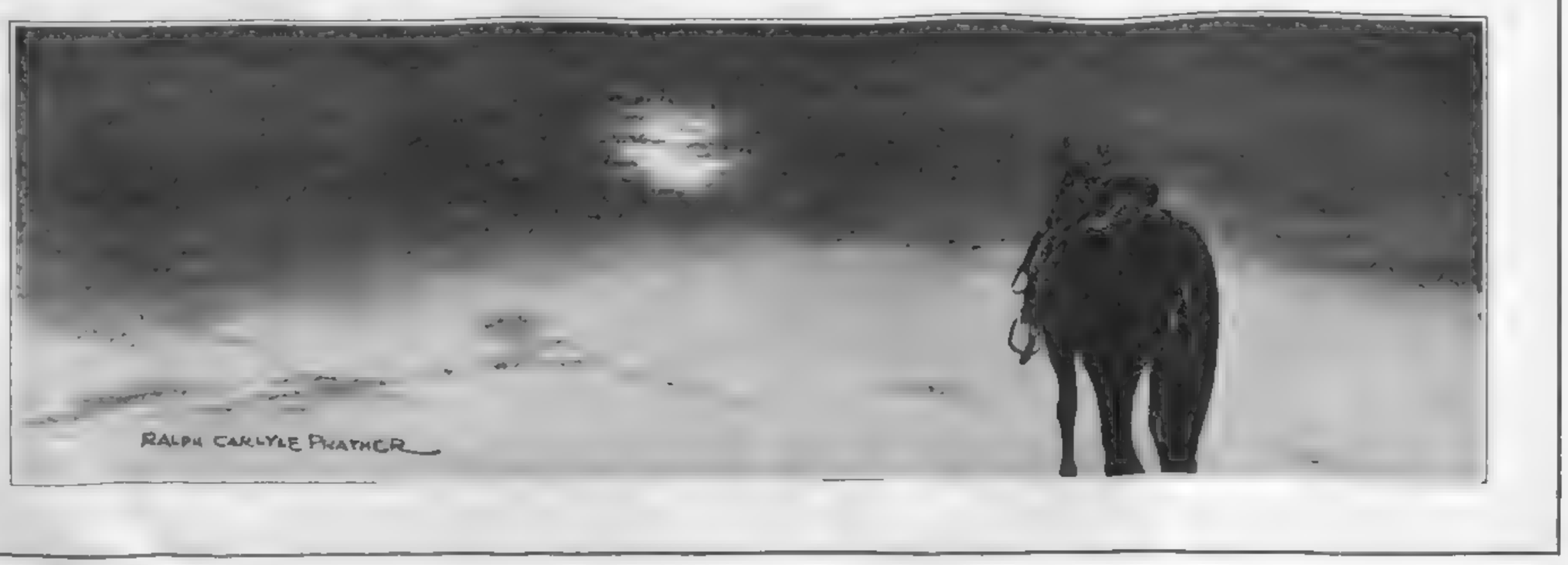
It is only these broad and even measures, not overlapping, but made ironclad and universal, which ever will have the least effect in checking the rapid extinction of our privileges in American field sports. A closed season of every other year, a decent sentiment thus fostered, a growing attention to game supply forced on the public by this inevitable publicity, would preserve our field sports in just as large an extent as they can be preserved. But are we going to do that? The answer is that we are not. We are going ahead with our temporizing and our makeshifts and our placation and our self-soothing. I don't believe we are going to do anything really to protect our game.

Storage of Alaskan Game

Our unpleasant student of these matters offers something a trace more reasonable, though more temporizing and less valid, when he says: "In various states many open seasons now should be closed from two to ten years each. It should begin with upland game birds and embrace many species of birds—game and pseudo-game, many game mammals and the fur-bearing animals of many localities. If this is not applied immediately to many fur-bearers in many places, the whole series very soon will disappear from the map of North America; and the fur dealers and trappers can take this fact or leave it."

He thinks also that the open seasons on water fowl and on all big game in Alaska should be reduced about fifty per cent. With that I could go with him. But when he advocates the preservation of Alaskan wild meat in cold storage I am obliged to balk at his inconsistency. In all my own studies of game supply I have found the commercialization of game of any sort to be its deadliest enemy. I do not think that the sale of any wild species of game, whether shot in the open or on a preserve, ought legally to be permitted; and I do believe that any sale of game, no matter how intricate the machinery for guarding it,

(Continued on Page 45)



FISK

AT last small-car owners can have the luxurious riding comfort of Cord Tires, with their unexampled mileage economy.

Fisk makes this possible for small cars because the bead is a perfect fit for the clincher rim. A perfect-fitting clincher bead is the absolute essential to the economical use of the Cord tire on small cars—without it the known value of straight-side cord tires is lost.

With its clincher bead construction the Fisk Cord Tire is the first to bring a surety of increased mileage and easy riding to the small-car owner.

Time to Re-tire?
(Buy Fisk)

Next Time—BUY FISK ***Sold only by dealers***

Quite aside from the fact that Comfort, Ease, Roadability

and other qualities which make for motoring charm have taken on a really new significance—as interpreted by THE LELAND-BUILT LINCOLN CAR—its creators have taken forethought, too, of a multitude of other things. They are features which the experienced motorist will recognize at once as contributing not only to enduring charm, but to simplicity, to convenience, and to utility as well.

Leland-built Lincoln Motor Cars comprise eight body styles

THE LELAND-BUILT LINCOLN eight cylinder V-type engine possesses a number of new and distinct advantages. Its staunch construction is supplemented by unusual precision in the making and the alignment of its parts. Its sturdy crankshaft is supported by five bearings of liberal dimensions, instead of the conventional three.

Its six-bearing camshaft has sixteen cams, each cam operating but one valve, without the interposal of rocker arms—avoiding the necessity for more than 100 extra parts.

The engine is lubricated by force-feed system. The oil level gauge with radiolite indicator is at the side of the engine—in plain sight.

In the ignition system, instead of only one induction coil there are two—one for each block of cylinders, insuring an intense spark at the higher speeds.

The fuel system is vacuum feed with 20-gallon tank at rear of chassis, including 2-gallon reserve. The filling tube is at right end of tank, accessible without marring the body. The quantity gauge with radiolite dial and indicator is at the left end where it is readable.

The radiator is protected by shutters which, when closed, prevent cold air being drawn through the radiator. The temperature of the cooling medium is regulated by a single thermostat in top of the radiator, the thermostat automatically opening and closing the shutters according to temperature requirements. A condenser conserves the cooling medium by re-liquefying the vapor which otherwise would pass away. There is only water pump necessary. The entire cooling system may be drained by simply turning one thumb screw.

Headlights have tilting reflectors of unusual range to direct light rays.

The chassis parts may be lubricated in about one-fourth the time usually required, a hand pressure system replacing grease cups on spring shackles, oscillating spring seats, steering connections, brake mechanism bearings, etc.

The storm curtains, which open with the doors, are unusually snug and well-fitting. They are stored in a compartment in the back of the front seat where accessible without discommoding passengers.

Tool compartments are in base of front seat; when doors are open, a drawer at each end is accessible with no annoyance to occupants.

Front door pockets are fitted with locks.

Tonneau lamp is lighted either by opening door or by hand switch. It is attached by cord and reel, serving also as handy lamp.

A substantial carrier at rear, fitted with lock, provides for two tires.

The steering wheel swings down to facilitate entrance to and exit from front seat.

There is a ventilator in each side of the cowl.

There is a power pump for inflating tires, driven from transmission.

The gear shift is fitted with a neutral lock.

Universal key fits all locks on one car.

We could continue almost indefinitely pointing out features which mark the difference between the simple and the complex; between the convenient and the ill-contrived; between things which vex and annoy and things which do not.

Of the features cited, many are exclusive.

Some may seem of minor import, but in the aggregate, and taken in conjunction with the more outstanding attributes, they serve to elevate THE LELAND-BUILT LINCOLN CAR above the plane of the conventional and the commonplace.

They are but added evidence of the maker's purpose to build a better, a finer, a more convenient, a more comfortable and, in all—a more satisfying motor car.

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 42)

is a thing which always works out badly for sport, and sportsmen and sportsmanship.

It is quite true that in England the owners of large estates send to market part of their enormous bags of hand-raised game, such as pheasants. But the social structure in Great Britain is entirely different from our own, and all shooting conditions also are different. I was against the Sulzer Bill proposing cold storage for Alaskan game, and shall always oppose any such measure. The Alaskan game will disappear rapidly enough in any case. No warden system can cover Alaska efficiently. All that can be done is to watch possession and shipping, and the restriction of these two phases is, of course, easier when the whole question of game storage is wiped out. The amateur shooting on this continent to-day is quite sufficient to wipe out every head of game we have without the aid of any market shooting, especially of the sort necessary in Alaska, where it takes one head of sheep or caribou to get another head to the market. Not gas but dogs make the Alaskan transport in good part.

Among the measures advanced which seem desirable but unlikely is the extension of sanctuaries and the acquisition of marshes and woodlands, the planting of quantities of kafir corn, millet and sorghum cane to furnish food, as well as millions of varied nut and seed bearing bushes, trees and plants as special food for wild birds; the feeding of upland birds in wintertime, and the tying up of roaming dogs during the summer season to save the ground-nesting birds from their rapacious jaws.

Doctor Hornaday thinks that one free hunting hound does more harm than twenty sportsmen. Here, as it seems to me, he gets into the altruistic and visionary state of mind. These things sound well, but mostly end in sound, because there is nothing back of them to insure their fulfillment. Almost anyone knows that the dogs of the negroes break up a good many quail nests in the South; but about everybody also knows that it is Northern shooters that have killed off the Southern quail, and not the dogs of the negroes. Relatively speaking, there are very few free hunting hounds, and I don't suppose that any one of them ever did as much killing as any one good quail shot.

Neither do I agree with Doctor Hornaday that we are going to reach Nirvana through killing weasels, coyotes, horned owls, screech owls, hawks, or even "crows and night herons whenever they start in to feed on ducklings." Here again, as it seems to me, we get into the esoteric and the visionary field. I would not care to see it made legal to kill all hunting or traveling cats, because it does not sound well, and because almost all of us shoot them anyhow, and take a chance with the owners. I do believe that some such radical measure as the confiscation of the gun of every gunner convicted of illegal hunting or trespass is a good sort of object lesson, and would work; but I am afraid that we should have to find out whether or not that was constitutional.

The Alien Gun Law

The United States Supreme Court has declared constitutional the Pennsylvania Alien Gun Law. In view of the tremendous numbers of alien shooters who are pouring into this country all the time, I should heartily be in favor of any constitutional measure which would keep shooting privileges away from them until they become citizens of the United States. Anything making citizenship harder to obtain and more desirable—any jolt making our easy aliens sit up and take some notice—I should consider desirable from every point of view, sporting, social and industrial. And, moreover, I believe that these three phases of the matter all must be considered together. We have got to take into consideration to-day the social and industrial phases of outdoor life in any attempted solution of the sporting phases. In days when all the world has come close together, and every nation is concerned with every other nation, then every man also is concerned with every other man. The sportsmen of America face the lock step of civilization, and they might as well realize that first as last. They can no longer set themselves apart as a favored and specially endowed class.

In general the conclusions of Doctor Hornaday in his booklet are sound and not eccentric. When he says that the North American fur-bearing animals can be saved from strict extinction only by quick and stringent measures he is telling what we all will five years from now agree to have been a great truth. The general campaign for fur, the increasing use of poison in killing fur and the increasing number of trappers called out by the high prices of fur are putting a demand on our remaining wilderness which that wilderness cannot long withstand. The state of Wisconsin has passed a law prohibiting trapping of mink and muskrats except in one county.

As for our wild fowl, the situation is admittedly very good. It is the upland birds which most are threatened, and here our rather fearless speaker says words of gold:

"These birds are mostly nonmigratory. Winter and summer they are surrounded by enemies of many kinds; their food supply is day by day and hour by hour diminishing, and their natural protecting cover is being taken away from them. Nothing but quick work and strong and intelligent work is going to save any grouse and quail shooting anywhere in the United States for the future generations of sportsmen."

Bulletin Number Seven, in its red backs and with its sensational pages, has received liberal attention from the sporting press of the country, and indeed from many of the reviews and literary journals of the country. Repeating, I would regard it as the climax of a swiftly crystallizing conviction of this current year that we are facing an emergency in American field sports.

Disappearing Mammals

I myself do not believe that we are going to do anything actually to save our field sports, and I think that in twenty years we shall have very little to interest any field sportsman who can be measured by any standards of to-day. But perhaps after the thing has gone still further, when our birds are practically gone and our shooting practically over, the inescapable object lesson of events may be kicked into our tardy souls by Nature herself. That great paleontologist, Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn, author of The Age of Mammals, is quoted as saying solemnly: "We are now at the end of the age of mammals."

Sometimes, as I look about me, I am disposed to believe that statement to be true. The trouble about it is that we seem to be beginning the Age of Invertebrates.

Other tendencies of the year 1920 also are more or less inescapable. Along with the insistent thrust of the power and irrigation people, and attendant upon the increasing consternation among our field sportsmen, we begin at last to hear the voices of thinking men who for a long time have deplored the extinction of our forests. The conclusion is now general among the best of our public-spirited men that we must very quickly do something in reforestation, state and national. Our forests now are few and small. Fourteen years ago we used five hundred feet of lumber per capita each year. To-day we have to get along with three hundred feet. Lumber costs three times what it did six years ago, and we are cutting timber three times as fast as it grows. I did not invent these figures. Civilization invented them. It was in the year 1920 that a few men at least began to realize that social and industrial conditions from this time on are inevitably locked up with our sporting conditions. It is a time of change. We well might learn that truth just as swiftly as we can.

A hundred years ago things were different. You might fix a few dates of a centenary sort in mind for sake of comparison. Gen. W. T. Sherman was born February 8, 1820. Daniel Boone died a hundred years ago—September 26, 1820. Susan B. Anthony, whom we might perhaps accredit with the victory of woman suffrage, was born a hundred years ago. Measure a few of your great tendencies of to-day by your yardstick of a hundred years.

As a more cheerful page of the record of the current year, we might turn to the great increase of our wild fowl. That practically all of the sporting species have more than doubled in numbers by virtue of the law wiping out spring shooting now is generally admitted. The wood duck, the most brilliant bird of this continent, was almost extinct not so long ago. Protected by Federal law, it is now reappearing in thousands all through the Mississippi Valley. Woodcock, also accorded a better chance for life under that law, are more difficult to trace, but it is believed they are doing much

HEINZ
TOMATO KETCHUP

57

BEEF LOAF

[*With ketchup in lemon cups*]

1 lb. ground round steak	1 cupful soft breadcrumbs
½ lb. beef suet	2 crumbled crackers
1 medium-sized onion	1½ teaspoonfuls salt
1 small red pepper	½ teaspoonful pepper
½ cupful water	2 eggs

Try out suet, grind with vegetables, add to meat with other ingredients, make into a loaf, dredge with flour, salt and pepper, and bake for 45 minutes, basting after it browns.

½ cupful of cold cooked hominy or rice may be substituted for ½ cupful of breadcrumbs.

* * *

AN EXCELLENT RECIPE, but the addition of *Heinz Ketchup*, when the dish is served, makes it much more delicious.

Heinz Ketchup has a pedigree that goes back to the selected seed from which, under Heinz supervision, the tomatoes are grown.

The luscious freshness and flavor are preserved by cooking the Ketchup as quickly as possible after the fruit is picked from the vines.

The choicest spices and the skill of the Heinz cooks contribute to the perfection of a condiment that has long been world famous—*Heinz Ketchup*.

Heinz Chili Sauce

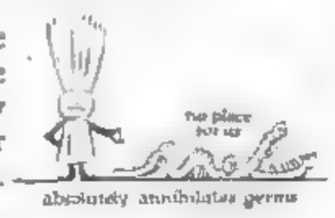
Also prepared from selected, fresh, ripe tomatoes, Heinz Chili Sauce is skillfully spiced and seasoned in a way that makes it a delightful relish.

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

the safe safety safest *shaving brush*

ASIDE from speed and comfort, the reason for shaving yourself is safety, and it's a reason for buying a shaving brush WITH A NAME—like EVER READY.

You have heard the Ever-Ready name for many years.



The name Ever-Ready stamped on a shaving brush means sterilization, sanitation and safety.

Shaving sanitation is something serious and must be insured.

The bristles of Ever-Ready brushes are subjected to sterilizing processes which absolutely annihilate every possible germ.

Why take the precaution of shaving at home and then take the chance of shaving with a *nameless* brush? No sense to that.

The Ever-Ready is not only sterilized, but has other points as well. Chief are:

1. It's the Honest Brush. This means you get an honest measure of bristles. There is no wooden plug in the center of the base of the bristles to make them *flare*.

2. Its bristles are cast into a base of solid rubber rock so that they can't come out—ever, ever, ever. (That's another reason we stamp it the Ever-Ready. It'll be on the job the rest of your life.)

American Safety Razor Corporation
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Makers of the famous Ever Ready Razors and Ever-Ready Radio Blades
Factories
New York Brooklyn Toronto London Paris

BRUSHES 50c to $7.50
Sold the world over

Ever-Ready
The Honest Brush

better. I do not hear much about jacksnipe, but believe that this bird must certainly be increasing in numbers, because in the past most of them usually were killed in the springtime.

Along with the increased numbers of our ducks, the current year allows a chronicling of a very good increase in acreage of game preserves. One of the greatest arguments adduced against the Federal Migratory Wild Fowl Law was that of the shooters of the Middle West, who said that such a law allowed the slaughter of ducks on the Gulf Coast in the winter months. Counting in wild fowl refuges already acquired in Louisiana, with two or three strips which it is considered likely as soon to be acquired, Louisiana has, or probably soon will have, a frontage on the Gulf of Mexico of seventy-five miles, and approximately five hundred square miles of marsh altogether which is or will be set apart forever as wild-fowl sanctuary. The extravagant American, easy with his easy money, happily this year shows a little tendency to spend some of his money in buying land for preserves, refuges and sanctuaries.

A Sober Year in Sport

In many parts of the country upland birds also have increased. This usually occurs in country which has been shot down and left alone, or in country which has been strictly posted. Thus in Central Illinois the current year showed more quail than for very many years last past. The number of posted farms increased, but each posted farm ought to be hailed by any sportsman as a good thing. Is it not a game refuge of itself? The records of many of our Western states seem to prove that a fact. Surely if we ever come to that drastic proposition of alternate shooting years—itself not so very much more drastic than the halving of the shooting year which with such astonishing results was enforced by the Migratory Wild Fowl Law—we could call it very sure that our upland birds would hold their own to a very great extent. Indeed this year, albeit casually and incidentally, brought out a great many unintentional examples of the efficiency of conservation when it has a chance.

The study of all these conditions of out-of-door sport is about like watching the development of a surgical case. We all know that there has got to be surgery in this question of American field sports. The man who first suggests that your wife has to go to a hospital is your enemy, and you hate him. You can do nothing but cordially detest men like Doctor Hornaday, or, say, this present writer herein, who are so rude and cruel as to suggest that the patient will have to go to the hospital before long. But the case begins to develop. At last you yourself see that an operation is going to be necessary. Shall your wife die, or submit to the chance of an operation?

In the year 1920, as it seems to me from all the facts which I can assemble from all over the country, more men than ever before agreed that surgery may be better than death. It was the soberest year we ever had in American sport. Perhaps therefore it may prove one of the best ones we ever had.

We have set apart a very considerable acreage of the most beautiful part of America, not for sport, but for other use and observation. Tourist travel this year began to swing toward Europe to a certain extent, but the great fact obtrudes that Americans have discovered their national parks. One presumes that this will prove to have been the greatest year for park travel ever yet known. The traffic is so large as to bring many problems in park management. The individual tourist in his own car, with his own family, is the present and coming figure of the national park.

Curiously enough, there are or have been undiscovered areas in some of our parks, and it was left to our industrial gentlemen to find them for us, or rather to force us to find out the truth about them for ourselves. Thus for a long time we have been fed the doctrine that the southwestern corner of Yellowstone Park is featureless, low country, not worth much attention from the tourist, but very excellent for irrigation purposes. The exact truth about that is that the southwestern corner of that park is, from a scenic standpoint and a standpoint of natural history, about the most interesting and valuable region of that entire reserve. Mr. A. H. Dinsmore, of the United States Fish Commission, in a letter to the Commissioner of Fisheries at Washington, covers that question in briefly quotable fashion:

"Anticipating my report, I want to write you about our findings in that section of the park which the Senate last winter proposed to convert into an irrigation reservoir. This country has been described as a worthless swamp of no value for any purpose but the storage of water.

"We found one of the most beautiful, if not the most beautiful, valleys in all the park—flat as a floor, abounding in wild and domesticated grasses, and meandered by fine, clear streams in which native trout of large size may be taken in large numbers.

"At the head of the valley, within an area of not more than three miles, not less than eight streams fall from the timbered plateau, over falls and cascades which rival any in the park save the Great Falls of the Yellowstone. So close to the valley are these waterfalls that many of them are in plain view as one rides through it.

"You will doubtless attend the coming meeting of the American Fisheries Society, and this letter is written with the thought that you will wish to urge the society to go on record as opposed to the hasty commercialization of such an interesting section of the Yellowstone National Park."

The current year marked no notable progress in the matter of extending the acreage of our national parks as perpetual playgrounds for the people. The movement for the establishment of Roosevelt National Park—the Greater Sequoia Park—once defeated, is not yet dead, and it is hoped will come to the fore during the next session of Congress. At that time, also, it is believed that the extension of Yellowstone southward to the Grand Tetons and the Buffalo Fork will have a better chance than it has had during the present year.

One argument generally advanced in the early stages of the movement for this extension was that a lower loop for motor travel could be established if the park were thus extended, a good motor road being built over Two Ocean Pass and up east of Yellowstone Lake. A large part of the opposition on the part of the Jackson's Hole and other Wyoming residents was that this extension was "simply a grab for a transportation company," as one man puts it. What would these objecting ranchers say if that objection could be called permanently removed?

Wyoming's Attitude

I do not believe that second loop ever will be built. I do not believe that the park service or any of the park concessionaires now favor the building of that loop. I do not believe that any of the sportsmen or Nature lovers who best know the park now favor the building of that loop. I certainly do not now favor it myself. My own observation is that none of these national parks ought to be opened up more than they now are, because of the great increase of the tourist traffic. The parks are in plenty of danger now, without any more commercialization.

Perhaps the men of Jackson's Hole and other parts of Wyoming will feel more kindly toward this extension when they realize that it means more money to all of them; that it means a partial solution at least of the elk question; and that it does not mean in any way the extension of any road system or the widening of the privileges of any transportation company. I believe it to be a very fair statement that that lower loop road may be regarded as certain to be abandoned. Then why should not Jackson's Hole, or all Wyoming, get behind the extension?

In the year 1920 Idaho and Montana rather bitterly berated the effete East for any of several reasons, most of them industrial. The game commission of Wyoming also once showed itself very sensitive in regard to certain Eastern criticism of that state as deficient in game laws and the administration thereof. Wyoming has declared itself as anxious to preserve its wild game as any state in the Union, and can prove intent by results. The attitude is a good one. It shows a growing consciousness of the importance of all the resources of that state's unsettled regions. They have much financial value.

The state of Idaho bases its complaint, such as it is, largely upon the ignorance of the East as to the lack of irrigating water in Idaho. It is not all of that state which needs irrigation. Idaho needs more farming like many another state. Idaho still has abundant resources in fish and game, though there is hardly a state in the union whose game laws have been more violated by residents and non-residents. The game commission does its best, but it may be said that the supply of fish and game in Idaho is steadily decreasing.

The feeling among the thinking public in 1920 was common that a true bill could be brought against the state of Montana for slaughter of fish and game. Whatever defense Montana may make—and she vociferously is making what she can—that somber page of the awful elk slaughter in the fall and winter of 1919 still exists, and cannot be wiped out by any explanation.

Montana must shorten her elk season, must restrict shooters to the use of one license only, and must enforce her game laws better, else she will be obliged to wince more and more under the growing resentment of the people of America. It is true we do have a system of state game laws, but we ought all to remember that the transportation of to-day has pretty much wiped out state lines, and that the doctrine of state's rights is deader and more dead every year of our current civilization. Industry and sport are involved now together. The citizens of Montana have the right to ask what the citizens of Rhode Island are doing, and vice versa. The whole pace is speeded up all over the country. We are living in a changing age. We ought to realize that and adjust to it. The year 1920 shows a growing acceptation of that fact.

A Year of Change

The art of angling will long survive the art of shooting, all over the world. History and daily example prove that. The anglers of America may call it pretty sure that, without much self-sacrifice, and excepting certain inevitable features of civilization and industry, they can feel assured of very good angling for an indefinite time. You can restock a fished-out water and make it good in a very few years. Our main trouble in fish propagation has risen from ignorance on the part of local anglers, and a not infrequent ultrascientific enthusiasm on the part of national or state commissions having in charge the restocking operations. Granted any kind of conservatism and sound intelligence in this sort of work, and the general acceptance of the fact that Nature generally knows better than we do, the anglers of America have every occasion in the world to be very, very hopeful. Few countries have more fishing waters than we have.

The year 1920 was most noticeable as a year of change in angling as well as shooting. It marked the upthrust of a better sentiment rather than any extraordinary record of sport. As to the latter, there was a gradual decrease noticeable all over the country. The trout and bass season in Michigan and Wisconsin was regarded not in the light of a brilliant success, bass fishing especially proving rather disappointing. In the mountain states trout fishing on the average was not so good as usual, but quite good enough to show that it can be made better just as quickly as we want it to be better.

In some parts of the East fishing improved distinctly. There is a good object lesson in this. Not everyone knows that more trout are taken east of the Mississippi than west of it; that more deer are killed east of the Mississippi than west of it; that more bear are killed east of the Mississippi than west of it. Pennsylvania, for instance, is one of the greatest sporting states in the union—I presume a much better game state than Wyoming, for instance, though that is made as an offhand statement without checking up the figures. Certainly the anglers of the East may report progress without the least occasion for despair.

In the Southern mountains trout fishing is now coming to be something cherished, and the old destructive methods of spear and dynamite are growing less and less popular. When we reflect that the Civil War practically marked the beginning of any serious measures looking to game and fish protection in America, we really have little occasion for despair; in fact "despair" is a mighty bad word for America, anyhow.

The past year should not be recorded as one of despair, but one of reflection and of reason. We may believe that the American sportsman is beginning at last to sit up and take notice of his sport.

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WHAT'S THE CONSTITUTION BETWEEN BOOZE?

(Continued from Page 4)

eventually be withdrawn from the bonded warehouses—more than a third of it is out already—and that in a year or two there will be no more, because it will be illegal to make whisky. Still, a nation that has developed enough sickness in eight months to require 18,000,000 gallons, or thereabout, of whisky to alleviate its sufferings may be depended on to remain sick indefinitely. Then the problem will be to regulate the distilleries that will begin operations to provide this medicine for those who demand it, and to superintend their output.

The Volstead Law provides a harvest for doctors who want to reap it. The law says that no one but a physician holding a permit to prescribe liquor may issue a prescription for liquor, and limits the amount to be prescribed to a pint for each ten days. There were six empty pint flasks on the closet shelf of a room in a hotel in Chicago I had recently, and all had contained whisky. Each flask had pasted on it a regular druggist's label, such as druggists paste on all bottles in which they put medicines made after a doctor's prescription. Each label was numbered and the druggist's name was printed plainly. There was a scrawl for the name of the doctor, but the scrawl was similar in each instance, showing that the same doctor had officiated. The directions were plainly written. The patient was instructed to take as directed. Each label was dated, and the dates covered the space of four days.

I happened to be in the office of a politician in a Western city when a down-country doctor came in, seeking help in trouble he had with the prohibition officials. He said he had issued a few emergency prescriptions for liquor in addition to his regular number during the month of July and that the authorities were after him.

"How many is a few?" the politician asked him.

"Only 1600," he replied.

This drug-store retailing by crooked druggists absorbs a large amount of liquor obtained on permits and will be difficult to overcome. The prohibition and internal-revenue authorities in Washington, having analyzed the withdrawal figures, began to threaten drastic investigation, which brought legitimate druggists to Washington with offers to help, because they do not want to make money selling whisky as a beverage and do want to be free to use alcohol in their preparations. Until October fifteenth between thirty and forty permits had been issued by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue for the use of alcohol in preparation for nonbeverage purposes, and that does not account for one one-hundredth of the increased amount withdrawn. A feature of this phase of the illicit traffic is that it is more profitable for the retailer to withdraw alcohol than whisky, because three gallons of whisky can be made out of one gallon of alcohol and some other things.

The Liquor Bandits

The men who get the whisky and alcohol out of the bonded warehouses by the permit route get it at a price, of course, and the increases in price to the consumer come with the subsequent handlers. Many permits have been revoked, and more will be. However, the past year has taught the permit men many tricks, and new ones come to light each day. It will require additional legislation to stop this phase of illicit traffic.

When liquor is moved from one place to another there must be a permit for the transportation of it, and the men who transport the liquor have their troubles. Often trucks loaded with liquor have disappeared. Often fake revenue agents have held up loads of liquor and seized it. Often the guards on the trucks have played into the hands of the seizers. Often the hold-ups have been robberies without these trimmings. Indeed, the transportation features of the business have developed a side line of extracriminals who take what they want; and what they want is all there is.

These robbers, who in many instances rob robbers, and rob illicit dealers also, operate all over the country, but mainly in districts where the permit-removal business flourishes. There may be honor among ordinary thieves, but there is none among liquor thieves. There have been hundreds of these crimes. A typical one was the stealing of a truckload of bonded whisky in New Jersey not so long ago. A driver had whisky worth $12,000 on a truck and, with his permit in his pocket, he was proceeding along a main, traveled road. Between Metuchen and New Brunswick twenty-five fake prohibition officers, with badges and pistols, and in seven automobiles, blocked the way, held up the truck, drove the truck to a lonely place on a side road, and then shooed the driver and the helper into the bushes and disappeared with the whisky and the truck. The whisky, of course, found its way to bootlegging circles.

The police books of the cities of this country are full of records of crimes like that, and of the holdup and searching and robbery of people in private automobiles, not only of liquor, if there is any, but of money and jewelry. There are as many fake prohibition and revenue officials operating as there are real ones, and they utilize their forged credentials and badges for all the various branches of their trade, from the mere stealing of liquor to high-class and effective blackmail.

The Buyer's Dilemma

Many phases of the illicit liquor business demand intelligence and resource. The bootlegging of a bottle of poison to a man with a thirst can be accomplished by any crook, and it takes only the instincts and nerve of a thug to rob a truckman or an automobile; but when it comes to the handling of forged permits and finding markets for illicit liquor in large quantities and arranging for smuggling on a big scale, and so on, brains must be employed. The great leverage the crooks have, of course, is in the fact that both sides of every deal are breaking the law—that is, when a highly respectable citizen buys a case of whisky from a dealer the highly respectable buyer is, by virtue of that transaction, just as much of a criminal as the disreputable seller is, and if he is robbed he has no recourse. He cannot appeal to the law because he has broken the law.

That gives the blackmailers opportunity unexcelled even under the Mann Law, which was the favorite medium for blackmail before the lush prohibition days came in. This country is full of sore but silent men who have been blackmailed, cheated, robbed and who have suffered extortion through liquor deals—men who are pocketing their losses and not saying a word. A case in point: A rich man in New York finished an ornate country house and desired to stock a cellar. He made some inquiries and found that he could buy plenty of liquor if he would pay for it. A gentlemanly middleman approached him, having heard of the rich and thirsty prospect. He said he had the goods. He produced credentials. They made a bargain for a large amount of assorted liquors, to be delivered at the country place aforesaid. The middleman demanded a check for $10,000 as part payment. He got the check.

Nothing happened. No liquor was delivered. After a fortnight the rich man became nervous. He wanted his liquor or he wanted his check. He sent for the middleman, who came in smiling.

"I have no liquor," said the rich man.

"That doesn't interest me," the middleman replied.

"But you said the liquor would be delivered in a few days."

"Did I?"

"Yes, you did; and I want to know when it is coming."

"I have no idea."

"Do you mean to say you are not going to deliver it?"

"I am not."

"Then give me back my check."

The middleman's smile expanded into a laugh. "I'm not going to deliver that either," he said. "I've cashed it."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I am going to keep the money. And you can't help yourself. You broke the law when you bought that stuff, and you know it. You raise a row about it and see where you come out. Thanks for the money, and good morning."

Originally the smuggling of liquor from Canada or Mexico or by ship on either coast was an individual enterprise. A man brought in a few bottles, either for his own use or for sale. It was not long after prohibition came in before the possibilities of smuggling as an organized business were appreciated by men who were willing to take the chance for the huge profits to be made, and it has developed that there are hundreds and thousands of men who are willing to take that chance. So far as land smuggling goes, the situation was made to order. Here was a border line stretching for 3500 miles between Canada and the United States, sparsely guarded by customs officials, and with miles and miles—hundreds of miles—where a man could smuggle a herd of elephants across the boundary line without detection by a customs or revenue official.

So the individual who was bringing in a few bottles of Scotch or rye in his trunk or his suitcase or in his automobile was soon crowded to a minor position, and smuggling between Mexico and this country and between Canada and this country began on an elaborate scale. The crooks organized the smuggling business, financed it, and are now conducting it boldly, on the south along the Rio Grande border and on the north all the way from Maine to Washington.

Canada offers the better opportunity because the liquor of Canada—Scotch or rye—is more to the taste of the American than the Mexican liquors, albeit a good quantity of potable stuff, imported first into Mexico via ship, and then exported to this country via the smugglers, comes in; brandies and wines especially.

The lower border region between Mexico and the United States is largely a chaparral country millions of acres of it. There is small difficulty in running a pack train across the dusty Rio Grande except in the high-water periods, disappearing into the chaparral and thence working north with the stuff. The customs officials and the rangers are vigilant, but they are but a handful. There are long stretches of the river that are patrolled not more than twice a week. All the smugglers need to do is to stay in hiding across in Mexico and, when the patrol has passed, run across and beat it for the North. They find a ready market at the first stopping place.

Down there the thing has been organized just as it has been in the North. The smugglers no longer work as individuals. That is too slow a process and too cheap. Gangs of them are financed by some crook with money, and they sometimes operate as many as fifty in a company, frequently in tens and twenties. And this "ganging up," as the customs officials call it, makes them bold, for they often do not wait until night to cross, but push forward in daylight, relying on their numbers to overcome any resistance they may meet. They are rough, tough men, these smugglers, taking every chance because the money reward is great. They will fight. Mostly, they get whipped when they encounter the rangers and the patrols, but many of them get by without trouble. They pack the liquors across on mules, in the dusty places, and lug it across in boats at night where there is water. It isn't hard to make a trail to the North through the chaparral that will not be discovered until they are far away.

The Mexican Stream

Hundreds of these desperadoes are operating between Mexico and this country. It would take an army of mounted inspectors to stop them all. An army of mounted inspectors isn't available. The inspectors are few, and no inspector can be in three places at the same time. So booze flows in from Mexico and is wholesaled and retailed all through the Southwest.

The Mexican stream is only a rivulet compared with the rivers of illicit booze that come in from Canada. There are organized smuggling gangs at about every convenient point along the border from Northern Maine to Seattle, operating usually from the United States and back again, though there are spots where the process is reversed and Canada is the starting point. The geographical location of the headquarters of a gang determines its method of transportation largely. They bring the booze into Buffalo, for example, across the Niagara River, or via Lake Erie, and into Detroit across the river from the Windsor side; but to get it to Chicago they must use both boats and automobiles, and the route is across Michigan or down through Wisconsin. Farther west the automobile is the usual conveyance. Airplanes have been tried, but the use of them is not satisfactory. They attract too much attention, and there is no surety of their arrival at any given destination at any given time.

It is a systematic and organized business. The profits are great. The whisky is bought in Canada at thirty to forty dollars a case and sold in the United States for $100 to $130 a case. A good automobile whisky runner who knows his business can bring in twenty to twenty-five cases at a time. If one is in the know, there is no difficulty in cities like Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, Minneapolis and St. Paul, and on west, in making a bargain for a specific number of cases of liquor, to be delivered at a specific time and at the exact spot designated—house, hotel, or anywhere else.

Scotch whisky is dealt in mostly, because Scotch is harder to get now than rye or bourbon. The stream of rye and bourbon coming out of the bonded warehouses has depressed the price of these liquors, but Scotch continues at its high price, cheaper in the seaport towns, where it can be secured for about $110 a case of known brands, to $130 to $200 in the West, where it comes in from Canada. Of course these prices are not stable prices. The smuggler gets all he can, and what he gets depends on the acuteness of the needs of the consumer. However, any person in want of Scotch or Canadian rye by judiciously shopping round can get a bottom price at almost any time, because it isn't coming in by the gallon, but by the hundreds of barrels.

Sunday Night Deliveries

The men who make the sales are always provided with credentials, usually in the manner of letters from former patrons who vouch for their reliability. There is a regular routine about it. Suppose a man or a number of men are running low on liquor. They want Scotch, let us say, which is hard to get locally. As in all underground traffic of this sort, the news of it and the mechanics of it are known to those who participate as consumers. These men let it be known that they are in the market. Presently a man appears, well credentialed, and a bargain is made for an amount of liquor. There is a certain mutuality about it. No chances are taken. The seller must know his buyers and he must also be known and guaranteed. No advance money is paid. The bargain is for spot cash, in currency, on delivery.

From Buffalo west, Sunday nights are usually set down as nights for delivery. I don't know what the smuggling reason for that is, but the probabilities are that the reason is a double one—a greater automobile traffic on the roads on Sunday, which helps the smugglers to avoid detection, and an easier progress in the places of disposal. At any rate, so organized is the traffic that the seller usually can guarantee delivery within the space of five or six hours—that is, if he says the liquor will be delivered between seven and twelve of a Sunday evening the liquor usually is delivered between those hours. Twenty-five cases is a maximum delivery. Fifteen cases is about the rule. The paying agent is instructed to be at the place designated for delivery with the cash, and alone. Then, sometime during the night, the liquor comes, and the money is paid.

All this means organization, and capitalized organization at that, because even at forty dollars a case the Canadian purchase price soon mounts to figures, and added to that are the automobile expenses, the moneys paid the men who bring in the cars and all the crowds of fixers, handlers, salesmen, and so on. The runners—the men who operate the automobiles—are paid on a basis of $250 a trip, unless they have a working partnership. The ramifications of this business are incredible so far as the men interested and active are concerned. The smugglers comprise about every class of men who are willing to take a chance to get quick money and big money, regardless of the legality of the operations; and when you get down to brass tacks on that proposition you find many takers in all walks of life. Two classes of men predominate: One is the type of

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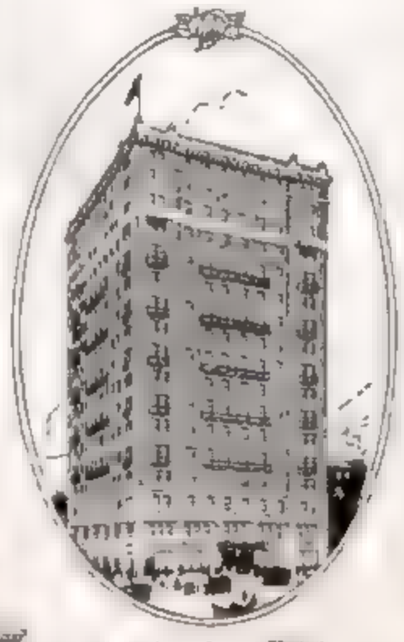

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man who has financed crooked stock deals, crooked stock companies and various swindles of similar sort; the other is the man who has been in the liquor business and has been deprived of that business by prohibition. A certain class of foreigners is engaged in smuggling all along the border. However, these are not all. The participants often include public officials, highly respected citizens, officers of the law, and that numerous gentry that is always ready to take a flyer in anything that provides good returns whether the enterprise is or is not legitimate.

In some sections of the country it was stated to me that sheriffs and other officers with police powers are the chief smugglers, operating the smuggling of cars across the national and state borders and from time to time going out and holding up their own cars, bringing in their own men, fining them a few hundred dollars for violating the law and then releasing them to go on with the lucrative work. Certainly these officials should have accurate information for making these alibi raids. Some public officials who went into the business have been arrested, and a few of them are in jail, but that is only an incident. All the way along the border the smuggling proceeds, often with gun fights, occasionally with killings, and never without excellent profits.

Geographical position, local politics, local conditions, activities of customs and revenue men, and other things relative and with their effects make each smuggling operation, or, rather, the operations of each smuggling gang, peculiar to the territory in some phases, but the basis of most of the enterprises is the automobile, the daring men to drive it across and back and the facilities for marketing the stuff.

The operations out of Minneapolis are typical enough to illustrate them all. There were about 450 saloons in Minneapolis when prohibition closed them down, and almost as soon as these saloons were closed down a big liquor-smuggling trade between Winnipeg and Minneapolis began. Many of the men who went into this smuggling of liquor had been owners of saloons or bartenders in them. In the early days of prohibition this business was comparatively easy. The cars went up to Winnipeg and filled up with liquor. Then they cruised down to the line, found a convenient place to cross, crossed at high speed and steered for Minneapolis. In the early days they got the Canadian liquor for thirty dollars a case, sold it in Minneapolis for $130 a case, and brought in twenty-five cases at a time, thus making a profit of $2500 on each trip.

Whisky Running From Winnipeg

Presently the authorities got their organization going, and they sent men to Winnipeg to watch the incoming automobiles, which before that time took small pains to conceal their errands, and these watchers sent word to the border. A good many of the smugglers were caught, and the business was made rather difficult. Still, the profit was too great to allow any legal interference or fear of apprehension to stop it, and the smugglers quit going to Winnipeg and visited other and smaller towns to the west, shifting towns each trip, after making arrangements with Canadian dealers to have the stuff sent to whatever town was selected as the depot for the occasion.

They built whisky sides on high-powered cars—compartments in which the liquor was placed—additions to the automobiles that were not particularly noticeable. The cars are big cars, heavily powered and capable of moving at sixty-five to eighty miles an hour. They are equipped with lights of great and blinding intensity and are overhauled before each trip down to the smallest detail and manned with two or three daring and well-armed runners.

The usual course nowadays is up across North Dakota to some point on the border west of Winnipeg. When the smugglers start they are given a destination, all license numbers are removed from the cars and they proceed to the border, selecting a lonely place to cross. After they get their stocks the real trip begins. The orders are to run cautiously to the border, but when the border is reached to step on the gas and go as far as possible into North Dakota without stopping. They run mostly at night and carry camping outfits for use on the prairie. Often they go as far west as the Montana border before crossing. They do not stick to the roads, though in the summer and fall the roads are fairly good, but travel across the plains, making as much distance as they can at night and hiding by day. With ordinary luck a round trip takes nine days.

If a smuggling car encounters a revenue, customs or other official, the big lights are switched on and the smuggling car is put at top speed. These lights always are switched on when another car is met, whether it is an official car or not, and the glare is so intense, confusing and blinding to the car approaching that the whisky runners are far past before there is a chance to fire a shot at them or identify them. They go by at seventy-five miles an hour, and the other car goes into the ditch or stops only to observe the smugglers vanishing in the distance. The men who do the smuggling and run the cars are instructed not to shoot unless they have to. If the glare and their high speed do not get them by, and they are stopped, then they go into action, or abandon the car and take their chances in the darkness. There have been a good many killings along the border since the smuggling began.

Difficulties of Smuggling

When the cars get in with their contraband cargoes the stuff is distributed and purveyed at retail in all sorts of places and in many cities and villages. It isn't particularly difficult, as it stands, to transport liquor about the country, and no trick at all to send a few cases from one city to another by automobile. It is somewhat of a trick, however, to send it by train, because the transshippers are at the mercy of the trainmen unless they have their stuff in their own hand bags. In the old Indian Territory days, when it was strictly against the law to introduce liquor into that territory, the person who wanted liquor was hard put to it to get it in, because the trainmen took toll of it, and the shipper had no recourse. He was violating the law when he shipped the stuff, and he couldn't say a word if his trunk or barrel or case arrived empty or half rifled. The trainmen simply took what they wanted, and that was all there was to it.

That was a local condition that harassed many a thirsty dweller in the Indian Territory and in Oklahoma and in other dry states. That is a national condition that harasses the private booze shipper now. Many a sore whisky shipper, trying to get a few bottles home, can testify to that. It is almost impossible to get a trunk, say, with a few bottles of liquor in it to its destination with the few bottles of liquor remaining in it. I have heard it said that the trainmen are so advanced and skillful in their booze detection that they use stethoscopes to discover it. They shake the trunk, applying the stethoscope to the side of it the while, and if there is the slightest gurgle-gurgle from within, the trunk is opened, the liquor extracted, and the transaction is complete, because the trainman is immune. The owner cannot make a complaint without convicting himself.

Smuggling by sea is somewhat more complex, because ships must land at docks and there are customs officials and other officials on the docks. However, it is not impossible. Indeed, it is quite common from the Bermudas, from Cuba, from Europe and from the transpacific ports. It may be that there are sea-smuggling organizations, just as there are land-smuggling organizations all along the borders, but most of the cases I have heard about seem to be individual enterprises or enterprises of gangs among the crews of the liners and merchantmen that come to the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. For example, it is not at all uncommon in New York, after a big ship is in and has been at dock for a few days, to find some member of the personnel of that ship with a list of various liquors he can sell and deliver at prevailing prices—sometimes cheaper than the market—and usually a rather wide-awake person, at that. He often has champagnes and brandies of good qualities, and Scotch. Sometimes he purveys clarets and other table wines, but usually he has champagne, brandy and Scotch. He calls on recommended persons, and is recommended himself. He gets the liquors off the ship in some way known to himself and delivers them.

The crews bring in liquor too. Occasionally a haul is made. Not long ago a large number of bottles of clandestine brandy were found tucked away in different hiding places on board an Italian ship.

(Continued on Page 52)

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IT IS very difficult to find words that will exactly describe the well bred, well groomed man or woman. We know these very distinctive people when we see them and gladly pay tribute with frank and unreserved admiration. But to *define* them—to analyze them—is utterly impossible, and we are obliged to be satisfied with a subtle but very pleasant *impression*.

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If you don't, the surface will still retain portions of the previous coat of varnish or paint, and where this is "painted over" the after coat will "blister" and "peel".

You needn't spend a lot of money for a big supply of sandpaper. Just get one of those Utility Packages of "3M" Sand Paper — your hardware dealer has them.

They cost only a dime in the U. S., and they contain twenty sheets, just the right size. Five grades, fine to coarse. Suitable for every job.

Made by
Minnesota Mining and Mfg. Co.
Saint Paul, Minnesota

3-M SAND PAPER
IN HANDY 10¢ PACKAGES for HOUSEHOLD USE
15¢ in Canada

(Continued from Page 50)

No doubt there is hardly a ship that comes to New York, say, or Boston, or any other port, that has not contraband liquor aboard, and a large portion of that gets into circulation ashore. The Atlantic crews specialize in brandies, probably because of their higher voltage. Almost any stoker has enough money to buy a few bottles of cheap French brandy, say, at a French port, and if he doesn't drink it himself he can get ten times what he paid for it ashore.

Testimony that a considerable amount of wines is coming in in this way is found in the prices of champagne in New York at the time of writing. A year ago champagne of good brands was held at $275 to $300 a case, but now there are some champagnes that may be obtained at $120 a case, and a considerable number of brands that can be had for $140 a case. This means either that stocks collected before prohibition went in are being put on the market or that ways have been found to get champagne into the country via the smuggling route. Both factors have something to do with the reduction of price, but it is probable that the smuggling factor is the more important so far as its influence goes on the price prevailing a case.

The Poison Makers

The third source of supply is the moonshine source, using moonshine as a term to designate liquor made in illicit stills anywhere, because the moon never shines and never will into most of the places where it is made—the dirty, nasty cellars where the stills are operated. The original moonshiners, operating out-of-doors and in the hills, made a liquor that at best had nothing to recommend it save high alcoholization. It had neither bouquet nor age. It was unpalatable to the casual drinker, and taken for the effect rather than for taste or bouquet by the constant user. It was poor whisky, but the makers of it knew how to make poor whisky, and made the best poor whisky they could with their imperfect stills and under the constant fear of detection. They didn't cheat. They made it according to formula and after the teachings of experience, and it was what it was—moonshine, raw corn whisky—but just that. They used good water and good corn, and they knew how.

The moonshiner of to-day operates not in the hills or the open country, but in cellars, in hidden houses, in all sorts of underground places; and all he knows about making whisky is comprised in the recipe somebody has given him. He uses any water he can get, and any materials—the cheaper the better. All he wants is to get a distillation. He cares nothing for processes. In almost every case the circumstances compel him to work with a low steam pressure. The steam moves slowly through the worm. Consequently every impurity remains, especially the verdigris that forms within the copper worm. Then, too, there is a maximum of fusel oil and all other deleterious components of raw distilled spirit rawly distilled from indifferent materials. The result is a compound that is about as poisonous as it can be without being actually arsenical.

This is the stuff that is retailed everywhere in this country by bootleggers of all sorts and conditions. In its way it is the stuff that the home-brew housewife tries to make in her domestic violations of the law, but that is a minor thing, albeit stills for house use can be bought in many places, as can apparatus for all sorts of home-brewing, and never a person but has his pet formula. In a Western city a few days ago I saw one entire store window filled with bottling, corking and brewing apparatus of all sorts openly for sale, and basic compounds for these home messes are obtainable anywhere. That stuff will soon be of the past. It isn't good enough to warrant the trouble taken to make it.

Commercial moonshine is not sold as such. It is sold under the pretense of being real whisky. It is sold in refilled bottles, with forged labels and counterfeited government stamps. It looks like whisky, but it isn't. It is poison, terrible death-dealing poison. Any drinking friend of your acquaintance who has not access to a stock of real whisky will tell you of effects, ranging from death and blindness to coma and sickness, that have come from the drinking of this stuff. It is most in evidence in the cities, and the massers and purveyors of it are almost invariably foreigners—aliens who made haste to utilize this avenue for quick money. Not long ago the officials seized a great case of forged labels on the lower East Side of New York. They were labels of good brands of whisky that were sold before prohibition. They were intended for bottles of moonshine, and were only a fraction of those in use in New York.

It is so all over the country. Not only that, but bottles of real whisky are emptied by steaming off stamps over corks or by boring holes in the bottom and refilled with this stuff, and sold as of the original quality. The amount of money that has been paid for this bogus and baleful whisky in this country since last January is enormous. The number of deaths it has caused cannot be computed, but it is large. I know of seven myself. The cases of blindness are frequent, and the men who took a couple of drinks of it and became violently ill are to be found in almost every block.

This stuff, when faked in bottles and with forged labels and counterfeited stamps, sells for about the same price as real whisky, because nobody with money enough to pay three or four dollars a bottle for it would buy it otherwise. It is sold for what it is—hootch—to those who won't or can't pay the alleged whisky price; and that accounts for a good many police items in the papers. If it doesn't make the drinker sick it surely will make him crazy. The man who thinks he is buying real whisky because the bottle and the label and the stamps look right is being cheated seven times out of ten, probably nine times, and there have been hundreds of tragedies as a consequence—thousands of them.

The methods of distribution of this stuff and of all other sorts of illicit liquor are as varied as bootlegging ingenuity, which ranges in quality of craft from the desire and maneuverings of any door-mat thief or petty larcenist to pick up a few dollars to the organized ring financed and operated by crooks of intelligence and daring, and all the underworld and underground grades between. Added to these are ostensibly respectable citizens not averse to sharing in profits no matter how obtained and crooked public police officers. The ramifications of it extend from the dirty villain who peddles his poison in the slums and the pert bell boy in the hotels who knows where a flask can be secured for a high price up through the saloon keepers, the restaurant and café keepers, the hotel keepers, the road-house men, and so on, along to the well-dressed agent who calls on and supplies the better class of trade and the rings who sell it in lots of 100 to 1000 cases.

Bootlegging in New York

The motive is always the same—the money in it. The big cities have been Klondikes for these persons since this country went dry. Vast sums of money have been made. Taxi drivers, bartenders, sporting men of all sorts, gamblers, police officers, agents employed to enforce the law and various other citizens are all in it, and they all have made money. After it seeped into the consciousness of the citizenry of this country that prohibition was coming—and it took a long time for that to percolate—there was a frenzy of buying among the drinkers, and any price asked was paid by those who had the money to pay it. Since that time the market has stabilized, but there is a tremendous profit yet in selling fake booze even at ten or twelve dollars a bottle. When they get eighteen or twenty dollars they make money so fast they cannot count it; and so, too, with this withdrawal stuff, because even the bonded whisky is not retailed honestly. It is diluted and doped and amplified. One barrel of bonded whisky, which is but the ordinary bar whisky of the old days, can be expanded by doping and doctoring to three, and often is—to three or more.

There is money in the business, which is the reason so many people of so many sorts are in it, coupled with the almost universal lack of intelligence on the part of the buyer, who is as trustful as a child when dealing with a bootlegger. He knows he is breaking the law, and he abandons all ordinary business precautions in buying his booze. He accepts the word of the bootlegger almost without exception, and what he gets is what is coming to him—a trimming.

A man who ought to know told me that there were 4500 places in New York on October first where liquor could be bought. In the past six months I have been in fourteen or fifteen of the largest cities in the country. I heard the same stories—stories of the ease with which liquor could be purchased. Drinks, in New York, retail over saloon bars at seventy-five cents for a very ordinary drink of whisky. In restaurants they charge a dollar and a half to two dollars for a highball. Wine can be obtained in some places for about twenty-five dollars a bottle—champagne. Out West the before-dinner cocktail is served in the restaurants as orange juice. Few dinners begin without a glass of what appears to be the usual breakfast preface, served to simulate orange juice. It is a rather inferior Bronx cocktail. Gin was not easy to get, nor vermuth; but both can be found now rather easily.

The supply is enormous, both of smuggled and moonshine stuff. The police in New York found a still in uptown New York early in October that had a capacity of thirty gallons a day. Evidently this stuff was retailed in flasks, for there were 2000 empty pint flasks near by. The corner grocers, the druggists, the soft-drink places, the barber shops often do a little bootlegging on the side; as does many a man who would be most indignant if he were told he is a lawbreaker. The stuff is sold to the small consumer by the pint, but the big fellows deal in case lots. A deal for 100 cases is not uncommon. Some sales are even larger than that.

The business has been systematized by the larger rings. There are regular channels of trade—underground, of course, but efficient.

Old-Fashioned Beer Parties

Real beer—and not the one half of one per cent brand—is common. The explanation is that the breweries that are making near beer often allow some of their product to become far more adjacent than their advertised nonalcoholic beverage and peddle it out; always in bottles of course. The old keg beer is of the past. The bottle containing the real beer looks like the bottles holding nonalcoholic stuff. The alcoholic percentage is generally about six per cent, which gives it more of a kick than was in the beer of the old days, when the content was about four and a half.

These crooked brewers slip a few cases of real beer with secret marks into a consignment of the innocuous stuff, and the saloon keepers who get it retail it to their friends, for fifty cents a bottle in the smaller places and a dollar a bottle in the niftier ones.

Many saloons closed when prohibition came in, but many remained open as restaurants, especially those that in the old days had small kitchens for their patrons. These are the places where the real beer is sold mostly. Last summer in Chicago they told me that some of the smaller breweries were making occasional brewings of real beer and that beer parties were of nightly occasion—that is, the brewer would notify a certain saloon customer of his that on Tuesday, say, he would send in some real beer. Then the word would be passed and that night real beer would be sold. On Wednesday night the real beer would be sent to a saloon in a far-distant section of the city. If a Loop saloon got it one night a saloon in the outskirts would get it the next night, but there was a beer party almost every night, and the wise ones followed the beer round.

One thoughtful brewer made a lot of money for himself by putting out a brand which he called The .275. The searchers after kick flocked to that brand. "Lookit," they said; "here's a guy what's brewin' stuff with somethin' to it. See the label. Two-seventy-five. That's what we used to get."

In vain his competitors protested that beer of .275 per cent alcoholic content was weaker than any other near beer. In vain they pointed out that the decimal point was in the wrong place, that it was .275 instead of 2.75.

Decimal points apparently meant nothing in the beerless lives of the great public and the brewer prospered. His label had the right figures in it—a two, a seven and a five—and where did they get that stuff about decimal points, anyhow, and wot t'ell was a decimal point?

Canvassing the situation from coast to coast, not the least interesting development of prohibition is the California development. The vineyard interests of California would be ruined by the repeal of the Volstead Law. For years we heard the loud

(Continued on Page 55)

ASHES are so taken for granted that perhaps we don't see them in their true light—as fuel paid for by weight, but unusable.

You bought your heat by the ton-
Did it deliver 100%?

But after all, ash-barrel waste is not the most serious waste in heating a house. Think of the wasted heat that goes into the upper halls—into rooms that are used only part of the day. Here is the way you can get the most out of your furnace or other regular heating system. Keep a low, even fire in it all the time—enough to heat the whole house to a moderate temperature. This is the work the furnace or base-burner does best. Then whenever you want *comfort* heat of 70° or 72°—wherever you want to work or read—use the Perfection Oil Heater.

Perfection Heater produces the Heat on the spot

With the Perfection Oil Heater there is no waste either way. There is no waste in the form of ashes. There is no waste in transmitting the heat from one place to another. If your house was built with radiators or registers in the wrong places, set it right with a Perfection Heater.

A Portable Radiator

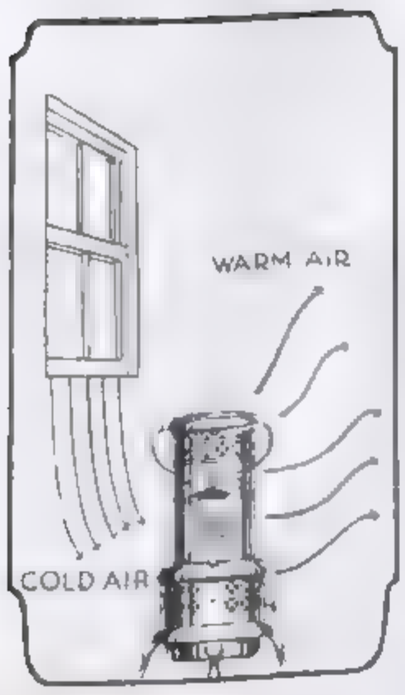
The Perfection Oil Heater is a radiator you can put anywhere. It is light and portable. It is clean, handy and strong. It burns about 10 hours on a gallon of kerosene oil, obtainable anywhere. And in every particular it is efficient, simple and up-to-date.

Protect against fuel shortage

Four million Perfection Heaters are now in use and are protecting thousands of homes daily against the perils of a fuel shortage. Buy your Perfection now and end all fuel worries.

Your dealer will supply you

Perfection Heaters are sold by progressive hardware, housefurnishing, and department stores. Ask your dealer to show you Perfection models, handsomely finished in blue or black, or write to us for booklet, "Warm Rays for Cold Days."



A Perfection Oil Heater placed near a window will heat the cold air seeping in through the sash and radiate it throughout the room in the form of warm fresh air.

PERFECTION *Oil Heaters*

Made by
THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS CO.
7016 PLATT AVE. CLEVELAND, OHIO
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Also makers of
NEW PERFECTION
Oil Cook Stoves, Ovens, Cabinets
Water Heaters and ALADDIN
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Christmas Cheer for the motorist

Among discriminating motorists, their families and friends, the custom of giving Michelin Tires and Tubes for Christmas has grown in popularity year by year. No present could be more useful; none could better express appreciation of the rides you've had together or of favors you've received.

The universal recognition enjoyed by Michelins as the quality tires, gives them an unequalled gift-value which their moderate price makes doubly attractive to the giver.

For a gift costing only a few dollars—A Michelin Inner Tube.
For a gift par excellence—A Michelin Universal Cord Casing.

Michelin Tire Company, Milltown, New Jersey

Other factories: Clermont-Ferrand, France; London, England; Turin, Italy.

Dealers in all parts of the world

(Continued from Page 52)

squawks of the Californians that prohibition meant the destruction of the grape industry and its affiliated wine and raisin branches, the loss of millions and millions invested and the throwing out of work of thousands of worthy people, and so on. We were stunned with their clamor. Well, what do you suppose has happened?

Instead of getting twelve, fourteen, sixteen or eighteen dollars a ton for their wine grapes they now are getting sixty-five to seventy-five dollars, and even more. Instead of getting nine or ten cents a pound for their raisins they now are getting more than twenty cents. The old top prices meant affluence. The new top prices mean fortunes. And fancy the feelings of that man up Stockton way who, disgusted with prohibition, tore up a vineyard of 3500 acres of bearing vines as a protest! Fancy the feelings of many others who uprooted their vineyards! There is a laugh in the fact that the California vineyard interests are sternly and irrevocably opposed to any modification of the Volstead Law. It suits them as it stands. And many new vineyards are being set out. They are making considerable wine for "religious" purposes out there, and raisins are the keystone and the foundation and the arch of many sorts of homemade hootch.

The great problem of legal prohibition is the problem of enforcement, just as the great problem of moral prohibition is the problem of bringing home to the citizen his individual responsibility. So far as enforcement goes, there is a professional prohibition side to that too. Years ago the prohibition people, too zealous in their work, nearly wrecked their organizations by insistence on too drastic enforcement of local laws. Of course this is without the view of the fanatics, but the men who are in the work of prohibition effectively and resultfully are not fanatics. They are sane, politic, adaptable persons, with work to do, and they know how that work must be done. The crusaders and the fanatics furnish the red fire, but the men who conduct the real campaigns for prohibition conduct those campaigns just as a business man conducts his selling campaigns—to get the results.

The Federal government appropriation for the enforcement of the Volstead Law was $5,000,000, but $50,000,000 would not have enforced it in a ten per cent ratio. For example, in New York State, with its more than 10,000,000 people, there are but 200 prohibition officers. New York City, with its more than 5,000,000 people, has 110 of these. The rest cover the remainder of the state. That gives a handful to cover the St. Lawrence River border and another handful to cover Lake Erie. A thousand men couldn't begin to handle the New York City water front.

A Positive Benefit

It is not likely that the problem of enforcement will be met by a tremendous expansion of enforcing facilities. There are other ways to meet that problem, and those ways are gradually being made apparent as the different ingenuities and crookednesses of the lawbreakers become apparent. None but the most fanatical prohibitionist claims that drinking of liquor and selling and making of illicit liquor can be entirely eradicated by law. That cannot be done, and sane prohibitionists know it. Burglary and murder, and hundreds of other crimes, persist, though there always have been drastic laws against them, and police to enforce these laws. Much less can drinking be stopped by legal enactment, because the average citizen does not accept the moral inhibition on himself that he accepts in the case of burglary—that is, he is not yet educated to think that if there is a prohibition law, to drink whisky is an infraction of that law. His code prevents the ordinary citizen from becoming a burglar, but that does not apply as to drinking.

What prohibition will do is, first, not abolish drinking, but make public sale and drinking more difficult—indeed, impossible—and thereby protect the great mass of the population, to whom public drinking was a menace. There are few persons who will not admit that the saloon has gone, never to return. That is one great positive benefit to the American people. Following that, if the illicit traffic in liquor can be stopped, that will be the second great positive benefit. Even if it cannot be stopped, when the procedure is worked out it can be vastly restricted. That, in all probability, is the final status of prohibition in this country, barring a modification of the law to permit the manufacture and sale of lighter liquors. That will be discussed later in this article. Whisky, as it formerly existed, and the saloon are gone forever.

From the viewpoint of the sane prohibitionists—the nonfanatics who are seeking as complete a measure of dryness as can be obtained after considering all the elements of human nature, human legislative ability, human fallibility, the inherent human tendency in many humans not to allow pandering to appetites or breaking the laws to stop them from making money and political inhibitions and obstructions that must inevitably ensue—the main place where the situation must be remedied at present is at the source of supply. To that end the dry leaders will seek to obtain amendments to the law that will prevent or largely restrict the issuing of wholesalers' permits for the withdrawal of liquor from warehouses and limit that withdrawal for other purposes.

What of the Future?

That is a hard nut to crack. The natural assumption would be that when the liquor stored in bonded warehouses was exhausted—the visible supply—the situation of permit abuse would be settled automatically, because the law does not permit distilling liquor, and at the rate it is going the 70,000,000 gallons that was in bonded warehouses when the law came in will soon be gone. And there will be no more.

That isn't the case. Several distilleries are now operating in this country under the wartime act, which admits the use of a low-grade grain. That act—the Lever Law—will eventually be repealed, and then there is nothing to prevent other distilleries from starting up for the purpose of making liquor for medicinal purposes. How is Congress or anybody else going to define how much liquor shall be made and used in this country for medicinal purposes in an arbitrary manner? And isn't it probable that any Congress, influenced by politics, will hesitate before being too arbitrary? So far as withdrawals from bonded warehouses are concerned, the Government may suspend them—several states have suspended them—but the task of setting down, defining and restricting the amount of liquor that this country shall have, or that shall be made, for medicinal purposes will keep Congress busy for quite a time.

There may be amendments providing for a drastic limit to the number of prescriptions that doctors can issue, and a restriction on druggists, who are now the chief retailers of the country. Then comes the question of finding a way to determine how much liquor druggists need for legitimate medicinal and preparation purposes. In other words, how much tonics, lotions, and so on, will this country require? That is a teaser, also.

Many men who favor prohibition think that the Government should buy the total available supply of liquor now existing, sell it for nonbeverage purposes and stop the whole business that way. This would require the expenditure of a large sum in a country where taxes are very heavy already, and would be opposed strenuously for two reasons: First, because it would mean to the drinkers a restriction of chances to get something to drink; second, because it would make taxes just that much heavier by this huge addition to the budget. It is held that concentration of the total bonded supply in a few central warehouses would operate efficiently to prevent crooked withdrawal of liquor and its subsequent diversion for drinking purposes; and that the placing of prohibition officials in the Civil Service to remove them from the political influences that now surround them would help greatly in the proper enforcement of the law.

The smuggling difficulty is one that can be minimized by cooperation between governments. Already the Canadian Government is taking steps to prevent such active participation of Canadian liquor dealers as now exists in the breaking of the American law, and in the fullness of time some such steps may be taken by Mexico. When these steps are taken, then the question of smuggling becomes one of efficient border control, because ship smuggling can be held down. Border control is immeasurably difficult. As long as liquor is obtainable without the borders of this country, but in places accessible to this country, either by land or water, there will be a certain amount of smuggling in other commodities that can be resold for a good profit or are wanted by individuals for their own use. Smuggling is one of the oldest of lawbreakings. It never has been stopped and never will be as long as there are revenue and customs and impost taxes. But it can be restricted.

Conceivably a situation might arise in the United States wherein the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution can be repealed. Any constitutional amendment that is adopted can be abrogated in precisely the same manner it was adopted—by the passage of an amendment repealing it by a two-thirds majority of both houses of Congress and by a ratification of that repealing amendment by three-quarters of the legislatures of the states. That situation, while conceivable, is not at all probable. It is a practical certainty that the Eighteenth Amendment will forever remain where it is.

Repeal of the amendment is not necessary for a lessening of the restrictions in the Volstead Law. In an operative sense a constitutional amendment is of no effect *per se*. It must have a law to make it operative. That law, as it now stands, is the Volstead Law, and the only process needed to provide a loosening up is the amendment of the Volstead Law. Congress is the Federal lawmaking power in this country, and law that Congress makes Congress also can repeal or amend. Specifically, the Volstead Law provides that no beverage shall be made or purveyed in this country in which the alcoholic content is more than one-half of one per cent. Specifically, also, Congress can, if Congress so votes, amend the Volstead Law in that particular, and provide by that amendment that the alcoholic content of any beverage made in this country can be any other per cent designated—two or more. All that is needed to bring this about is the election of a Congress with a majority of its members favoring such a proposition and the presence of a President in the White House who is agreeable to such an amendment and who will sign the bill after it has passed the Congress and thereby make it a law.

No person who has any accurate knowledge of this country thinks that there will come a time for many years when the making of whisky for sale as formerly will be permitted in this country or that there will be a return of the saloon as the general purveyor of whisky and the licensing of its open sale. That is dream stuff of the soaks and those who soaked them. But there are many men—a great many—who do think that the time will come when the making of the lighter beverages, such as beer, ales and table wines, will be permitted by just such congressional action as has been described above. This is the point at which the prohibitionists will make their continued stand. The securing by the prohibitionists of a constitutional amendment was the frontal and successful assault, but they must withstand flank movements of this sort for years to come.

Wets Waiting for 1922

Consequently the elections to Congress this fall, which had not been held at the time this article was written, were watched with considerable anxiety, and active campaigns were made by both the wets and the drys in many localities. However, it is not thought that this election—of 1920—will be the crucial one, nor is it expected that there will be a Congress elected this year that will do much in the way of changing the present status, except, it may be, to make some further restrictions held to be necessary.

The wets will make their great stand two years from now, in the opinion of the men who have to do with the politics of prohibition—in the congressional elections of 1922. The reason for that assumption is this: A decennial census has just been completed. New congressional reapportionments are made after every census. The census of 1920 has shown a large increase in urban, or city, population. The chances are that the new apportionment for the membership of the House of Representatives will increase the number of members from the city districts at the expense of the number from the country districts, because of the great increase in city population in the past ten years. The cities are the strongholds of the wets. The prohibitionists are strongest in the country. Thus it is anticipated that there may be an advantage to the wets in this new reapportionment and that the big fight will come then rather than this year.

Popularly, and as shown by the workings of the law for its first year, the cities have proved by their wet demonstrations that a large proportion of the wet sentiment in this country is in the cities. At that, it was adequately shown, at both the Chicago and the San Francisco conventions, that there was no majority political belief that the prevailing sentiment in this country is not dry, because there were elements in both conventions that tried to make the wet-or-dry issue, and tried hard too; and neither convention did make the wet-or-dry issue. The reason was that in these two conventions, of men from every state and city, the majority sentiment was dry. And that sentiment is dry now.

New York City appears to be wet. So does Chicago. So does many another center of population, but it is entirely probable that if the citizens of New York or Chicago or any other city could get a direct vote on the wet-dry proposition, of all the citizens, there would be a much greater dry showing than the wets imagine. The wets, as I have said, take their viewpoint from themselves. That viewpoint always is wet. I do not believe there is any doubt that the large majority of the people of this country prefer the present law, with all its faults and with all its difficulties and with all the vast subsequent crookedness it has entailed, to a wet country, with saloons, whisky and licensed retailing of liquor.

Thinking for Posterity

It is true that at present the men who do drink, drink more and get drunker than they did, but it is also true that not so many drink. I have been going about New York for three weeks previous to the writing of this article, and I have not seen a drunken man in a public place; not in the streets, or in the street cars or subways, or elsewhere—not one. I have seen drunken men in private places, but not so many as could be seen in private places in former years. Men who have access to liquor now seem to be in a frenzy to drink as much of it as they can get at every sitting. That is a curious kink in the situation. Now I do not doubt that there have been drunken men in New York in public places during the three weeks I have been going about, though I have been in all parts of the city, but I have not seen them; and I do say that in an experience of thirty years in going about New York I never went about for a like period before prohibition without encountering a great number of drunken men in public places.

Another thing is this: If you take any man who has children—any decent man, that is—you will find that, whatever his own drinking practices may be, he is, despite those practices, in favor of prohibition for the sake of those children. If he has sons, he does not want those sons exposed to the temptations that made him a drinker, nor handicapped by drink in their fight for success. A great many men living in cities have sons. Furthermore, women vote now, and women are drys. The business advantages are obvious except for the former liquor dealers. It will be some time before this country revokes prohibition, notwithstanding the great wave of illegal wetness and all its accompanying degenerate features now apparent.

Moreover, this accompanying breaking and defiance of the law, according to men who have been observing such matters for years as professionals in the work of prohibition, is typical in a general sense. It has many features not apparent in the reactions of the people of a state when a state dry law was passed, but in its broad manifestations is usual. It has been found that these demonstrations rise gradually to a peak and that the situation then begins gradually to decline to a normal amount of lawlessness and to a much wider observance of the law as it stands—that is, the people have their fling and then accept the situation, and are forced to because of greater effectiveness in enforcement and familiarity with benefits to be derived. It is not held that drinking can be eradicated in this country. Always there will be consumption of alcohol. What is coming is a wide restriction of the consumption of alcohol, despite the present indications to the contrary, and that restriction will be acquiesced in by the great bulk of the people sooner or later. Nothing of this kind

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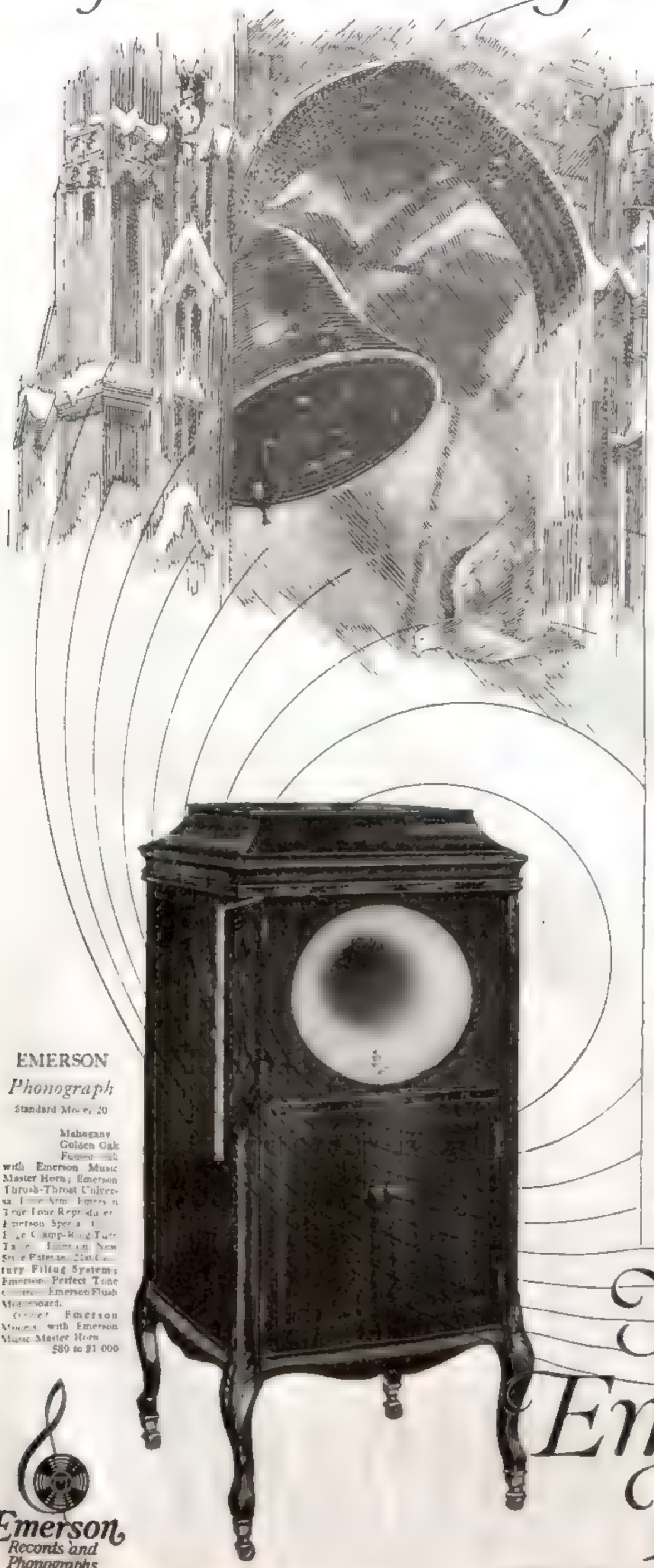
A full round "Merry Christmas" from the bells



"MERRY CHRISTMAS!" chime the bells in deep cathedral tones—full, rich and *round*. Ambitious young bells pealing joyously in unison with venerable bells that have seen much in their day.

But all these bells have an unmistakable family resemblance. For, regardless of size, every one is *round*—according to the decree of Science*, which ordains full, *round* shape for full, *round* tone.

That is why all these bells that send their mellow voices abroad so merrily on Christmas morning are invariably cast *round*.

It also explains why the Emerson Music Master Horn is made with *rounded* sides and swelling, bell-like mouth.

The result is music marvelously pure and clear—music that is a revelation in tone clarity and tone *roundness*.

Examine the Emerson Music Master Horn at your dealer's. Hear the latest Emerson song successes and dance music on your favorite Emerson model. Enjoy *all* of *every* record—note how clearly and how crisply each detail is reproduced.

10263
When I See All the Loving They Waste on Babies, I Long for the Cradle Again.
Comedy Song . . . . . Eddie Cantor

10267
The Japanese Sandman.
Fox Trot . . . . . Plantation Dance Orchestra

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(Concluded from Page 55)

can be done in a day. It may take years. Even a partially dry millennium cannot arrive overnight.

Either prohibition is a good thing or it is a bad thing. This country has adopted a prohibition constitutional amendment, and is bound by a law making that amendment operative. The only way the people of this country can find out whether in adopting this constitutional amendment, and living under the Volstead Law, they and their lawmakers have done a good thing or a bad thing is through the enforcement of that law. Enforcement of a bad law inevitably repeals that law. Hence it is up to the bulk of the American people to give this prohibition law a trial and a rational enforcement. There need be no concern over what the first year has developed. All that was discounted by those in this country who believe in prohibition. The lawless element had the opportunity to capitalize the protest of a considerable portion of the people, and they have done it, and the situation has been accompanied by a notable hysteria and by widespread laments over the viciousness of it.

You will observe, throughout the country, that most that is printed about the operation of prohibition is about the failure of it and not the success of it; such things as have been set down in this article. The bulk of the manifold failures come from lack of enforcement. That lack of enforcement has not proved that the law is good or bad. It simply has proved that it is not entirely operative. It has not proved that it cannot be made operative, because the machinery of enforcement is imperfect. The quickest and sanest way to settle the prohibition question in this country for all time is to cooperate in the enforcement of the law. As it stands, both prohibition and nonprohibition are in a no man's land. If prohibition has the merit that the great majority of the people who voted for it through their popularly selected lawmakers thought and expected it had, that merit can be shown only by a real application of the law to the daily walk and conduct of those people. If prohibition is the iniquitous thing its opponents claim it to be, that fact cannot be established by wanton breaking of the law, because wanton lawbreaking proves nothing but the criminality of the lawbreakers, not the lack of merit of the law itself.

The Real Test of Prohibition

The way to prove up on prohibition is to have prohibition. If it is satisfactory it can be maintained. If it is unsatisfactory it can be modified. This anomalous condition at present is not only disgraceful but a most startling testimony to the failure of a democracy to obey its own commands. Persons who break the law or connive at lawbreaking do not advance the wet cause, nor do they retard the dry cause; they simply hold things in an intolerable and vicious middle ground. Two years of popularly aided enforcement would settle the question forever, either for or against. A hundred years of such a condition as has existed during the past year will do nothing but breed a large crop of criminals for the discomfort of the public.

Enforcement of any law, though officially the business of the law officers of a government, state or community, is primarily the business of the citizen. Laws will be enforced if the citizens who support the law machinery of any major or minor government make the demand. Often they are not enforced if citizens remain passive in the matter. Usually when citizens go about their demand for law enforcement they make the mistake of trying to become law enforcers themselves. They undertake to do the work that the officials are lax in doing; and they fail, for one reason or another, somewhere along the line.

The error that the volunteer law enforcers make—in a city crusade against vice, say—is that they endeavor to secure convictions on the evidence of law violations they have gathered. This aids both the lawbreakers and the official law enforcers, who may be either in cahoots with the lawbreakers or ignoring them for a purpose—for political or other reasons. It shifts the responsibility from the officials to the citizens, and the lax, political or corrupt officials merely sit back, tire out the citizens, who have their own interests to look after, and nothing much happens.

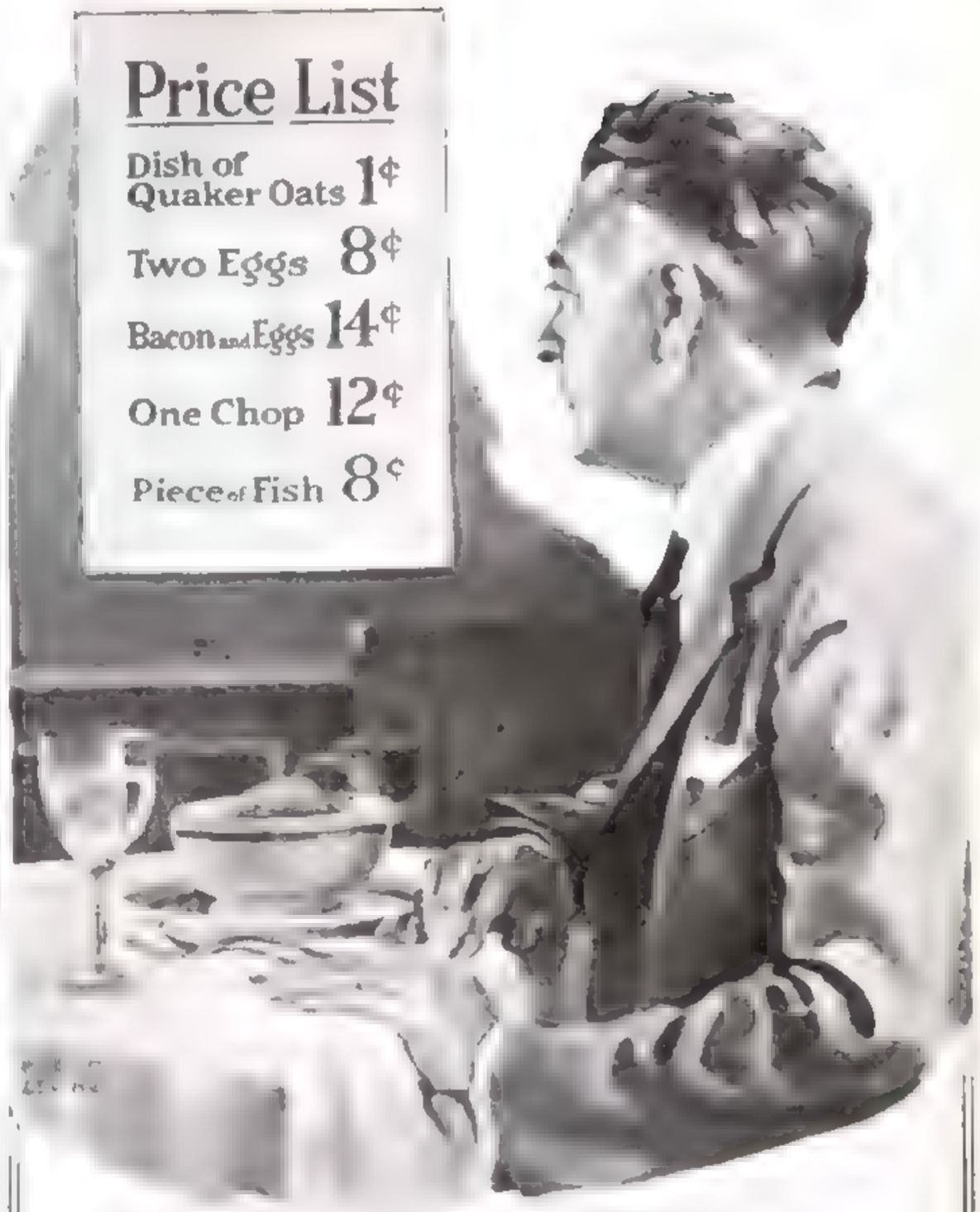
The Yonkers Plan

Recently, in the city of Yonkers, New York, a place of nearly 100,000 people immediately adjoining New York City, a plan was formulated that is known as the Yonkers Plan and is based on the idea that it is not the part of the citizens to see that the laws are enforced but the part of the officials who are elected or appointed and paid to enforce those laws and who have sworn to do so. Briefly, the Yonkers Plan contemplates the contribution of a certain sum of money each year by citizens who believe in law enforcement, to be disbursed by a competent man, for the securing of evidence of law violations, and particularly of violations of the prohibition law, and attent and similar criminality.

Contrary to the general course in the city antienme citizen organization, the Yonkers Plan does not contemplate any action before grand juries or in courts by the citizens who have the evidence. The plan contemplates the publication of this evidence, properly buttressed by facts and proof, and the public calling of official attention to it. No help will be given the officials. No evidence will be furnished them. There will be repeated and explicit publicity as to conditions and the assumption and claim that the officials can find out and stop and punish these law violations if they want to. If they do not want to there are but two possible conclusions: The first is that the officials are incompetent and must be removed; the second is that if they are not incompetent they are corrupt and doubly must be removed. First investigation and then continued and insistent publicity is the basis of the Yonkers Plan, and it is securing good results.

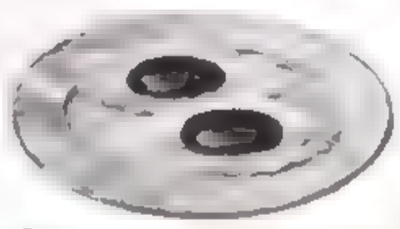
The prohibition question is a paramount question in this country. It is not settled yet in the minds of a great many Americans. It never will be settled until there is real enforcement of the law, to prove whether that law is good or bad. What has happened so far has proved nothing save that the moral fiber of the United States isn't a tenth as tough as the people are fond of supposing. If the citizens want prohibition, they can have it only by enforcing the law and proving that the law is good. If they do not want it, the way out is to enforce the law which they claim is bad, and that enforcement, if the law is a bad one, will surely act to repeal the law. The matter is entirely in the hands of the people.

A Wisconsin Camp



Would Men Pay

That difference if they knew?



Costs 60c per 1,000 calories

Suppose a price list showed the cost of the main breakfast dishes. And other dishes cost 8 to 14 times a dish of Quaker Oats. Which would the man choose, do you think?

Then the children—Quaker Oats is ideal food for them. It is almost a complete food—the greatest food that grows. It is rich in elements which other breakfasts lack.

This one-cent dish is supreme food for a child.

Ten times the cost

Food is measured by calories, the energy unit. Quaker Oats yields 1,810 calories per pound, while round steak yields 890.

Meat, egg and fish foods average in cost, per 1,000 calories, about ten times Quaker Oats.

Costs 50c per 1,000 calories

Costs 50c per 1,000 calories

Consider these facts in your breakfasts. The best body-builder and best vim-food is the oat. Yet the finest oat dish—Quaker Oats—may cut breakfast cost 90 per cent.

Serve the costlier foods at dinner. Start the day on the food of foods, which everybody needs.

Large Package Quaker Oats equals in calory value—

About 89 eggs,
or 17 lbs. mackerel,
or 7 lbs. round steak,
or 9 lbs. veal cutlet,
or 21 lbs. potatoes.

Costs 6½c per 1,000 calories

Quaker Oats

Rich, plump, flavory grains alone

Quaker Oats is flaked from queen grains only. All the puny, insipid grains are discarded. We get but ten pounds of these flavory flakes from a bushel of choice oats. Get this super-grade. It costs no extra price, and it makes the oat dish vastly more inviting.

Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover

Don't Let Rats Spread Disease

Bubonic plague, cancer, leprosy, trichinosis—germs of these and many other maladies are carried by rats.

Surgeon General Cumming, U. S. Public Health Service, calls rats "the worst of all disease-bearing parasites".

Rats do $365,000,000 damage every year. They start many costly fires.

RAT CORN

25c 50c $1.00

Never fails to kill Rats, Mice, Squirrels, Prairie Dogs, Gophers. Never causes any odor. Money-back guarantee stamped on every package.

TO THE PUBLIC: We suggest you make sure our guarantee sticker is on package.

Red Wing Powder

in the "Round Bellows Box with Red and Yellow Label"

10c 25c

Kills flies, mosquitoes, moths, bedbugs, fleas, roaches, waterbugs, ants, red ants, lice, chicken lice, certain plant lice.

Keeps its strength. Won't harm humans or animals.

Be sure you get the Round Bellows Box with Red and Yellow Label.

For Sale At Drug, Seed, Hardware, Grocery and General Stores Everywhere.

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BOTANICAL MFG. CO., INC.
Philadelphia U. S. A.

STRICTLY LEGITIMATE

(Continued from Page 19)

New Yorker. But inwardly he smiled. He hoped, he told himself, that the other's statement would prove true prophecy.

That night he wrote a short note to McNatt. In it he said merely that the town looked very good.

Peter D. Gallan had a way with him; there could be no question about that. He was apparently so accustomed to being liked by everybody that it never occurred to anybody not to like him. When a man has the bearing of a West Pointer, the manners of a courtier, the modesty of a schoolboy and, to cap it all, a laugh as disarming as it is spontaneous, there is little tendency to question the desirability of his ever-pleasant companionship. People like a likable person.

Men liked Peter D. Gallan, because when he lost at golf or poker—and he generally did lose—he lost with a real smile. More than this he could tell a good story, and tell it well. Women liked him because of his manners, because of a certain facility he had of remembering the clothes they had worn the last time he had seen them, and perhaps most of all because he looked so distinguished. The faintest trace of an English accent, picked up, he shamefacedly explained, through constant trips to London in the interests of his affairs, served only to add a certain zest of romance to his personality. As a matter of plain fact, Mr. Gallan did not consider this accent much of an asset, and when he disparaged it he did so honestly. There were those of his intimates who were not above suspecting that his earliest career had begun somewhat closer to the shadow of Scotland Yard than he had ever admitted, but this suspicion they had not mentioned to his face. Mr. Gallan had never exactly invited inquiry about his more youthful years.

No one, for example, knew how old he was. He looked forty-odd, but he might just as well have been in the early thirties. The fact that he wore a mustache would give some color to the theory that he was trying to add years to his appearance. His skin, which was clear, and his widely set eyes, which were black and bright—and as direct in their gaze as a daylight-saving day is long—were the skin and the eyes of a young man. But his lips were straight and firm, as was his nose, and with his high forehead these features gave him a look of established maturity. If the truth must be known, there came to be considerable discussion among Hanover's femininity over Mr. Peter D. Gallan's probable age.

It was Lily Lee Marbell who finally asked him. It came about at the Country Club during one of the Saturday evening dances, when Lily Lee and Mr. Gallan were sauntering up and down the graveled roadway just outside the reach of the lights. Mr. Gallan had made no small progress during the two weeks of his stay in Hanover. He knew almost everyone at the Country Club now, and he had even been introduced to the chambers of the exclusive downtown club of the city's elect. He had established something of a reputation for playing mediocre golf and just a shade better than mediocre poker; he had bought his car, a sporty four-passenger roadster, with which he had already been most generous; and he had shown every evidence of desiring constantly to give more than he would ever be willing to take. The result was that he had been invited out to dine no less than five times during the second week of his stay, and in the South, as elsewhere, being invited to dine is the final mark of social acceptance. Mr. Gallan's perceptible weakness at golf and poker was supplemented by a mastery of the dance and the art of flattery, which had not exactly tended to retard the growth of his popularity.

Lily Lee Marbell liked dancing and she liked to be flattered, but more than either of these things she seemed to like Peter D. Gallan himself. She had fancied him from the first; and fancying him, she had been as charming about it as only a Southern girl can be—and of all the girls of Hanover none could be more satisfactorily gracious than Lily Lee. In the first place she was good to look at—a striking blue-eyed blonde, tall enough to carry off a certain degree of plumpness—and in the second place she was nice. Not more than three years before, when Lily Lee was a débutante, she had been heralded, along with a half dozen others, as the most beautiful girl in Hanover; and though by the iron-bound custom of the South she now had to be spoken of in the past tense, she was still far from tiring to the eyes. It was said of Lily Lee that she had become unofficially engaged during the war to a lieutenant of the Ohio National Guard, then stationed at Camp Sheridan, who had subsequently had the bad taste to marry a girl from Sandusky, leaving Lily Lee to learn of it through the columns of a newspaper; and this tale might serve to account for her otherwise incomprehensible celibacy. But that has nothing to do with Lily Lee Marbell and Mr. Gallan.

It was part of Mr. Gallan's business religion to steer clear of the genus female. Dance with her, yes. Flirt with her, yes. But to become interested in her—not on your life! Mr. Gallan had always given Mr. Kipling credit for saying a mouthful in advancing his dictum that the lone traveler moves fastest, and Peter D. Gallan believed in traveling fast. Nevertheless he had paused to consider Lily Lee. It was against his principles, but he had paused. The more he looked at her, the more he justified his hesitation. There was something about her—yes, darn it, he liked her! Thus it was that he and Lily Lee found themselves strolling up and down the graveled roadway on the Saturday evening of the Country Club dance.

"I made a bet to-day," said Lily Lee.

Bets interested Mr. Gallan.

"What about?" he asked.

"About you," said Lily Lee, smiling up at him.

"I should call that risky, Miss Marbell. It's never wise to bet about people—not if you want to win."

He spoke carelessly and with a smile, but he was wondering what the subject of the wager might be.

"Will you tell me?" she urged.

"You mean whether you win or lose?"

"Yes."

"I'll tell you anything I can," he said.

She turned and faced him.

"How old are you, Mr. Gallan?"

He laughed, partly from merriment, partly from relief.

"How old are you, Miss Marbell?"

"I'll tell if you will," she declared.

"Let's both keep it a dark mystery then," said the man. "Mysteries are much more fun than things you know all about. And besides, if I told you you might lose, and I wouldn't like that. So you see ——"

"I think you're mean," she pouted, and resumed her step.

"I didn't mean to be," said Mr. Gallan contritely. "There's no reason why I shouldn't tell you, Miss Marbell. It's just—oh, it has to do with certain business connections. I've been given a lot of responsibility, and it's just as well—if you understand what I mean ——"

He let his voice fall away. But Lily Lee Marbell nodded.

"That's exactly what I thought," she said. "I knew it was that."

For the first time since he had been able to remember Peter D. Gallan felt a sudden twinge of conscience. It had suddenly been driven home to him that he did not want to fool Lily Lee. The thought took him aback, but it nevertheless beset him. It was true; he could not relish the thought of fooling Lily Lee.

Mr. Gallan twisted his lips into a wry smile. The thing, he knew, was no longer a matter of what he might or might not like.

The stage had been painstakingly set, and only that morning he had sent a code message to McNatt instructing that gentleman to be ready with the goods.

Appearances to the contrary, Mr. Gallan was no waster of time. By Friday afternoon of his second week in Hanover—Friday being the day before the Country Club dance—he had decided that the moment had come when the hospitality of the South could be adequately rewarded. Being due to play poker that night at the rooms of the exclusive club, he made certain curious preparations.

He unlocked the second and larger of his two trunks, and after removing the upper tray pulled out from the bottom compartment a voluminous garment of glossy black fur. This garment, as he shook it out and laid it across his bed, proved to be a woman's wrap—a long, graceful wrap, lined with splendid brocaded silk, a cozy, inviting, snuggly wrap; a wrap that could be guaranteed to bring the gleam of covetousness into the eyes of any right-minded woman in the world. Mr. Gallan stroked the soft glowing surface with tender eyes. Then taking the furry bundle over to the light he scrutinized it carefully inch by inch. Presently he nodded with satisfaction. He had paid nine hundred and fifty dollars in cash for that one piece of wearing apparel, and though he had examined it minutely at the time of his purchase he was not above looking it over again. Mr. Gallan appreciated fine fur, and he was aware that this wrap, which was of genuine Alaska seal from collar to hem, would sell at any first-class retail store for something more than fifteen hundred dollars. The Fifth Avenue shops, he knew, often figured on a sixty-five per cent mark-up over wholesale prices.

"I'll let this go," he said to himself, "for about ten hundred and a half. That'll be low enough to make it a real bargain and high enough to keep anybody from using his brain."

Again he went over to the trunk, and this time he hauled out and dangled in the air a slim pelt of warm brown—a pelt with a dark stripe running down the back, the whole fur touched thinly with a spattering of silver hairs. This too he caressed. The single skin and the seal wrap he had bought in New York from an active competitor of Mr. Schultzheimer's—it doesn't pay to do all one's business in one place—and the best manufacturer's price he could get for the one small skin had been two hundred and seventy dollars. It was real sable—Russian sable—and Russian sable is expensive.

From a tin box in the bottom of the same trunk Mr. Gallan now removed two silk labels, each bearing the words, "Caldridge, London." He threaded a needle with some care, then sat himself down and diligently began to sew. At the end of ten minutes he held the garments up and smiled pleasantly at his handiwork.

Next he took from the tin box a sheaf of papers and carefully went over them, finally selecting four. One was a formal communication, typed on the New York letterhead of the nonexistent Fur Company of America, informing Mr. Gallan that an Alaska seal wrap and a Russian sable pelt were being forwarded for his private inspection at Hanover, in order that he might approve the quality of goods now purchasable in quantity from Caldridge Brothers, London, at figures ridiculously low on account of the financial straits of this English house. The second was a United States customs receipt, all in apparent good order, that had never been nearer a customs house than the East Side print shop that had courteously turned it out for filling in at McNatt's somewhat adaptable hands. The third was a personal letter, penned in longhand, from a nonexistent Captain Stevenson of the nonexistent British freighter Blyshire Towers, saying in part that the custom people were inclined to be lax, not to say friendly, in the matter of permitting certain small boxes to be carried ashore at night. McNatt, Mr. Gallan reflected at this point, was certainly clever with a pen. The fourth was a personal note on the paper of a St. Louis hotel, reporting over the signature of R. T. Bronwell that the latter had just negotiated the purchase of a seventy-five-thousand-dollar consignment of furs at prices that would make the New York market extremely ill—minks, kolinskys, white and silver foxes, fishers, wolves, muskrats and a further various assortment.

These four papers Mr. Gallan pocketed, at the last moment adding a fifth, a crumpled bill, folded and worn, from the non-existent firm of Caldridge Brothers, London. The other papers he put back into the tin box, which in turn went into the trunk. The trunk Mr. Gallan locked. The sealskin coat and the sable pelt he hung in his closet.

Peter D. Gallan rather surprised his hosts by winning at poker that evening. As much as he laughed about it, as much as he laid it to the inevitable turn of a consistent loser's luck, he kept on raking in the chips. At the time for cashing in he found himself a matter of some nine hundred and fifty dollars to the good. He was exceedingly embarrassed about this change in his

(Continued on Page 61)

The Gift of a Big, Wise Heart

DAD is a fellow who knows a lot about Christmas. He says: "A bicycle combines 'most all the best features of all other Christmas presents put together!" And he's pretty nearly right, too. *You* can't find anything for *your* children that will make them as happy, that will do their growing bodies more good– or that will give them such an incentive to enjoy the clean, invigorating companionship of Nature.

This Christmas is bicycle Christmas. Folks of all ages and positions are going to ride bicycles for health, happiness, convenience and economy. A bicycle is a thoughtful, sensible present for everyone. See your bicycle dealer today.

Ride a Bicycle

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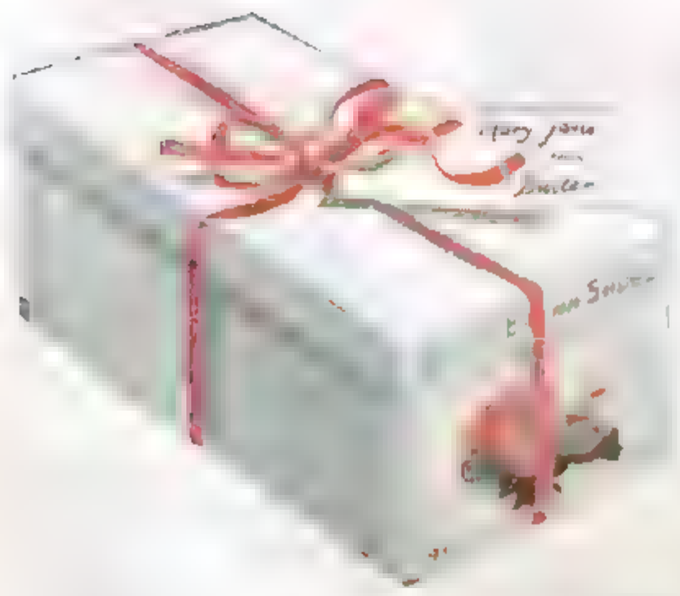
The Gift That Insures Shapely, Healthy Feet — for Life

BUSTER BROWN SHOES are the only shoes made upon the famous Brown Shaping Lasts, which provide exactly the correct space in the shoes for the free play and proper support of each growing bone and muscle — thus preventing corns, bunions, tortured toes, weak ankles and broken arches.

Buster Brown Shoes are the only shoes that combine the advantages of the Brown Shaping Lasts with genuine Goodyear Welt construction, which insures greater comfort and gives added wear to these shoes.

Good stores everywhere sell Buster Brown Shoes at $4.00, $5.00, $6.00 and up — in the latest models and most fashionable leathers. Look for the picture of Buster and Tige, as illustrated above, in the top-facing of each pair. Write us to-day for the free book, "Training the Growing Feet".



Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.

Manufacturers of White House Shoes for Men, Maxine Shoes for Women, Buster Brown Shoes for Boys and Girls and Blue Ribbon Service Shoes

For Girls For Boys of 2 to 16

BUSTER BROWN SHOES

(Continued from Page 58)

fortunes. He really felt that they ought to play an hour longer.

"You gentlemen have been so decent to me—more than decent. Can't I turn this stack over to the club or something? I'd really like to. You know how it is. You've done so much for me—I only wish I didn't have to carry this away. It isn't the money ——"

"Forget it, Gallan," two or three of them chorused. "It's time you made a clean-up."

But the New Yorker shook his head. Suddenly he brightened.

"I'll tell you what!" he said eagerly. "If any of you—— No, I won't tell you! I'll show you! Come on over to my rooms, all of you."

"What is it?" they demanded. "What have you got?"

"You'll see," said Peter D. Gallan significantly.

There were six men there besides himself—genial Walter Baldron, the banker; Daniel T. Marbell, father of Lily Lee; and four others; six men whose intelligence and standing in the community had welded them into the stable structure of Hanover's commercial success. With mysterious winks and much banter they trailed into the elevator and over to the hotel. After he had turned on the lights in his room Mr. Gallan faced them.

"Do any of you gentlemen know much about furs?" he asked.

They exchanged inquiring glances as the New Yorker's eyes flicked from visage to visage.

"Apparently not," said Mr. Gallan with a laugh. "I wish you did. At all events I'll bet your wives and daughters do."

The six men laughed. Mr. Gallan stepped over to the closet door, flung it wide and pulled out the sealskin wrap and the other piece. The eyes of the six men opened.

"These were sent to me a day or two ago," said Mr. Gallan—"for my approval, you know." He reached into his inside coat pocket and drew out the sheaf of papers he had chosen some hours before, flinging them carelessly on the table. "The letter's in there, I think," he suggested. "They're samples of a British shipment. London firm on its last legs, I understand, and we got a lot of stuff very cheap; beautiful stuff too. Look at this sealskin—beautiful—and beautifully made." He handed it to Mr. Marbell. "Slip it on," he added. "It's sacrilege for any mere man to do so, but just see how it hangs. And don't forget this little skin either. It's Russian sable—beautiful skin—just waiting to be made into a neck piece."

Mr. Marbell bashfully donned the wrap, and the others gathered about him.

"What's it worth, Gallan?" asked one of them.

"Worth? Quite a lot. It would retail in New York for, say, fifteen hundred and fifty dollars—about fifteen hundred dollars here in Hanover. Let's see—oh, Mr. Baldron, would you mind tossing me over that bill—yes, the Caldridge bill?" He pretended to study it. "Oh, yes! That wrap cost us nine hundred and fifty dollars wholesale, plus shipment. You see, the retail mark-up on furs is often sixty to sixty-five per cent."

"Whew!" whistled Baldron. "You fellows talk in terms of real money, don't you?"

Mr. Gallan laughed.

"I'll tell you what I'd like to do," he said. "If you gentlemen will keep it reasonably among ourselves—just as a matter of business, because I don't want to be mobbed by the ladies of Hanover—I'll be glad to make any one of this crowd a—well, I don't like to say present, because I want to cover costs. But—let's see—ten-fifty will just about do that. The coat at ten hundred and fifty dollars, and the sable, if anyone wants it, at three hundred dollars. That one skin cost us two hundred and seventy dollars—it's there on the bill somewhere—and it would sell for about four hundred and fifty dollars at retail anywhere. I'd really like to do this, gentlemen. It would give me genuine pleasure. You can match or throw cold hands or decide it any way you like. I don't need to tell you that they're both rather extraordinary bargains—the wrap in particular."

They were examining the furs now, but Mr. Gallan did not seem to be watching them.

"This is a mighty casual and accidental sort of way to show my appreciation"—Mr. Gallan was speaking half to himself—"and I suppose I'd never have thought of it if the stuff hadn't come in. I only wish I had more of a selection, though you couldn't beat either of these pieces anywhere."

"Couldn't you get some more?" asked one of the men.

"Why—er—yes, but, you know ——"

Baldron, the banker, strode over to Mr. Gallan.

"I'll take the wrap," he said. "My daughter has been pestering me for two years. I don't know much about furs, but it looks like a million dollars. Some lining too!"

"Just a second!" Peter D. Gallan held up his hand. "It is a beautiful thing, Mr. Baldron. It's as handsome a seal as I've seen in many a day. But I'll part with it only on one consideration."

"What's that?" Six pairs of eyes turned on the New Yorker.

"Simply that you take it to some fur man you know here in town and have it appraised. Please don't say where you got it—as a favor to me. But I want you to know it's everything I say it is. I wouldn't feel right about it otherwise."

The bank president reached for his pocket check book.

"Nothing doing," Mr. Gallan insisted. "I insist on your having it looked at first."

"All right," said the banker. "Have you got a box or anything?"

"No, I threw it away. I was going to take the things back in my trunk."

"I'll carry it on my arm," said Walter Baldron. "It's certainly nothing to be ashamed of."

"Mr. Gallan," put in another of the company, a brisk little man named Brown, "if that sable skin was only made up I'm sure my wife would turn green for it. But she wants a muff too. Could I get one to match?"

"Oh, come on, Gallan," said Lily Lee Marbell's father; "send for some stuff and give us all a chance."

"That's right—send for some more stuff."

"Go ahead, Gallan, let us all in."

Peter D. Gallan knit his forehead in consideration.

"Would you promise to limit it just to those of you who are here?" he asked. "And of course the few others who have shown me hospitality?"

"Yes, of course!"

"You bet, Gallan!"

"All right," said the New Yorker slowly. "One of my branch managers is coming South next week anyway. I can write him to-morrow—I'll wire him—to select some things and bring them here. He was scheduled for this territory anyway."

"Good boy, Gallan! You're the best Yank we know."

"I'll tell you what," Peter D. Gallan went on. "I'm sure he can get here by Wednesday. How about a party Wednesday night—dinner here at the hotel? And if you gentlemen will bring your wives and daughters I'll show you afterward what we've got. I think we'll be able to cut normal retail prices about in half, particularly on American and Canadian stuff. And if there are any imported garments that haven't paid duty I'll have my man include them in the lot." He winked. "Occasionally, you know, something gets through. Some of the steamship officers"—here he saw Brown's eyes dart to the letter from Captain Stevenson—"some of them are quite friendly. All right, gentlemen," he concluded. "We'll have a private little party Wednesday evening. Does that suit everybody?"

"Can I take this along now?" asked the banker, lifting the soft black wrap of gleaming seal.

"You bet you can, Mr. Baldron. It's yours. But remember your promise to have it appraised—some fur man whose reputation you know."

After the chorus of good nights Peter D. Gallan softly closed the door and stood alone in the room. A peculiar light was glowing in his eyes, a light that matched the smile which held his lips. Presently he lifted the warm brown sable pelt and caressed it.

"Well, little bucko," he whispered, "I saved you anyway. The next time they see you your ancestry will be different. But nobody is going to tell 'em about that."

Mr. Robert A. McNatt, who had just announced that for the period of his stay in Hanover his name was to be Robert T. Bronwell, leaned back luxuriously in Mr. Gallan's cane rocker and rested his widely sprawled feet on the white coverlet of Mr. Gallan's bed. His partner's consistent refusal to hide behind the protecting cloak of an alias had always annoyed McNatt. He considered it in fact a form of affectation not inconsistent with a few of Gallan's other obvious weaknesses, but he took it out in changing his own name as often and as fancifully as he pleased. This gave him some satisfaction at least.

"Well," said McNatt, who was thick and burly and heavy-necked, "you seem to have used up enough jack stacking this layout. What's the idea of the car? I can't see that. And this dinner party to-night—why plaster it on so thick?"

Mr. Gallan, struggling in front of his mirror with a refractory collar, shot a sharp glance over his shoulder, then turned and faced the man in the chair.

"After the way you blew yourself at Palm Beach last winter, Bob, I don't see where you get off to talk. Look here!" He began checking the items off on his fingers. "Two weeks and a half at fifteen dollars a day—that's in round numbers two hundred and fifty. Four hundred first payment on the car—which, I tell you, was necessary. I've got to use my judgment, same as you have. That's six-fifty. Two hundred and eighty for poker losses ——"

"And no vouchers for that!"

"You make me sick," broke out Mr. Gallan. "Do you think I'd pike for a couple of hundred bucks? If I'm going to double-cross you I'm going to do it right. That makes—let's see—nine hundred and thirty. Add something for incidentals, and the whole expense isn't much over a thousand. What's that amount to? We ought to be able to take a clean ten or fifteen thousand out of this gang—a whole lot more if we sell that sable. I've always told you, Bob, that you'd go farther if you could see an inch in front of your mug."

"Forget it!" said McNatt. "I just wanted to hear you blow. Now what's the layout?"

"You're my southeastern manager," the other explained. "You've come here with a special lot of garments that I'm going to slip to a few chosen friends at cost. Same old story—nothing new. Same as we pulled in lots of other cities.

"Dinner to-night—eighteen or twenty there—introduce you as Mr. Bronwell or anything else you please—and into the private parlor afterward. I've got it all fixed up like a Fifth Avenue joint—full-length triple mirrors and all. Oh, one thing! Remember, the company is just starting—keeping its plans pretty secret."

"I gotcha," said McNatt succinctly.

"All right," said Peter D. Gallan. "Now where do we stand on the goods?"

Robert A. McNatt, alias R. T. Bronwell, lowered his feet to the floor.

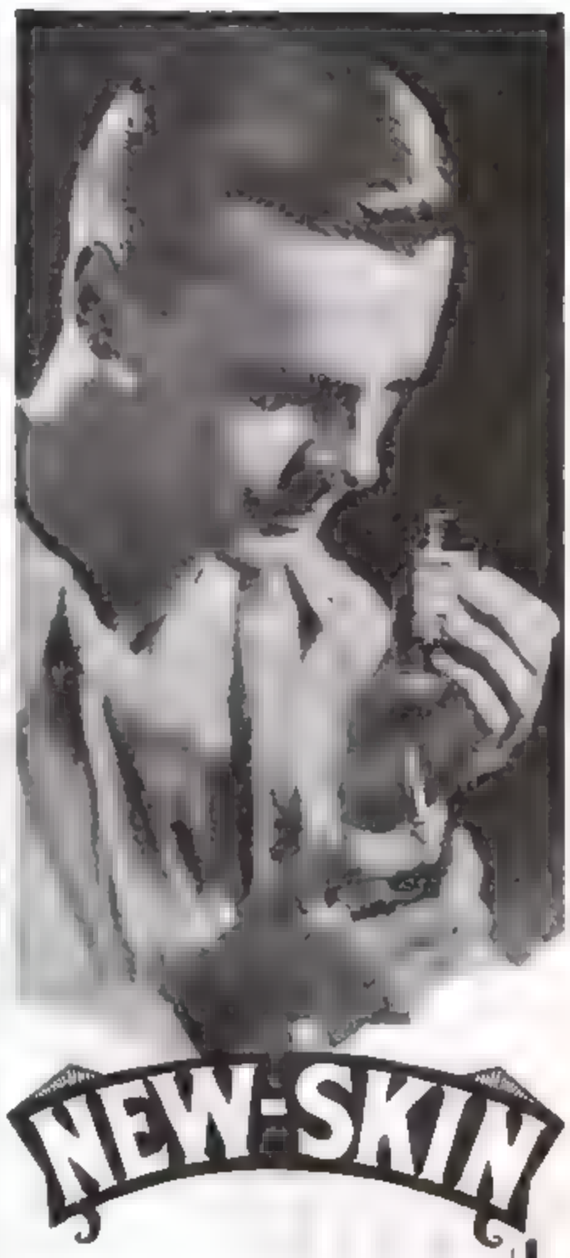
"There's that Hudson Bay sable coat," he began. "That set me back fifty-two hundred dollars. No cash—I borrowed it from Solomon—he's white. As Russian sable it's worth at least eighteen thousand dollars at retail. Anything over eight or nine pays us."

"Good!" said Mr. Gallan.

"Then I have two Jap mink coats worth two thousand and four thousand dollars apiece as mink. One cost me three hundred and fifty dollars, the other four hundred and fifty dollars. They're good mink too, Pete." He grinned at the thought. "I've got a kolinsky cape worth six hundred dollars at retail. It's well-dyed Jap mink—cost me two hundred and fifty dollars. I've got two blue-fox scarfs worth six hundred dollars apiece—that dyer of Schultzheimer's can certainly make a hundred-dollar white fox look like money. And there are four silver-fox scarfs—best pointed fox Schultzheimer had—that's right, you saw them. Worth from six to eight hundred as silver fox—cost us between ninety and a hundred each. Then I've got some touched-up fishers and two Hudson seal coats—same lining as that real seal you brought down with you—that set us back four hundred dollars apiece and ought to sell for fifteen hundred dollars as Alaska. Some other small stuff too. Is that enough?"

"You bet!" said Mr. Gallan heartily. "Better get your soup-and-fish clothes on pretty soon. Dinner's in an hour."

The dinner went off splendidly and gayly. How or where Mr. Gallan had managed to procure the champagne nobody knew, but as long as the champagne was there nobody cared. Mr. Bronwell, alias McNatt, whose life had not been void of



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interesting passages, was at his best, and the banter flew airily from lip to lip. Old Colonel Dodges almost succeeded in disorganizing the table service with some of his famous negro-dialect stories, and all in all the party was a distinct success. One thing and one thing only bothered Mr. Gallan. Lily Lee Marbell was there.

Why he felt as he did about Lily Lee Mr. Gallan could not for the life of him figure out. There was certainly no real reason. Yet he had done his best, for instance, to ask her not to come, telling her somewhat lamely that he could not bear to have her think of him in connection with sordid matters of business. But she had smiled in her ingenuous way and said that she loved nothing on earth more than beautiful furs. Why, she had been counting on it ever since her father had told her! To put it mildly, Mr. Gallan was baffled.

He gazed at her now across the table and felt very much at sea. He dreaded being faced with the problem of deceiving her, for he did not know what he would do. She looked very sweet and appealing as she shot him a little smile. Miss Marbell was certainly a darned nice girl, and the thing he had let her in for seemed increasingly a shame. The more he thought of it the less he relished the idea of seeing her go into feminine raptures, as he knew she would, over some garment of fur not fit to clothe even her maid. He found himself putting the problem away from him. Perhaps if he charged enough her father would not want to buy. He would pass the word to McNatt.

"Hold up the old boy with the white bush," he whispered as the party was leaving the table. Somehow that made him feel easier.

The sale itself, as McNatt had ultimately prophesied, was nothing less than a walkaway. Everything had been so thoroughly prepared that the only things left to do were to drag out the goods and drag in the money. They sold Mr. Brown his sable scarf with a muff to match, while Mrs. Brown fluttered in appreciation. The only thing they neglected to mention was the fact that the fur was now Hudson Bay sable. They sold Betty Baldron an exquisite mink coat, pocketing her father's check for thirteen hundred dollars—the net profit being almost an even thousand. Japanese mink not only is mink, but further than this, it looks like mink. What more could anyone ask? They adroitly guided the discussion to the unquestioned merits and beauty of silver fox, and then McNatt brought forth the various garments of pointed fox that Mr. Schultzheimer had so cordially contributed to the evening's entertainment. The pointed fox is perfectly good fox, but it is not silver fox. A clever taupe dye, however, and the careful bleaching, or pointing, of multitudinous hairs down toward the tail of the pelt contribute to effect a result which can deceive almost anyone but an expert. There are certain advantages also in artificial light, particularly artificial light that is not too strong.

Perhaps half the goods had been sold, and Mr. Gallan was breathing more easily, when suddenly Lily Lee Marbell pirouetted into the center of the room, enveloped from throat to ankles in the warm, lustrous softness of brown sable. Peter D. Gallan started, then stared. This coat was McNatt's special pride. It was the costly Hudson Bay sable, sumptuous fur in its own name, which is marten, but profitable this evening only if sold as sable from the realms of the late Czar. There is nothing the matter with marten. It is sable's blood brother. But it is not sable.

"Oh, daddy," breathed Lily Lee, clutching at her father's lapels, "isn't this wonderful? It's all I want in the world. I won't ask you for another thing for years. Please get it for me—please!"

Mr. Marbell smiled at Peter D. Gallan and raised his eyebrows in inquiry.

"Pretty expensive," Mr. Gallan said solemnly. "It's about the highest-priced fur there is, you know."

"How much?" demanded the banker.

"How much, Mr. Bronwell?" Mr. Gallan asked of McNatt.

"Well," said McNatt slowly, "considering how we got it"—he paused to let this sink in, for he had let it be known that certain of the pieces on display had in one way or another come in duty free—"considering how we got it, we could afford to let it go for twelve. It would bring eighteen to nineteen in any New York store."

"Twelve what?" the banker asked. "Twelve hundred?"

McNatt smiled, almost patronizingly.

"Twelve thousand," he corrected. "Sable is sable, you know."

Lily Lee's face sobered.

"Oh, daddy!" she mourned. "I didn't know it was so much! I wouldn't have asked."

The white-bearded banker patted her arm and pulled absently at his mustache.

"I don't know, daughter," he finally began. "If it's sable it's sable, and with care it will last for generations. I've wanted to get you something as beautiful as this for a long time. Do you really want it, dear?"

Her eyes welled abruptly with excited tears and she convulsively squeezed his hand.

"Is that the best you can do, Gallan?" the banker now questioned.

Peter D. Gallan stared fixedly, first at the elderly man, then into the radiant eyes of the girl. He seemed not to have heard the question, for the muscles of his face did not move. Presently he pressed his lips firmly together and just perceptibly shook his head.

"Let me see the coat," he directed, his voice colorless.

The girl took it off and handed it to him, her blue eyes trustfully, happily expectant. McNatt came up close behind him. The New Yorker began examining the garment closely, skin by skin. Then he turned to his partner.

"Mr. Bronwell," he said deliberately, "this is Hudson Bay sable, isn't it? Yes, I'm sure it is. Why, Mr. Marbell, this is worth not more than seven or eight thousand at the most. I was sure there'd been a mistake."

Every eye in the room was fastened upon him. The banker took one incredulous backward step.

"I'm very sorry," said Peter D. Gallan evenly, still addressing the white-bearded Southerner. "Mr. Bronwell and I failed to examine this as we did all the others. One of the clerks or packers must have made a mistake." He smiled weakly. "I'm sorry, Mr. Marbell. Of course your daughter doesn't want this. When I get back to New York I'll pick out a Russian sable myself and send it down."

The banker cleared his throat nervously, but was interrupted by little Mr. Brown, who now edged forward, brandishing his scarf and muff.

"How about these?" Mr. Brown demanded.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Gallan, drawing himself erect, "and ladies too, I am sorry about this coat. I am humiliated. I failed to examine it as I should have. But every other piece in this room has had my personal scrutiny. If any of you, however, feel that you wish to return ——"

"Not at all, not at all," said Mr. Brown. "I really forgot myself. Please accept my apology. I'm sorry—very sorry."

"Mr. Gallan"—Lily Lee Marbell had come up to him—"I'm just disappointed to death, but I think you were just dandy. I'd never have known the difference—daddy either."

"But I would have," said Mr. Gallan, and made an attempt at a bow.

For the first memorable time in his life he was rattled, nonplused. The backbone of the sale, he knew, had been broken. And McNatt, his face blacker and blacker, had yet to have his say. McNatt would not mince words. McNatt didn't.

"You piece of cheese," he shot at his partner when at length they were alone; "that's the last stunt you ever pull on me. That coat was as good as sold, and you deliberately spiked it. You owe me a clean two thousand bucks—my share of what that one garment would have made us—and God knows how much more for what we've still got on our hands on account of you. Come across!"

Peter D. Gallan seated himself leisurely in an upholstered chair. Then he quietly told McNatt where he could go. A peculiar and satisfying elation was thrilling through him.

"You double-crossed me," sneered McNatt. "You double-crossed me cold."

"That's absolutely true," said Mr. Gallan, reaching for a cigarette, "but I had a reason, McNatt—my own reason, and a good one."

McNatt leered down at him, his upper lip curled.

"For a skirt!" he scorned. "Harris pulled the same lousy trick on me once. I suppose you want to marry the girl!"

"You got me," said Peter D. Gallan, and rose to his feet.

(Concluded on Page 84)

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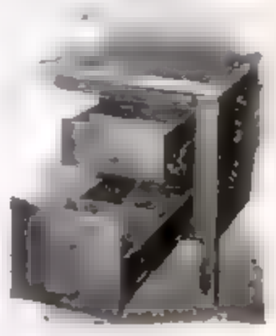

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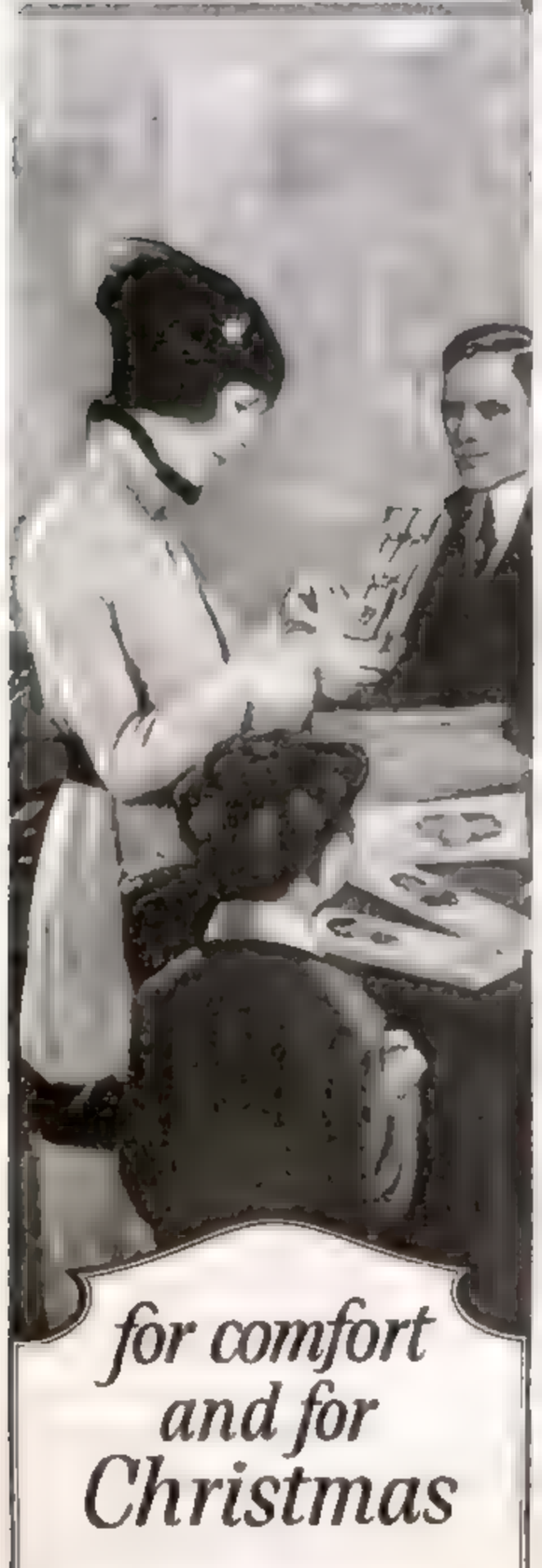

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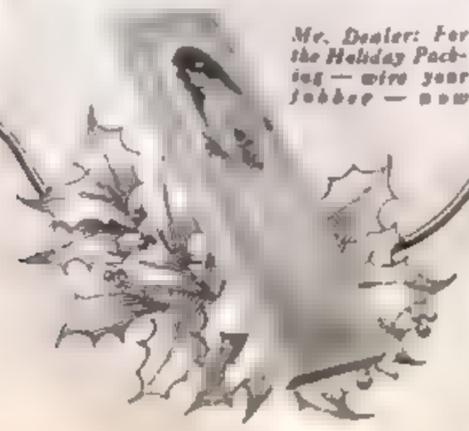


Mr. Dealer: For the Holiday Packing — wire your jobber — now

(Concluded from Page 62)

"Marry anybody you like," snarled McNatt, "but you and I split. And let me tell you one thing, Peter Gallan! I'm going to get you for this piece of dirty work, and I'm going to get you good!"

"That'll do," the other warned from the corner of his mouth. "I've had just about enough."

"What I said goes," returned McNatt. "Now pull out the jack—all of it. We divvy right here. I clean out with my half to-night!"

Peter D. Gallan said nothing. As a matter of fact he had nothing to say. McNatt was right. He had done the unpardonable thing. But when he thought of his reason for doing it he was almost able to achieve a grim smile. Just why he felt like smiling he didn't know. He knew only—ah, that was it! He knew only that no wife of his was going to be stuck with imitation furs.

Peter D. Gallan and Lily Lee were married within two months, and this time Lily Lee's father produced the champagne. Lily Lee was radiant, Mr. Gallan boyishly triumphant. It was a love match, said Hanover, and had been from the first, and because of this all Lily Lee's friends cried tenderly during the wedding and giggled hilariously through the reception afterward. They all knew Lily Lee and they knew she was happy. But none of them knew Mr. Gallan very well, so no one there could understand how much more than happy he was. For Peter Gallan was acquiring something more than a wife to protect and cherish; he was acquiring, for the first time in his life, something to work for and fight for; he was acquiring, in short, a religion. Something of this comes to all men when they marry—at least when they marry for love—but it providentially comes hardest to those who have least known its need.

Mr. Gallan took Lily Lee to New York—oh, how she had always wanted to live in New York!—and solicitously installed her in an elaborately faultless apartment not too far uptown on Riverside Drive. Within a week Lily Lee had done the next to impossible and transformed the correct, formal rooms into a home. The four big windows that overlooked the river she softened with curtains and warmed with growing flowers—and Lily Lee hummed blissfully as the hours passed. She did not want to go out very much; she felt too happy where she was.

When she did want to go there was the car, a light coupé that she could drive herself.

She asked her husband little about his business affairs, not only because she had too many other things to think of—Peter had established charge accounts for her at a number of the Fifth Avenue shops and had then given her a not ungenerous separate bank account, which she was pleasurably trying to save and spend at one and the same time—but also because she felt intuitively that he was loath to converse on the subject. She knew he was engaged in some sort of reorganization, but that was all.

He had told her that The Fur Company of America was to be amalgamated with some other concern.

What Peter D. Gallan was actually doing was covering his tracks. One thing definitely he had determined—Lily Lee was never to know how he made the money with which he had been able to inaugurate their mutual life. That was of the past. From now on his efforts were to be along strictly legitimate lines. He smiled as the expression came to him. According to his earlier lights, the strict legitimacy of his commercial methods had been his rather particular pride.

Mr. Gallan's associates smiled too when he told them of his intention to go into partnership with J. D. Schultzheimer. They not only smiled—they winked. But Mr. Gallan looked them straight in the eyes and their faces sobered.

"I mean it," he said.

They knew he meant it. They remembered Mark Goodkind, one of the cleverest peddlers in the early days of the business, whose probity had never been questioned since Goodkind had become a family name. They thought, some of them, of sundry ethical stages through which they themselves had climbed to their various rungs upon the ladder of success, and they accordingly wished Mr. Gallan cordial good luck.

Upon the eve of his first trip in Schultzheimer's behalf—it was to be a week's round-up of the New England territory—Peter D. Gallan found it even more difficult than he expected to say good-by to Lily Lee. It was the first time since their marriage that the parting would be anything more than a matter of hours, and it came unconscionably hard. He patted her on the shoulders and kissed her and whispered into her ear that he would think of her every minute.

"I'll think of you every second," she said, blinking up into his eyes.

"I'll be back before you know it," he assured her. Then, suddenly inspired, he held her at arm's length. "And when I'm back," he said, "I'll try to find you that sable coat. If I can find a bargain you shall have it. How does that strike you, Honey Lee?"

"Oh, Peter dear," she breathed, "you're just too wonderful!"

"Gosh, I hate to leave you!" he muttered.

The days went slowly for Mr. Gallan, as he had known they would—covering a territory is not particularly thrilling after certain other types of work—but for Lily Lee they seemed simply to race. She tidied the apartment, rearranged it, tidied it once more, arranged it back the way it had been—and tidied it again; and one by one the days fled by. It was at noon on the fifth day that the telephone rang.

"Hello!" she answered tremulously, expecting she knew not what. "Yes, this is Mrs. Gallan."

"This," said a man's voice, "is Mr. Bronwell. You may remember me in Hanover. I was formerly—er—one of Mr. Gallan's managers."

McNatt well knew that his erstwhile partner had kept discreet silence about both their relations and their break.

"Yes—what is it?" Lily Lee was still fearful of bad news.

"Nothing in particular, Mrs. Gallan," McNatt assured her. "I simply know how anxious Mr. Gallan has been to find a sable coat for you at a particularly low figure, and I thought you'd like to know that I've at last been able to procure one."

Lily Lee hesitated.

"Mr. Gallan is away. He'll be back tomorrow," she stated uncertainly.

"Oh, isn't he home?" said McNatt. "That's too bad—too bad. You see, unfortunately I've got to have a decision on this coat to-day. The firm I got it from only let me have it because they are badly pressed for cash. They have a big consignment of goods to take out of the customs, and they're simply willing to sacrifice this for immediate cash. It's a beautiful coat, Mrs. Gallan—a perfectly beautiful piece of fur. I just called up on the chance that you might be interested. Of course if you're not ——"

"Oh, I don't know what to do!" exclaimed Lily Lee.

"I could bring the coat up," McNatt prompted. "I'm sure Mr. Gallan would want you to see it at least."

"All right," she said helplessly. "I'll be in all afternoon." Mr. Bronwell, she told herself, was acting only in her husband's interest.

It was a gorgeous coat, no question about that; luxuriously thick and soft, deliciously warm, glossily brown from its cozy collar to its sweeping hem.

"How much?" Lily Lee finally brought herself to ask.

"This is the real thing," said McNatt. "Go to any Fifth Avenue shop and try to get one like it or anywhere near like it for eighteen thousand. Just try! But the firm I got it from—I told them I'd make this sale to-day or bring it back—are on the rocks for cash. I don't want a cent profit on this coat. I'm only taking this interest out of friendship for Pete. I wish he was here. He'd go crazy over it."

Lily Lee fidgeted. McNatt pulled a crumpled paper from his pocket.

"Here's my bill from them," he explained. "You see"—he pointed at the paper—"they're letting me have the garment for only ten thousand. Why, it would wholesale any time for fifteen!" He shook his head dolefully. "I wish your husband was here."

So did Lily Lee—terribly.

"But I haven't got that much money," she explained weakly. "Of course Mr. Gallan left me something extra for emergencies ——"

"How much have you got, Mrs. Gallan?" McNatt's eyes had narrowed.

She tiptoed over to her tiny mahogany desk and frowned into her check book.

"I think—I think I've got four thousand—no, five—no six! Yes, six! About six anyway."

"Well," McNatt assured her, "you can draw a check for that, and I'll be glad to make up the balance of four thousand myself. Pete can pay me when he gets back."

Lily Lee's heart was thumping tumultuously; she felt strangely frightened, yet she knew she was taking the sensible course. Here was one of Peter's own associates, and if Peter wanted her to have a sable coat ——

"I'll do it," she said suddenly. "It's really a wonderful coat, isn't it, Mr. Bronwell? Real sable—think of it—and so absolutely reasonable! Won't Peter be proud of me?"

Before McNatt had been gone ten minutes every mirror in the apartment had curtsied gayly back to Lily Lee as with sparkling eyes she danced from glass to glass in the whirling glory of her heart's desire.

Peter D. Gallan went straight to his office next morning to report his return from his trip. There in ribald conference with Schultzheimer he found McNatt. Mr. Gallan drew back.

"Hello, Pete," said McNatt roundly. "Schultzheimer here said you'd be in. I thought I'd wait and say hello."

"Yes?" said Mr. Gallan noncommittally.

"I'm sorry about that Hanover affair, Peter. I was pretty sore, but things like that don't last with me. I just wanted you to know. We were partners together a long time."

Mr. Gallan's face wreathed into a smile. He had no grudge against McNatt.

"If it's all right with you it's all right with me," he said, and extended his hand.

After his former partner had gone Mr. Gallan turned to Schultzheimer.

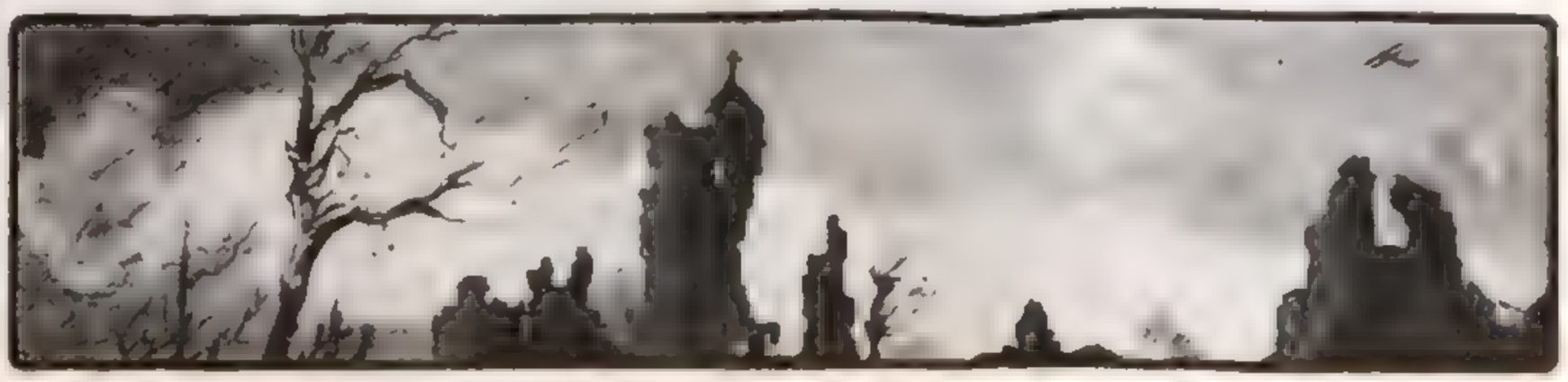
"What's he doing now?" he asked.

"Same old thing, I guess," the manufacturer affirmed. "I sold him a second-rate Hudson Bay sable day before yesterday—that fading blended marten I've been trying to work off on you for the last three years. Got thirteen hundred for it—and good riddance. He told me this morning he sold it to a sweet young bride uptown somewhere for a neat six thou. Cashed her check and showed me the cash."

Peter D. Gallan laughed tolerantly.

"Same old McNatt," he observed. "I suppose he'll always be at it. Still, he's not such a bad sort at that."

Then he put on his hat and went home to Lily Lee.



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The Davis Sewing Machine Company
Dayton, Ohio

BlueBird
ELECTRIC CLOTHES WASHER

THE WRONG TWIN

(Continued from Page 23)

Wilbur noted with alarm. The families did not commonly affiliate, and the circumstance boded ominously. It could surely not be without purpose. The Wilbur twin's alarm was that the Whipple family had regretted its prodigality of the day before and was about to demand its money back. He lurked in the shadowy doorway.

The Whipples were surrounding Merle with every sign of interest. They shook hands with him. They seemed to appraise him as if he were something choice on exhibition at a fair. Harvey D. was showing the most interest, bending above the exhibit in apparently light converse. But the Wilbur twin knew all about Harvey D. He was the banker and wore a beard. He was to be seen on week days as one passed the First National Bank, looking out through slender bars—exactly as the Penniman lion did—upon a world that wanted money but couldn't have it without some good reason. He had not been present when the Whipple money was so thoughtlessly loosened, and he would be just the man to make a fuss about it now. He would want to take it back and put it behind those bars in the bank, where no one could get it. But he couldn't ever have it back, because it was spent. Still, he might do something with the spender.

The Wilbur twin slunk farther into friendly shadows, and not until the groups separated and the four Whipples were in their waiting carriage did he venture into the revealing sunlight. But no one paid him any attention. The judge and Mrs. Penniman walked up the shaded street, for the Sunday dinner must be prepared. Winona and the Merle twin, both flushed from the recent social episode, turned back to the church to meet and ignore him.

"Fortune knocks once at everyone's door," Winona was mysteriously saying.

The Wilbur twin knew this well enough. The day before it had knocked at his door and found him in.

There was still Sunday school to be endured, but he did not regard this as altogether odious. It was not so smothering. The atmosphere was less strained. One's personality could come a bit to the front without incurring penalties, and one met one's own kind on a social plane—subject to discipline, it was true, but still mildly enjoyable. It was his custom to linger here until the classes gathered, but to-day the Whipple pony cart was driven up by the Whipple stepmother and the girl with her hair cut off. Apparently no one made these two go to church, but they had come to Sunday school. And the Wilbur twin fled within at sight of them. The pony cart, vehicle in which he had been made a public mock, was now a sickening sight to him.

Sunday school was even less of a trial to him than usual. The twins were in the class of Winona, and Winona taught her class to-day with unwonted unction; but the Wilbur twin was pestered with few questions about the lesson. She rather singled Merle out and made him an instructive example to the rest of the class, asking Wilbur but twice, and then in sheerly perfunctory routine: "And what great lesson should we learn from this?"

Neither time did he know what great lesson we should learn from this, and stammered his ignorance pitiably, but Winona, in the throes of some mysterious preposession, forgot to reprove him, and merely allowed the more gifted Merle to purvey the desired information. So the Wilbur twin was practically free to wriggle on his hard chair, to exchange noiseless greetings with acquaintances in other classes, and to watch Lyman Teaford, the superintendent, draw a pleasing cartoon of the lesson with colored chalk on a blackboard, consisting chiefly of a rising yellow sun with red rays, which was the sun of divine forgiveness. Once he caught the eye of the Whipple girl—whose bonnet hid her cropped hair—and she surprisingly winked at him. He did not wink back. Even to his liberal mind it did not seem right to wink in a Sunday school.

When at last they all sang Bringing in the Sheaves, and were ably dismissed by Lyman Teaford, who could be as solemn here as he was gay in a parlor with his flute, Winona took the Merle twin across the room to greet the Whipple stepmother and the Whipple girl. Wilbur regarded the scene from afar. Winona seemed to be showing off the Merle twin, causing him to display all his perfect manners, including a bow lately acquired.

The Wilbur twin felt no slight in this. He was glad enough to be left out of Winona's maneuvers, for he saw that they were maneuvers and that Winona was acting from some large purpose. Unless it wanted its money back, the Whipple family had no meaning for him; it was merely people with the Whipple nose, though, of course, the stepmother did not have this. He paused only to wonder if the girl would have it when she grew up—she now boasted but the rudiments of any nose whatsoever—and dismissed the tribe from his mind.

"There, Poor Thing!" He Murmured

He waited for Winona and Merle a block up the street from the church. Winona was silent with importance, preoccupied, grave, and yet uplifted. Not until they reached the Penniman gate did she issue from this abstraction to ask the Wilbur twin rather severely what lesson he had learned from the morning sermon. The Wilbur twin, with immense difficulty, brought her to believe that he had not heard a word of the sermon. This was especially incredible, because it had dealt with the Parable of the Prodigal Son who spent all his substance in riotous living. One would have thought, said Winona, that this lesson would have come home to one who had so lately followed the same bad course, and she sought now to enlighten the offender.

"And he had to eat with the pigs when his money was all gone," Merle submitted in an effort to aid Winona.

But the Wilbur twin's perverse mind merely ran to the picture of fatted calf, though without relish—he did not like fat meat.

It was good to be back in a human atmosphere once more, where he could hear his father's quips. The Penniman Sunday dinner was based notably on chicken, as were all other Sunday dinners in Newbern, and his father, when he entered the house, was already beginning the gayety by pledging Mrs. Penniman in a wineglass of the Ajax Invigorator. He called it ruby liquor and said that, taken in moderation, it would harm no one, though he estimated that as few as three glasses would cause people to climb trees like a monkey.

The Wilbur twin was puzzled by this, and would have preferred that his present be devoted solely to making a new man of Judge Penniman, but he laughed loyally with his father, and rejoiced when Mrs. Penniman, in the character of the abandoned duchess, put her own lips to the glass at his father's urging. The judge did not enter into this spirit of foolery, resenting, indeed, that a sound medicinal compound should be thus impugned. And Winona was even more severe. Not for her to-day were jests about Madame la Marquise and her heart of adamant. Dave Cowan tried a few of these without result.

Winona was still silent with importance, or spoke cryptically, and she lavished upon the Merle twin such attention as she could give from her own mysterious calculations. One might have gathered that she was beholding the Merle twin in some high new light. The Wilbur twin ate silently and as unobtrusively as he could, for table manners were especially watched by Winona on Sunday. Not until the blackberry pie did he break into speech, and even then, it appeared, not with the utmost felicity. His information that these here blackberries had been picked off the grave of some old Jonas Whipple up in the burying ground caused him to be regarded coldly by more than one of those about the table; and Winona wished to be told how many times she had asked him not to say "these here." Of course he couldn't tell her.

Dinner over, it appeared that Winona would take Merle with her to call upon poor old Mrs. Dodwell, who had been bedridden for twenty years, but was so patient with it all. She loved to have Merle sit by her bedside of a Sunday and tell of the morning's sermon. They would also take her a custard. The Wilbur twin was not invited upon this excursion, but his father winked at him when it was mentioned and he was happy. He could in no manner have edified the afflicted Mrs. Dodwell, and the wink meant that he would go with his father for a walk over the hills—perhaps to the gypsy camp. So he winked back at his father, being no longer in Sunday school, and was impatient to be off.

In the little house he watched from a window until Winona and Merle had gone on their errand of mercy—Merle carrying nicely the bowl of custard swathed in a napkin—and thereupon heartily divested himself of shoes and stockings. Winona, for some reason she could never make apparent to him, believed that boys could not decently go barefoot on the Lord's Day He did not wish to affront her, but neither would he wear shoes and stockings with no one to make him. His bare feet rejoiced at the cool touch of the grass as he waited in the front yard for his father. He would have liked to change his Sunday clothes for the old ones of a better feel, but even he felt this would be going too far. You had to draw the line somewhere.

His father came out, lighting his calabash pipe. He wore a tweed cap now in place of the formal derby, but he was otherwise attired as on the previous evening, in the blue coat and vivid waistcoat, the inferior trousers and the undesirable shoes. As they went down the street under shading elms the dog, Frank, capered at the end of his taut leash.

They went up Fair Street to reach the wooded hills beyond the town. The street was still and vacant. The neat white houses with green blinds, set back in their flowered yards, would be at this hour sheltering people who had eaten heavily of chicken for dinner and now dozed away its benign effects. Even song birds had stilled their pipings and made but brief flights through the sultry air.

Dave Cowan sauntered through the silence in a glow of genial tolerance for the small town, for Dave knew cities. In Newbern he was but a merry transient; indeed, in all those strange cities he went off to he was but a transient. So frequent his flittings, none could claim him for its own He had the air of being in the world itself but a transient, a cheerful and observant explorer finding entertainment in the manners and customs of a curious tribe, its foibles, conceits and quaint standards of value—since the most of them curiously adhered to one spot even though the round earth invited them to wander.

Sometimes Dave lingered in Newbern—to the benefit of the Weekly Advance—for as long as three months. Sometimes he declared he would stay but a day and stayed

(Continued on Page 69)

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TYPEWRITERS

(Continued from Page 67)

long; sometimes he declared he would stay a long time and stayed but a day. He was a creature happily pliant to the rule of all his whims. He never bothered to know why he dropped into Newbern, nor bothered to know why he left. On some morning like other mornings, without plan, he would know he was going and go, stirred by some vagrant longing for a strange city—and it was so easy to go. He was unencumbered with belongings. He had no troublesome packing to do, and took not even the smallest of bags in his farings forth. Unlike the twins, Dave had no Sunday clothes. What clothes he had he wore, very sensibly, it seemed to him. He had but to go on and on, equipped with his union card and his printer's steel rule, the sole machinery of his trade, and where he would linger he was welcome, for as long as he chose and at a wage ample for his few needs, to embalm the doings of a queer world in type. Little wonder he should always obey the wanderbidding.

They passed a place where the head of the clan, having dined, had been overtaken with lethargy and in a hammock on his porch was asleep in a public and noisy manner.

"Small-town stuff!" murmured Dave, amiably contemptuous.

The Wilbur twin could never understand why his father called Newbern a small town. They came to the end of Fair Street, where the white houses dwindled into open country. The road led away from the river and climbed the gentle slope of West Hill. The Wilbur twin had climbed that slope the day before under auspices that he now recalled with disgust. Beyond, at the top of the hill, its chimneys lifted above the trees and its red walls showing warmly through the cool green of its shading foliage, was the Whipple New Place. To the left, across the western end of the little town and capping another hill, was the Whipple Old Place, where dwelt Sharon Whipple and his daughter, Juliana. The walls of the Whipple Old Place were more weathered, of a duller red. The two places looked down upon the town quite as castles of old looked down upon their feudatories.

"I was right inside that house yesterday," said the Wilbur twin, pointing to the Whipple New Place and boasting a little—he would not have to reveal the dreadful details of his entry. "Right inside of it," he added to make sure that his father would get all his importance. But the father seemed not enough impressed.

"You'll probably go into better houses than that some day," he merely said, and added: "You learn a good trade like mine and you can always go anywhere; always make your good money and be more independent than Whipples or even kings in their palaces. Remember that, Sputterboy."

"Yes, sir," said Wilbur.

His father never addressed the Merle twin by any but his rightful name, nor did he ever address the other by the one the dead mother had affixed to him, miscalling him by a number of titles, among which were Sputterboy, Gig, Doctor and Bill.

Before ascending quite to the Whipple New Place they left the dusty road for a path that led over a lawnlike stretch of upland, starred with buttercups and tiny anemones, and inhabited by a colony of gophers that instantly engaged Frank, the dog, now free of his leash, in futile dashes. They stood erect, with languidly drooped paws, until he was too near; then they were inexplicably not there. Frank at length divined that they unfairly achieved these disappearances by descending into caverns beneath the surface of the earth. At first, with frantic claws and eager squeals, he tore at the entrances to these until the prey appeared at exits farther on, only to repeat the disappearance when dashed at. Frank presently saw the chase to be hopeless. It was no good digging for something that wouldn't be there.

"There's life for you, Doctor," said Dave Cowan. "Life has to live on life, humans same as dogs. Life is something that keeps tearing itself down and building itself up again; everybody killing something else and eating it. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, sir," said Wilbur, believing he did. Dogs killed gophers if they caught them, and human beings killed chickens for Sunday dinners.

"Humans are the best killers of all," said Dave. "That's the reason they came up from monkeys, and got civilized so they wear neckties and have religion and post offices and all such."

"Yes, sir," said Wilbur.

They climbed to a green height and reclined on the cool sward in the shade of a beech tree. Here they could pick out the winding of the quick little river between its green banks far below, and look across the roofs of slumberous Newbern. The Wilbur twin could almost pick out the Penniman house. Then he looked up, and low in the sky he surprisingly beheld the moon, an orb of pale bronze dulled from its night shine. Never before had he seen the moon by day. He had supposed it was in the sky only at night. So his father lectured now on astronomy and the cosmos. It seemed that the moon was always there, or about there, a lonesome old thing, because there was no life on it. Dave spoke learnedly, for his Sunday paper had devoted a page to something of this sort.

"Everything is electricity or something," said Dave, "and it crackles and works on itself until it makes star dust, and it shakes this together till it makes lumps, and they float round and pretty soon they're big lumps like the moon and like this little ball of star dust we're riding on—and there are millions of them out there all round and about, some a million times bigger than this little one, and they all whirl and whirl, the little ones whirling round the big ones and the big ones whirling round still bigger ones, dancing and swinging and going off to some place that no one knows anything about; and some are old and have lost their people; and some are too young to have any people yet; but millions like this one have people, and on some they are a million years older than we are, and know everything that it'll take us a million years to find out; but even they haven't begun to really know anything—compared with what they don't know. They'll have to go on forever finding out things about what it all means. Do you understand that, Bill?"

"Yes, sir," said Wilbur.

"Do you understand how people like us get on these whirling lumps?"

"Yes, sir," said Wilbur.

"How do they?"

"No, sir," said Wilbur.

"Well, it's simple enough. This star dust shakes together, and pretty soon some of it gets to be one chemical and some of it gets to be another, like water and salt and lime and phosphorus and stuff like that, and it gets together in little combinations and it makes little animals, so little you couldn't see them, and they get together and make bigger animals, and pretty soon they have brains and stomachs and there you are. This electricity or something that shook the star dust together and made the chemicals, and shook the chemicals together and made the animals—well, it's fierce stuff. It wants to find out all about itself. It keeps making animals with bigger brains all the time, so it can examine itself and write books about itself but the animals have to be good killers, or something else kills them. This electricity that makes 'em don't care which kills which. It knows the best killer will have the best brain in the long run, that's all it cares about. It's a good sporty scheme, all right. Do you understand that, Doctor?"

"Yes, sir," said Wilbur.

"Everything's got a fair chance to kill; this power shows no favors to anything. If gophers could kill dogs it would rather have gophers; when microbes kill us it will rather have microbes than people. It just wants a winner and don't care a snap which it is."

"Yes, sir."

"Of course, now, you hear human people swell and brag and strut round about how they are different from the animals and have something they call a soul that the animals haven't got, but that's just the natural conceit of this electricity or something before it has found out much about itself. Not different from the animals, you ain't. This tree I'm leaning against is your second or third cousin. Only difference, you can walk and talk and see. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Wilbur. "Couldn't we go up to the gypsy camp now?"

Dave rolled the calabash pipe, lighted it and held the match while it burned out.

"That fire came from the sun," he said. "We're only burning matches ourselves—burning with a little fire from the sun. Pretty soon it flickers out."

"It's just over this next hill, and they got circus wagons and a fire where they cook their dinners, right outdoors, and fighting roosters, and tell your fortune."

Dave rose.

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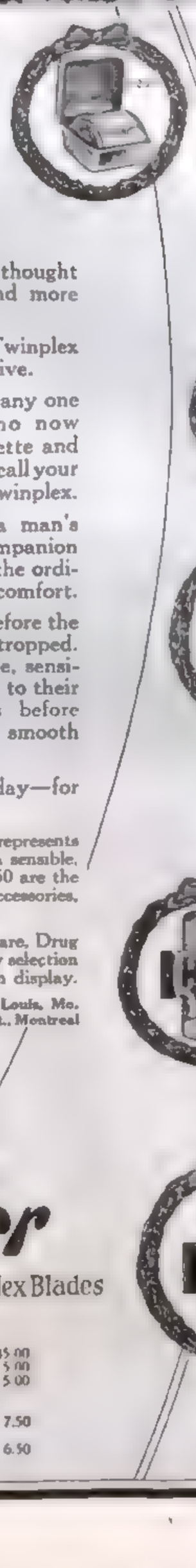

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"Of course I don't say I know it all yet. There's a catch in it I haven't figured out. But I'm right as far as I've gone. You can't go wrong if you take the facts and stay by 'em and don't read books that leave the facts to one side, like most books do."

"Yes, sir," said Wilbur, "and they sleep inside their wagons and I wish we had a wagon like that and drove round the country and lived in it."

"All right," said his father. "Stir your stumps."

They followed the path that led up over another little hill winding through clumps of hazel brush and a sparse growth of oak and beech. From the summit of this they could see the gypsy camp below them, in an open glade by the roadside. It was as the Wilbur twin had said: there were gayly painted wagons—houses on wheels—and a camp fire and tethered horses and the lolling gypsies themselves. About the outskirts loafed a dozen or so of the less socially eligible of Newbern. Above a fire at the camp center a kettle simmered on its pothook, being stirred at this moment by a brown and aged crone in frivolous-patterned calico, who wore gold hoops in her ears and bangles at her neck and bracelets of silver on her arms—bejeweled, indeed, most unbecomingly for a person of her years.

The Wilbur twin would have lingered on the edge of the glade with other local visitors, a mere silent observer of this delightful life; he had not dreamed of being accepted as a social equal by such exalted beings. But his father stalked boldly through the outer ring of spectators to the camp's center and genially hailed the aged woman, who, on first looking up from her cookery, held out a withered palm for the silver that should buy him secrets of his future.

But Dave Cowan merely preened his beautiful yellow mustache at her and said, "How's business, mother?" Whereupon she saw that Dave was not a villager to be wheedled by her patter. She recognized him, indeed, as belonging like herself to the freemasonry of them that know men and cities, and she spoke him as one human to another.

"Business been pretty rotten here," she said as she stirred the kettle's contents. "Oh, we made two-three pretty good horse trades—nothing much. We go on to a bigger town to-morrow."

A male gypsy in corduroy trousers and scarlet sash and calico shirt open on his brown throat came to the fire now, and the Wilbur twin admiringly noted that his father greeted this rare being, too, as an equal. The gypsy held beneath an arm a trim young gamecock feathered in rich browns and reds, with a hint of black, and armed with needle-pointed spurs. He stroked the neck of the bird and sat on his haunches with Dave before the fire to discuss affairs of the road; for he too divined at a glance that Dave was here but a gypsy transient, even though he spoke a different lingo.

The Wilbur twin sat also on his haunches before the fire and thrilled with pride as his father spoke easily of distant strange cities that the gypsies also knew; cities of the North, where summer found them, and cities of the South to which they fared in winter. He had always been proud of his father, but never so proud as now, when he sat there talking to real gypsies as if they were no greater than anyone. He was quite ashamed when the gypsies' dog, a gaunt, hungry-looking beast, narrowly escaped being eaten up by his own dog. But Frank, at the sheer verge of a deplorable offense, implicitly obeyed his master's command and forbore to destroy the gypsy mongrel. Again he flopped to his back at the interested approach of the other dog, held four limp paws aloft and simpered at the stranger.

Other gypsies, male and female, came to the group about the fire, and lively chatter ensued, a continuous flashing of white teeth and shaking of golden ear hoops and rattling of silver bracelets. The Wilbur twin fondly noted that his father knew every city the gypsies knew, and even told them the advantages of some to which they had not penetrated. He gathered this much of the talk, though much was beyond him. He kept close to his father's side when the latter took his leave of these new friends. He wanted these people to realize that he belonged to the important strange gentleman who had for a moment come so knowingly among them.

As they climbed out of the sheltering glade he was alive with a new design. Gypsies notoriously carried off desirable children; this was common knowledge in Newbern Center. So why wouldn't they carry off him, especially if he were right round there where they could find him easily? He saw himself and his dog forcibly conveyed away with the caravan—though he would not really resist—to a strange and charming life beyond the very farthest hills. He did not confide this to his father, but he looked back often. They followed a path and were soon on a bare ridge above the camp.

Dave Cowan was already talking of other things, seeming not to have been ever so little impressed with his reception by these wondrous people, but he had won a new measure of his son's respect. Wilbur would have lingered here where they could still observe through the lower trees the group about the camp fire, but Dave Cowan seemed to have had enough of gypsies for the moment, and sauntered on up the ridge, across an alder swale and out on a parklike space to rest against a fence that bounded a pasture belonging to the Whipple New Place. Across this pasture, in which the fat sorrel pony grazed and from which it regarded them from time to time, there was another grove of beech and walnut and hickory, and beyond this dimly loomed the red bulk of the Whipple house and outbuildings. There was a stile through the fence at the point where they reached it, and Dave Cowan idly lolled by this while the Wilbur twin sprawled in the scented grass at his feet. He well knew he should not be on the ground in his Sunday clothes. On the other hand, if the gypsies stole him they would not be so fussy as Winona about his clothes. None of them seemed to have Sunday clothes.

He again broached the suggestion about a gypsy wagon for himself and his father—and Frank the dog—in which they could go far away, seeing all those strange cities and cooking their dinner over camp fires. His father seemed to consider this not wholly impracticable, but there were certain disadvantages of the life and there were really better ways. It seems you could be a gypsy in all essentials and still live in houses like less adventurous people.

"Trouble with them, they got no trade," said the wise Dave, "and out in all kinds of weather, and small-town constables telling them to move on, and all such. You learn a good loose trade, then you can go where you want to." A loose trade seemed to be one that you could work at any place; they always wanted you if you knew a loose trade like the printer's—or, "Now you take barbering," said Dave. "There's a good loose trade. A barber never has to look for work; he can go into any new town and always find his job. I don't know but what I'd just as soon be a barber as a printer. Some ways I might like it better. You don't have as much time to yourself, of course, but you meet a lot of men you wouldn't meet otherwise; most of 'em fools, to be sure, but some of 'em wise that you can get new thoughts from. It's a cleaner trade than typesetting and fussing round a small-town print shop. Maybe you'll learn to be a good barber; then you can have just as good a time as those gypsies, going about from time to time and seeing the world."

"Yes, sir," said the Wilbur twin, "and cutting people's hair with clippers like Don Paley clipped mine with."

"New York, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Omaha, Kansas City, Denver, San Antonio," murmured Dave, and there was unction in his tone as he recited these advantages of a loose trade—"any place you like the looks of, or places you've read about that sound good—just going along with your little kit of razors and not having to small-town it except when you want a bit of quiet."

They heard voices back of them. Dave turned about and Wilbur rose from the grass. Across the pasture came the girl Patricia Whipple, followed at a little distance by Juliana. The latter was no longer in church garb, but in a gray tweed skirt, white blouse and a soft straw hat with a flopping brim. There was a black ribbon about the hat and her stout shoes were of tan leather. The girl was bareheaded, and Don Paley's repair of yesterday's damage was noticeable. She came at a quickening pace, while Juliana followed slowly. Juliana looked severe and formidable. Never had her nose looked more the Whipple nose than when she observed Dave Cowan and his son at the stile. Yet she smiled humorously when she recognized the boy, and allowed the humor to reach his father when

(Continued on Page 73)

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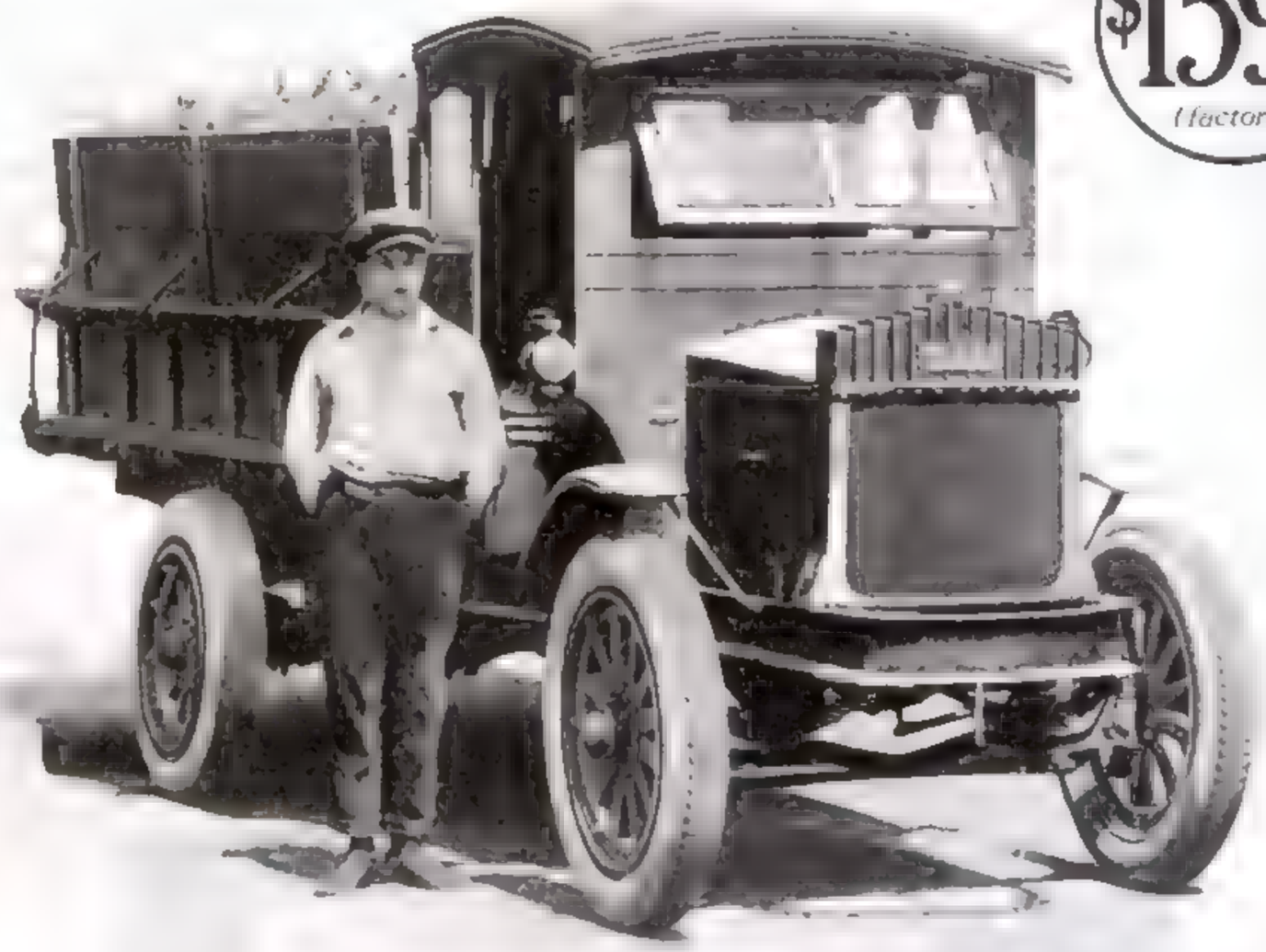

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(Continued from Page 70)

she glanced at him. Dave and Miss Juliana had never been formally presented. Dave had seen Juliana, but Juliana had had until this moment no sight of Dave, for though there was in Newbern no social prejudice against a craftsman, and Dave might have moved in its highest circles, he had chosen to consort with the frankly ineligible. He lifted his cap in a flourishing salute as Juliana and Patricia came through the stile.

"And how are you to-day, my young friend," asked Juliana of Wilbur in her calm, deep voice.

The Wilbur twin said, "Very well, I thank you," striving instinctively to make his own voice as deep as Juliana's.

The girl winked at him brazenly as they passed on.

"Gypsies!" she called exultantly, and Juliana swept him with a tolerant smile.

Dave Cowan watched them along the path to the ridge above the camp. Here they paused in most intelligible pantomime. Patricia Whipple wished to descend to the very heart of the camp, while Juliana could be seen informing the child that they were near enough. To make this definite she sat upon the bole of a felled oak beside the path, while Patricia jiggled up and down in eloquent objection to the untimely halt. Dave read the scene and caressed his thick mustache with practiced thumb and finger. His glance was sympathetic.

"The poor old maid!" he murmured. "All that Whipple money, and she has to be just a small-towner! Say, I bet no one has ever kissed that old girl since her mother died! None of these small-town hicks would ever have the nerve to. Yes, sir; anyone's got a right to be sorry for that dame. If she had a little enterprise she'd branch out from here and meet a few people."

"Yes, sir," said Wilbur. "But that girl wants to go down to the camp."

This was plain. Patricia still danced, while Juliana remained firmly seated.

"I could go take her down," he continued.

"Why don't you?" said his father, again stroking the golden mustache in sympathy for the unconscious Juliana.

So it befell that the Wilbur twin shyly approached the group by the felled tree, and the watching father saw the two children, after a moment's hesitancy on the part of Juliana, disappear from view over the crest of the ridge. Dave continued to loll by the stile and to watch the waiting Juliana, thinking of gypsies and the pure joy of wandering. He began to repeat some verses he had lately happened upon, murmuring them to a little mass of white clouds far off against the blue of the summer sky, where the pale bronze moon lonesomely hung. He liked the words and the moon and gypsies, joyously foot-loose, and he again grew sympathetic for Juliana's small-town plight. He felt a large pagan tolerance for those warped souls pent in small towns.

After twenty minutes of this he faintly heard a call from Juliana, sent after the children below her. He saw her stand to beckon commandingly and watch to see if she were obeyed. Then she turned and came slowly back up the path that would lead to the stile. Again Dave absently murmured his verses. Juliana approached the stile, walking briskly now. She was halted by surprising speech from this rather cheaply debonair creature who looked so nearly like a gentleman and yet was so plainly not.

"Wanted to be off with 'em, didn't you?" Dave was saying brightly; "off and over the edge of the world, all foot-loose and free as wind, going over strange roads and lying by night under the stars."

"What?" demanded Juliana sharply.

She studied the fellow's face for the first time. He was preening his yellow mustache and flashing a challenge to her from half-shut eyes.

"Small-towners bound to feel it," he continued, unconscious of any sharpness in Juliana's "What!" "They want to be off and over the edge of things, but they don't dare—haven't the nerve. You'd like to, but you don't dare. You know you don't!"

Juliana almost smiled. The fellow's face, as she paused beside him at the stile, was set with sheer impudence, yet this was not wholly unattractive. And amazingly he now broke into verse:

We, too, shall steal upon the spring
With amber sails flown wide;
Shall drop, some day, behind the moon,
Borne on a star-blue tide.

He indicated the present moon with flourishing grace as he named it. Juliana did not gasp, but it might have been a gasp in one less than a Whipple. But the troubadour was not to be daunted. Juliana didn't know Dave Cowan as cities knew him.

Enchanted ports we, too, shall touch;
Cadiz or Cameroon;
Nor other pilot need beside
A magic wisp of moon.

Again he gracefully indicated our lunar satellite, and again Juliana nearly gasped.

"Of course, you felt it all, watching those people. I don't blame you for feeling wild."

Juliana lifted one of her stout tan boots toward the stile, and Dave with doffed cap extended a hand to assist her through. Juliana, dazed beyond a Whipple calm for almost the first time in her thirty years, found her own hand perforce upon his.

"You poor thing!" concluded Dave with a swift glance to the ridge where the children had not yet appeared.

Then amazingly he enfolded the figure of the woman in his arms and upon her cold, appalled lips he imprinted a swift but accurate kiss.

"There, poor thing!" he murmured.

He lavished one look upon the still frozen Juliana, replaced the cap upon his yellow hair, once more preened his mustache at her, and turned away to meet the oncoming children. And in his glance Juliana retained still the wit to read a gay, cherishing pity. As he turned away she sank limply against the fence, her first sensation being all of wonder that she had not cried out at this monstrous assault. And very clearly she knew at once that she had not cried out or made any protest because, though monstrous, it was even more absurd. A seasoned sense of humor had not failed.

The guilty man swaggered on to meet the children, not looking back. For him the incident was closed. Juliana, a hand supporting her capable chin, steadily regarded his swaying shoulders and the yellow hair beneath his cap. In her nostrils was the scent of printer's ink and pipe tobacco. She reflectively rubbed her chin, for it had been stung with a day-old beard that pricked like a nettle. Now she was recalling another woodland adventure of a dozen years before, here in this same forest.

Dave Cowan had been wrong when he said that no one had kissed her since her mother died. Once on a winter's day, when she was sixteen, she had crossed here, bundled in a red cloak and hood, and a woodchopper, a merry, laughing foreigner who spoke no English, had hailed her gayly, and she had stopped and gayly tried to understand him, and knew only that he was telling her she was beautiful. She at least had thought it was that, and was certain of it when he had seized and kissed her, laughing joyously the while. She had not told anyone of that, but she had never forgotten. And now this curious creature, whom she had not supposed to be gallantly inclined—unshaven, smelling of printer's ink and tobacco!

"I'm coming on!" said Juliana aloud, and laughed rather grimly.

She watched her prankling blade meet the children and go off down the ridge with his son, still not looking back. She thought it queer he did not look back at her just once. She soothed her chin again, sniffing the air.

Patricia Whipple came leaping up the path, excited with an imminent question. She halted before the still-reflective Juliana and went at once to the root of her matter.

"Cousin Juliana, what did that funny man kiss you for?"

This time Juliana in truth did gasp. There was no suppressing it.

"Patricia Whipple—and did that boy see it too?"

"No, he was too far behind me. But I did. I saw it. I was looking right at you, and that funny man—all at once he grabbed you round your waist and he ——"

"Patricia, dear, listen! We must promise never to say anything about it—never to anybody in the world—won't we, dear?"

"Oh, I won't tell if you don't want me to, but what ——"

"You promise me—never to tell a soul!"

"Of course! I promise—cross my heart and hope to die—but what did he do it for?"

Juliana tried humorous evasion.

"Men, my dear, are often tempted by women to such lengths—tempted beyond their strength. Your question isn't worded with all the tact in the world. Is it so strange that a man should want to kiss me?"

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"Well, I don't know"—Patricia became judicial, scanning the now flushed countenance of Juliana—"I don't see why not. But what did he do it for?"

"My dear, you'll be honest with me, and never tell; so I'll be honest with you. I don't know—I really don't know. But I have an awful suspicion that the creature meant to be kind to me."

"He looks like a kind man. And he's the father of the boy that I wore his clothes yesterday when I was running away, and the father of that other boy that was with him and that I'm going to have one of for my very own brother, because Harvey D. and grandpa said something of that kind would have to be done, so what relation will that make us to this man that was so kind to you?"

"None whatever," said Juliana shortly. "And never forget your promise not to tell. Come, we must go back."

They went on through the pasture. The shadows had lengthened and the moon already glowed a warmer bronze. Juliana glanced at it and murmured indistinctly.

"What is it?" asked Patricia.

"Nothing," said Juliana. But she had been asking herself: "I wonder where he gets his verses?"

Her hand went again to her chin.

CHAPTER V

DAVE COWAN went down the ridge to the road, disregarding his gypsy friends. He trod the earth with a ruffling bravado. The Wilbur twin lingered as far behind as he dared, loitering provocatively in the sight of the child stealers. If they meant to do anything about it, now was their chance. But no violence was offered him, and presently, far beyond the camp where the fire still burned, he was forced to conclude that they could not mean to carry him off. Certainly they were neglecting a prize who had persistently flaunted himself at them. They notably lacked enterprise.

Down over the grassy slope of West Hill they went, the boy still well in the rear; you never could tell what might happen; and so came to Fair Street across shadows that lay long to the east. Newbern was still slumberous. Smoke issued from a chimney here and there, but mostly the town would partake of a cold supper. The boy came beside his father, with Frank, the dog, again on his leash of frayed rope. Dave Cowan was reciting to himself:

Enchanted ports we, too, shall touch;
Cadiz or Cameroon ——

Then he became conscious of the silent boy at his side, stepping noiselessly with bare feet.

"Life is funny," said Dave.

"Yes, sir," said Wilbur.

"Of course there's a catch in it somewhere."

"Yes, sir."

"That old girl back there, that old maid, she'll have to small-town it all her life. I feel sorry for her, I do."

"Yes, sir."

But the sorrowing father now began to whistle cheerfully. His grief had not overborne him. A man who would call Judge Penniman Old Flapdoodle and question the worth of Matthew Arnold's acquaintance was not to be long downcast at the plight of one woman. And he had done what man could for her.

They came to River Street, the street of shops, deserted and sleeping back of drawn curtains. Only the shop of Solly Gumble seemed to be open for trade. This was but seeming, however, for another near-by establishment, though sealed and curtained as to front, suffered its rear portal to yawn most hospitably. This was the place of business of Herman Vielhaber, and its street sign concisely said, "Lager Bier Saloon."

Dave Cowan turned into the alley just beyond Solly Gumble's, then up another alley that led back of the closed shops, and so came to the back door of this refectory. It stood open, and from the cool and shadowy interior came a sourish smell of malt liquors and the hum of voices. They entered, and were in Herman Vielhaber's pleasant back room, with sanded floor and a few round tables, at which sat half a dozen men consuming beer from stone mugs or the pale wine of Herman's country from tall glasses.

Herman was a law-abiding citizen. Out of deference to a sacred and long-established American custom he sealed the front of his saloon on the Sabbath; out of deference to another American custom, equally long established, equally sacred, he received his Sabbath clientèle at the rear—except for a brief morning interval when he and Minna, his wife, attended service at the Lutheran church. Herman's perhaps not too subtle mind had never solved this problem of American morals—why his beverages should be seemly to drink on all days of the week, yet on one of them seemly but if taken behind shut doors and shielding curtains. But he adhered conscientiously to the American rule. His Lutheran pastor had once, in an effort to clear up the puzzle, explained to him that the Continental Sunday would never do at all in this land of his choice; but it left Herman still muddled, because fixed unalterably in his mind was a conviction that the Continental Sunday was the best of all Sundays. Nor was there anything the least clandestine in this back-door trade of Herman's on the Sabbath. One had, but to know the path to his door, and at this moment Newbern's mayor, old Doctor Purdy, sat at one of Herman's tables and sipped from a stone mug of beer and played a game of pinochle with stout, red-bearded Herman himself, overlooked by Minna, who had brought them their drink.

This was another thing about Herman's place that Newbern understood in time. When he had begun business some dozen years before, and it was known that Minna came downstairs from their living rooms above the saloon and helped to serve his patrons, the scandal was high. It was supposed that only a woman without character could, for any purpose whatever, enter a saloon. But Herman had made it plain that into the sort of saloon he conducted, any woman, however exalted, could freely enter. If they chose not to that was their affair. And Minna had in time recovered a reputation so nearly lost at first news of her service here.

Herman, indeed, ran a place of distinction, or at least of tone. He did sell the stronger drinks, it is true, but he sold them judiciously, and much preferred to sell the milder ones. He knew his patrons, and would stubbornly not sell drink, even beer or wine, to one he suspected of abusing the stuff. As for rowdyism, it was known far and wide about Newbern that if you wanted to get thrown out of Herman's quick you had only to start some rough stuff, or even talk raw. It was said he juggled you out the door like you were an empty beer keg. Down by the riverside was another saloon for that sort of thing, kept by Pegleg McCarron, who would sell whisky to anyone that could buy, liked rough stuff and with his crutch would participate in it.

When Herman decided that a customer was spending too much money for drink, that customer had to go to Pegleg's if he bought more. And now the mayor at the little table connived at a flagrant breach of the law he had sworn to uphold, quaffing beer from his mug and melding a hundred aces as casually as if it were a week-day.

The other men at the little tables were also of the substantial citizenry of Newbern, including the postmaster, the editor of the Advance, and Rapp, Senior, of Rapp Brothers, Jewelry. The last two were arguing politics and the country's welfare. Rapp, Senior, believed and said that the country was going to the dogs, because the rich were getting richer and the poor were getting poorer. The editor of the Advance disputed this, and the postmaster intervened to ask if Rapp, Senior, had seen what our exports of wheat and cotton were lately. Rapp, Senior, said he didn't care anything about that—it was the interests he was down on. Herman Vielhaber, melding eighty kings, said it was a good rich-man's country, but also a good poor-man's country, because where could you find one half as good—not in all Europe—and he now laid down forty jacks, which he huskily called yacks.

Dave Cowan greeted the company and seated himself at a vacant table.

"Pull up a chair, Buzzer, and we'll drink to the life force—old electricity or something."

"Yes, sir," said Wilbur, and seated himself.

Minna left the pinochle game to attend upon them. She was plump and pink-faced, with thick yellow hair neatly done, and a broad white apron protected her dress of light blue.

"A stein of beer, Minna," said Dave, "and for the boy, let's see. How would you like a nice cold bottle of pop, Doctor?"

"Yes, sir," said Wilbur. "Strawberry pop."

Herman looked up from his game, though in the midst of warm utterance in his native tongue at the immediate perverse fall of the cards.

"I guess you git the young one a big glass milk, mamma—yes? Better than pop for young ones. Pop is belly wash."

"Yes, ma'am," said Wilbur to Minna, though he would have preferred the pop by reason of its color and its vivacious prickling; and you could have milk at home.

"And I tell you, Minna," said Dave. "Bread and butter and cheese, lots of it, rye bread and pumpernickel and Schweitzerkase and some pickles and radishes, *nicht wahr?*"

"Yes," said Minna, "all!" and moved on to the bar. But Dave detained her.

"Minna!"

She stopped and turned back to him.

"You will?"

"*Sprechen sie Deutsch*, Minna?"

"*Ja*—yes—why not? I should think I do. I always could. Why couldn't I?"

She went on her mission, grumbling pettishly. Why shouldn't she speak her own language? What did the man think? He must be a joker!

"Mamma!" Herman called again. "Git also the young one some that *apfel kuchen*. You make it awful good."

"Yes," called Minna from the bar. "I git it. For why wouldn't I speak my own language, I like to know?"

Dave Cowan's jest was smoldering faintly within her. She returned presently with the stein of beer and a glass of milk, and went, still muttering, for the food that had been commanded. She returned with this, setting bread and butter and cheese before them, and a blue plate whose extensive area was all but covered with apple cake, but now she no longer muttered in bewilderment. She confronted the jester, hands upon hips, her doll eyes shining with triumph.

"Hah! Now, mister, I ask you something good like you ask me. You git ready! *Sprechen sie English?*"

Dave Cowan affected to be overcome with confusion, while Minna laughed loud and long at her sally. Herman laughed with her, his head back and huge red beard lifted from his chest.

"She got you that time, mister!" he called to Dave. "Mamma's a bright one, give her a minute so she gits herself on the spot!"

"*Ja! Sprechen sie English?*" taunted Minna again, for a second relish of her repartee. Effusively, in her triumph, she patted the cheek of the Wilbur twin. "*Ja!* I could easy enough give your poppa as good like he sent, yes? *Sprechen sie English, nicht wahr?*"

Again her bulk trembled with honest mirth, and while this endured she went to the ice box and brought a bone for Frank, the dog. Frank fell upon it with noisy gurgles.

Dave Cowan affected further confusion at each repetition of Minna's stinging retort; acted it so convincingly that the victor at length relented and brought a plate of cookies to the table.

"I show you who is it should be foolish in the head!" she told him triumphantly.

"You got me, Minna—I admit it."

The victim pretended to be downcast, and ate his bread and cheese dejectedly. Minna went to another table to tell over the choice bit.

The Wilbur twin ate bread and cheese and looked with interest about the room. The tables and woodwork were dark, the walls and ceiling also low in tone. But there were some fine decorative notes that stood brightly out. On one wall was a lovely gold-framed picture in which a young woman of great beauty held back a sumptuous curtain revealing a castle on the Rhine, set above a sunny terrace of grapevines. On the opposite wall was a richly colored picture of a superb brewery. It was many stories in height; smoke issued from its chimneys, and before it stood a large truck to which were hitched two splendid horses. The truck was being loaded with the brewery's enlivening product. The brewery was red, the truck yellow, the horses gray and the workmen were clad in blue, and above all was a flawless sky of blue. It was a spirited picture, and the Wilbur twin was instantly enamored of it. He wished he might have seen this yesterday when he was rich. Maybe Mr. Vielhaber would have sold it.

(Continued on Page 77)

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THE boys and girls will come home for the holidays; visitors will arrive; everybody will be tingling with the happiness that is in the air. Everybody will go to the dining room with expectant appetites. Wilson's Certified Bacon—crisp, mildly sweet, thoroughly good—is always welcome for breakfast. Wilson's Certified Ham—juicy, tender, with the tempting flavor imparted by our patient curing and smoking—should be the chief dish of the home dinner once or twice a week. And the pumpkin and mince pies and doughnuts are twice as good when Wilson's Certified Lard—the real kettle-rendered, pure, selected leaf lard—is used in making them. You are sure of pleasing the holiday appetites of your family and friends when you use Wilson's Certified products—they are selected, handled and prepared with the *respect* your own mother shows when she prepares the favorite dish of the family. And, in addition to their quality, they have the fine flavor which makes you *enjoy* them. Ask your dealer for Wilson's Certified foods. Write us for a free copy of our helpful book, "Wilson's Meat Cookery". Address Dept.1238.

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(Continued from Page 74)

He thought regretfully of Winona's delight at receiving the beautiful thing to hang on the wall of the parlor, a fit companion piece to the lion picture. But he had spent his money, and this lovely thing could never be Winona's.

Discussion of world affairs still went forward between Rapp, Senior, and the Advance editor. Even in that day the cost of living was said to be excessive, and Rapp, Senior, though accounting for its rise by the iniquity of the interests, submitted that the cost of women's finery was what kept the world poor.

"It's women's tomfool dressing keeps us all down. Look what they pay for their silks and satins and kickshaws and silly furbelows! That's where the bulk of our money goes—bonnets and high-heeled slippers and fancy cloaks. Take the money spent for women's foolish truck and see what you'd have!" Rapp, Senior, gazed about him, looking for contradiction.

"He's right," said Dave Cowan. "He's got the truth of it. But, my Lord! Did you ever think what women would be without all that stuff? Look what it does for 'em! Would you have 'em look like us? Would you have a beautiful woman wear a cheap suit of clothes like Rapp's got on, and a hat bought two years ago? Not in a thousand years! We dress 'em up that way because we like 'em that way."

Rapp, Senior, dusted the lapel of his coat, tugged at his waistcoat to straighten it and closely regarded a hat that he had supposed beyond criticism.

"That's all right," he said, "but look where it gets us!"

Presently the discussion ended—Rapp, Senior, still on the note of pessimism and in the fell clutch of the interests—for the debaters must go blamelessly home to their suppers. Only the mayor remained at his game with Herman, his gray, shaven old face bent above his cards while he muttered at them resentfully. Dave Cowan ate his bread and cheese with relish and invoked another stein of beer from Minna, who vindictively flung her jest at him again as she brought it.

The Wilbur twin had eaten his apple cake and was now eating the cookies, taking care to drop no crumbs on the sanded floor. After many cookies dusk fell and he heard the church bells ring for evening worship. But no one heeded them. The game drew to an excited finish, while Dave Cowan, his pipe lighted, mused absently and from time to time quoted bits of verse softly to himself:

Enchanted ports we, too, shall touch;
Cadiz or Cameroon ——

The game ended with an explosion of rage from the mayor. The cards had continued perverse for him. He pushed his soft black hat back from his rumpled crest of gray hair and commanded Minna Vielhaber to break a municipal ordinance which had received his official sanction. Herman cheerily combed his red beard and scoffed at his late opponent.

"It makes dark," Minna reminded him. "You should have light."

Herman lighted two lamps suspended above the tables. Then he addressed the Wilbur twin, now skillfully prolonging the last of his cookies.

"Well, young one, you like your bread and cheese and milk and cookies and *apfel kuchen*, so? Well, I tell you—come here. I show you something fine."

He went to the front room, where the bar was, and the Wilbur twin expectantly followed. He had learned that these good people produced all manner of delights. But this was nothing to eat. The light from the lamps shone over the partition between back room and front, and there in a spacious cage beside the wall was a monkey, a small, sad-eyed creature with an aged, wrinkled face all but human. He crouched in a corner and had been piling wisps of straw upon his reverend head.

"Gee, gosh!" exclaimed the Wilbur twin, for he had expected nothing so rare as this.

The monkey at sight of Herman became animated, leaping again and again the length of the cage and thrusting between its bars a hairy forearm and a little, pinkish, human hand.

"You like him, hey?" said Herman.

"Gee, gosh!" again exclaimed the Wilbur twin in sheer delight.

"It's Emil his name is," said Herman. "You want out, Emil, hey?"

He unclasped the catch of a door, and Emil leaped to the crook of his arm, where he nestled, one hand securely grasping a fold of Herman's beard.

"Ouch, now, don't pull them whiskers!" warned Herman. "See how he knows his good friend! But he shake hands like a gentleman. Emil, shake hands nicely with this young one." The monkey timidly extended a paw and the entranced Wilbur shook it. "Come," said Herman, "I let you give him something."

They went to the back room, Emil still stoutly grasping the beard of his protector.

"Now," said Herman, "you give him a nice fat banana. Mamma, give the young one a banana to give to Emil."

The banana was brought and the Wilbur twin cautiously extended it. Emil, at sight of the fruit, chattered madly and tried to leap for it. He appeared to believe that this strange being meant to deprive him of it. He snatched it when it was thrust nearer, still regarding the boy with dark suspicion. Then he deftly peeled the fruit and hurriedly ate it, as if one could not be—with strangers about—too sure of one's supper.

The monkey moved Dave Cowan to lecture again upon the mysteries of organic evolution.

"About three hundred million years' difference between those two," he said, indicating Herman and his pet with a wave of the calabash. "And it's no good asking whether it's worth while, because we have to go on and on. That little beast is your second cousin, Herman."

"I got a Cousin Emil in the old country," said Minna, "but he ain't lookin' like this last time I seen him. I guess you're foolish in the head again."

"He came out of the forest and learned to stand up, to walk without using his hands, and he got a thumb, and pretty soon he was able to be a small-town mayor or run a nice decent saloon and argue about politics."

"Hah, that's a good one!" said Herman. "You hear what he says, Emil?"

The beast looked up from his banana, regarding them with eyes unutterably sad.

"See?" said Dave. "That's the life force, and for a minute it's conscious that it's only a monkey."

They became silent under Emil's gaze of acute pathos—human life aware of its present frustration.

Then suddenly Emil became once more an animated and hungry monkey with no care but for his food.

"There," said Dave. "I ask you, isn't that the way we do? Don't we stop to think sometimes and get way down, and then don't we feel hungry and forget it all and go to eating?"

"Sure, Emil is sensible just like us," said Minna.

"But there's some catch about the whole thing," said Dave. "Say, Doc, what do you think life is, anyway?"

Purdy scanned the monkey with shrewd eyes, and grinned.

"I only know what it is physiologically," he said. "Physiologically, life is a constant force rhythmically overcoming a constant resistance."

"Pretty good," said Dave, treasuring the phrase. "The catch must be right there—it always does overcome the constant resistance."

"When it can't in one plant," said Purdy, "it dismantles it and builds another, making improvements from time to time."

"Think what it's had to do," said Dave, "to build Herman from a simple, unimproved plant like Emil! Herman's a great improvement on Emil."

"My Herman has got a soul," said Minna stoutly—"monkeys ain't."

Dave Cowan and Purdy exchanged a tolerant smile. They were above arguing that outworn thesis. Dave turned to his son.

"Anyway, Buzzer, if you ever get discouraged, remember we were all like that once, and cheer up. Remember your ancestry goes straight back to one of those, and still back of that ——"

"To the single cell of protoplasm," said Purdy.

"Beyond that," said Dave. "To star dust."

"Yes, sir," said Wilbur.

"Foolish in the head," said Minna. "You think you know things better than the reverend what preaches at the Lutheran church! He could easy enough tell you what you come from. My family was in Bavaria more than two hundred years, and was not any monkeys."

"Maybe Emil he got a soul, too, like a human," remarked Herman.

"You bet he has," said Dave Cowan firmly—"just like a human."

"You put him to bed," directed Minna. "He listen to such talk and go foolish also in the head."

The Wilbur twin watched Emil put to bed, then followed his father out into the quiet starlit streets. He was living over again an eventful afternoon. They reached the Penniman porch without further talk. Dave Cowan sat with his guitar in the judge's chair and lazily sounded chords and little fragments of melody. After a time the Pennimans and the Merle twin came from church.

The Wilbur twin excitedly sought Winona, having much to tell her. He drew her beside him into the hammock, and was too eager for more than a moment's dismay when she discovered his bare feet, though he had meant to put on shoes and stockings again before she saw him.

"Barefooted on Sunday!" said Winona in tones of prim horror.

"It was so hot," he pleaded; "but listen," and he rushed headlong into his narrative.

His father knew gypsies, and had been to Chicago and Omaha and—and Cadiz and Cameroon—and he was sorry for Miss Juliana Whipple because she was a small-towner and no one had ever kissed her since her mother died; and if ever gypsies did carry him off he didn't want anyone to worry about him or try to get him back: and the Vielhabers were very nice people that kept a nice saloon; and Mrs. Vielhaber had given him lots of apple cake that was almost like an apple pie, but without any top on it; and they had a lovely picture that would look well beside the lion picture, but it would probably cost too much money; and they had a monkey, a German monkey, that was just like a little old man; and once, thousands of years ago, when the Bible was going on, we were all monkeys and lived in trees, but a constant force made us stand and walk like people.

To Winona this was a shocking narrative, and she wished to tell Dave Cowan that he was having a wretched influence upon the boy, but Dave was now singing In the Gloaming, and she knew he would merely call her Madame la Marquise, the toast of all the court, or something else unsuitable to a Sabbath evening. She tried to convey to the Wilbur twin that sitting in a low drinking saloon at any time was an evil thing.

"Anyway," said he protestingly, "you say I should always learn something, and I learned about us coming up from the monkeys."

"Why, Wilbur Cowan! How awful! Have you forgotten everything you ever learned at Sunday school?"

"But I saw the monkey," he persisted, "and my father said so, and Doctor Purdy said so."

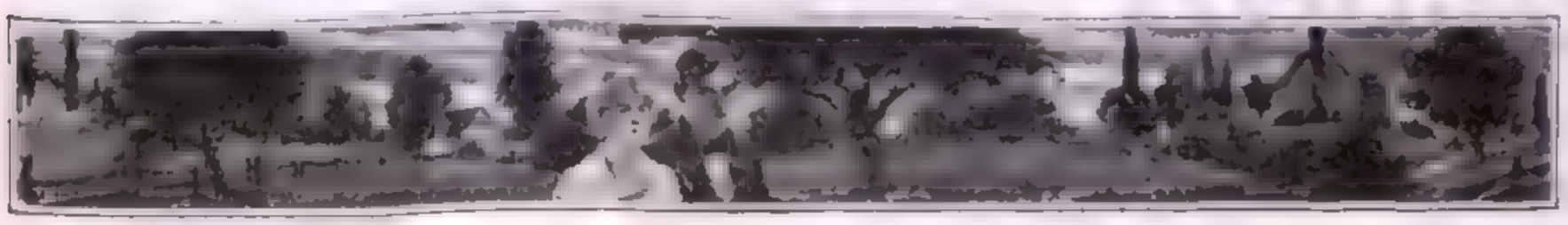
Winona considered.

"Even so," she warned him, "even if we did come up from the lower orders, the less said about it the better."

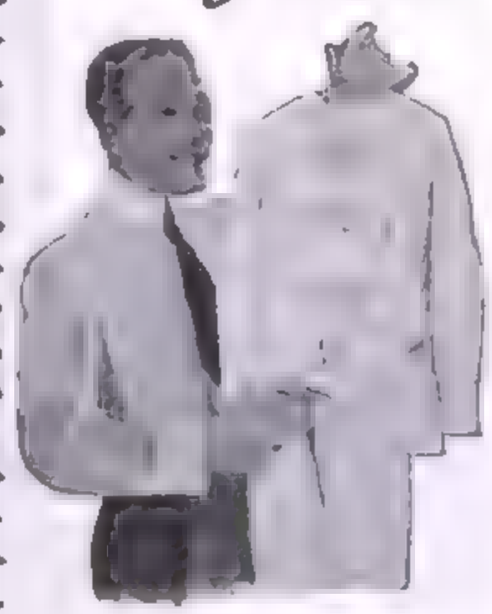
He had regarded his putative descent without prejudice; he was sorry that Winona should find scandal in it.

"Well," he remarked to relieve her, "anyway, there's some catch in it. My father said so."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Rest assured—"Style"



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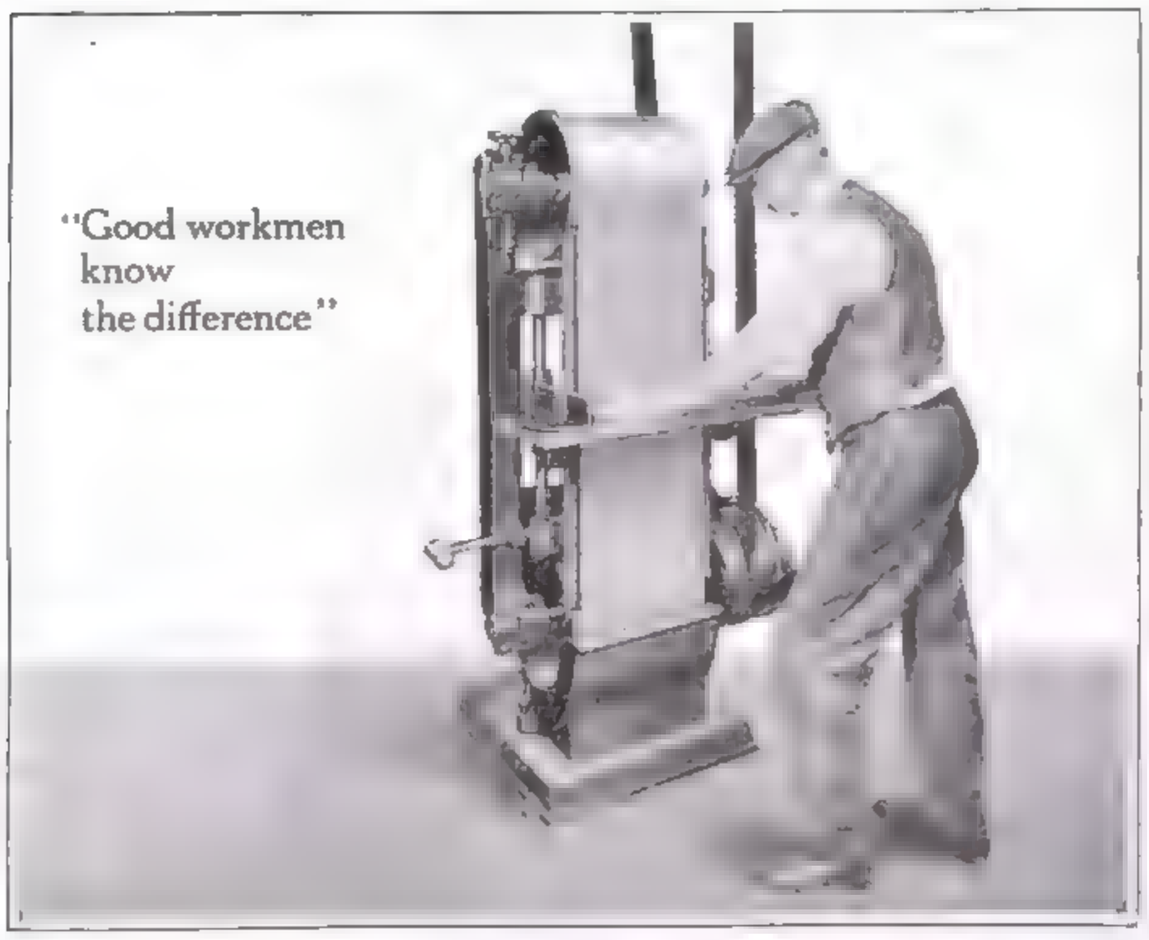

Not bolted to the floor—why?

Scott laid down the report of the tests. "It's as if we had built a fine safety razor but couldn't get good blades for it," he said.

This was in August, 1919. Scott is manager of the Peerless Surfacing Machine Co. of Troy, N. Y., manufacturers of the Peerless Surfacing Machines. The tests in question had just been completed in the Peerless factory to trace complaints of marred and defective work done on their machines.

The report on these tests showed: —that absolutely no fault lay in the fast-whirring, true-running Peerless Machines,

—that the stumbling block to perfect results lay in the abrasive belts used on them.

These ordinary belts wouldn't do. Their belt joints, thicker than the rest of the belt, caused a marked "hop" or "jump" on each revolution. Result: Marred, scratched, unsatisfactory work.

But in these tests one belt stood out —"Speed-grits Uniflow belt, recently developed by the Research Laboratory of the Manning Abrasive Company," said the report.

This belt whizzed along, grinding rapidly and smoothly. No "jump" from the absolutely flat joint, consequently no marring of the fine work.

Manning Speed-grits

Look for this trade-mark on the back of every sheet, belt or disc

Notice the picture above. That machine is simply set on the floor, *not bolted*, and is grinding hard steel with a Speed-grits Uniflow belt running at top speed. Perfect harmony between machine and belt, no slightest jar from the belt-joint—those are the big points in fine finishing.

A belt is one thing you can order by mail—one or a dozen—sending a piece of wornout belt now being used. Whether it's steel, alloy, iron, wood or hard rubber to be ground, Speed-grits Uniflow belts insure speed-production plus perfect finish. Order trial belts today.

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Write today for "The Difference Book." Address Manning Abrasive Co., Inc., Factory and Laboratory, Troy, N. Y. Sales offices in Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco, and other principal cities. Look for Manning Abrasive Co. in your telephone book.

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Reg U.S. Pat. Off.

Don't say sandpaper—say Speed-grits

BEYOND THE BRIDGE

(Continued from Page 7)

When he had gone, Rawle, sitting idly at his impressive mahogany desk, wondered if a criminal practice weren't better, more real, than this select juggling of estates. Hitchcock appeared and said that undoubtedly the so-called Geltner will was a forgery. This necessitated the summoning of Marks, who, in his turn, thought that Mrs. Creath and her son could be forced to compromise. Their position was very strong. Mrs. Creath, a woman of questionable antecedents, had appeared in the Geltner house coincidental with old Geltner's last illness, nursed him with a show of affectionate tears, and after his death produced an informal will in which his family was entirely ignored for dear Agnes' faithfulness.

Leaving the city late in the afternoon with the prospect of the Barkers before him, Rawle was inundated by a weariness, a sense of futility, that almost reached nausea. Even his studs, which he forced with difficulty through the starch of his shirt, exasperated him. His neck, short and rather thick, was utterly unfit for the stiff collar he bound about it. Returning from the Barkers', Ella was enraged at him for having signaled for a no trump after two passes.

The truth was that he had been thinking of the moonlighted country, the serenity and quiet beyond the bridge. He was visualizing the barns with their white walls, the peaceful farmhouses. He found that even sitting with Ella he could banish his objective world, sink for an instant into his newly found secret release. During dinner at home he put casually some of his speculations into words.

"Isn't it foolish, Ella, not to have more or less anything on one plate? Wouldn't that be simpler? And we don't want Henderson fussing about. Why can't we give each other things? It seems to me that nearly all we do and pay for is needless. I was looking about my room before I came down, and it's littered with expensive truck; that cigarette holder with emeralds Ashley gave me—I like a cigarette better without it—and the gold case—two or three hundred dollars. There's a lot of such stuff, far too much. The clothes, too—a press full—trousers for this and knickerbockers for that, morning coats to wear in the afternoon, business coats and coats named after some cursed footling duke. Thank heaven Prince Alberts went! And the shoes! Think how much easier it would be to have one stout pair, or at most two, and some easy carpet slippers. Splendid!

"If this is so of me, I should think you'd welcome a relief from all you go through. You see, we're no longer young; and you must be tired of lacing yourself into a bottle shape and having your hair crimped and wearing hats that can't be comfortable. You're heavy now, too, and those satin slippers I see you in with the pinched toes—how about them?"

Ella Rawle gazed at him in a long astonishment. Finally she said coldly: "I haven't any idea, none at all, of what you are talking about. You might easily be trying to insult me. And please don't say such things before the servants. They'll think you are mad."

She studied him in a fleet perplexity, obviously altogether at a loss to comprehend his intention. It had been a mistake to speak to her—they had nothing except habit in common. His thoughts, what he had experienced, were for himself alone. Life was a solitary affair.

V

WHATEVER his relationship with Ella might have been was once—candor compelled the realization that nothing of it remained except the shell of custom, or—at very most—convenience—for her. The emotion which at one time had held them together in a common identity and bond had vanished, leaving no trace of its generosity of warmth. More shortly, he didn't love Ella and she had no love for him. After the maturity of their children and Charles' death and Ashley's marriage, even the semblance of a household had dissolved. Ella's life was very full; she was very satisfied. The bridge through the afternoon and evening, the women's luncheons, her particular charities with their intellectual coloring, the orchestra, a score of preoccupations that slipped his mind absorbed her entirely, while he had had the office.

Rawle wondered, sitting in his room at night, what effect it would have had on their mutual life if Ella had known at least something about his practice? Would this, he continued, have given them a different, more durable, base for the future? It seemed to him now that two lives so completely apart as theirs must come to a severance. Not necessarily with wrangling or promiscuity, but exactly in the way that had overtaken them. But this wasn't the heart of his roused curiosity, his stirred sensibilities; and dismissing the subject of his marriage he thought again of the betrayal and waste of his energies and limited time.

He wasn't merely becoming, at this late date, humane; he wasn't suddenly filled with love for the world and a desire to do good. He was concerned with no one but himself; but his sharpened penetration showed him a whole society struggling, often heroically, for nothing at all. He couldn't say when the preposterous game of pretense had begun, but now it included his apprehended world. A great relentless battle, in which women were generals, waged for the foolish, the incredible end of moving from north to south across a railroad track. The money spent, flung away, in this was astounding—for automobiles, Georgian façades, pearls, laces, the ornamental shows and hypocrisies. Either they were provided by idle capital stored up by a restless power and energy and dissipated with lax hands; they represented the utmost labor, the last pennies of men driven by the tyranny of the hollowness they served: or, as in his own case, they had been bought without thought, indifferently.

It wasn't the loss of money that disturbed him: for money, he saw, had no reality. It was only the symbol of toil and brains and luck—or dishonesty. So much money said no more than that so much human energy had been successfully directed to a given end. The money was nothing but drops of blood, the ravelings of nerves, the breaking of tissues.

It was all this assumption of social elegance and superiority that was to blame. A fatal flaw in ninety-nine hearts in a hundred, the last but one in a million. How soon America had lost the freedom, the magnificence, promised by its stupendous spaciousness! How it had spoiled its inheritance! On the mantel in the hall Ella had arranged some old pewter plates, in the past the implements of a sheer practical necessity; but she had bought them, at a nonsensical price, as ornaments. Lost in thought, he found himself mechanically clamping trees in his shoes, and with a gesture of anger he threw them clattering across the floor.

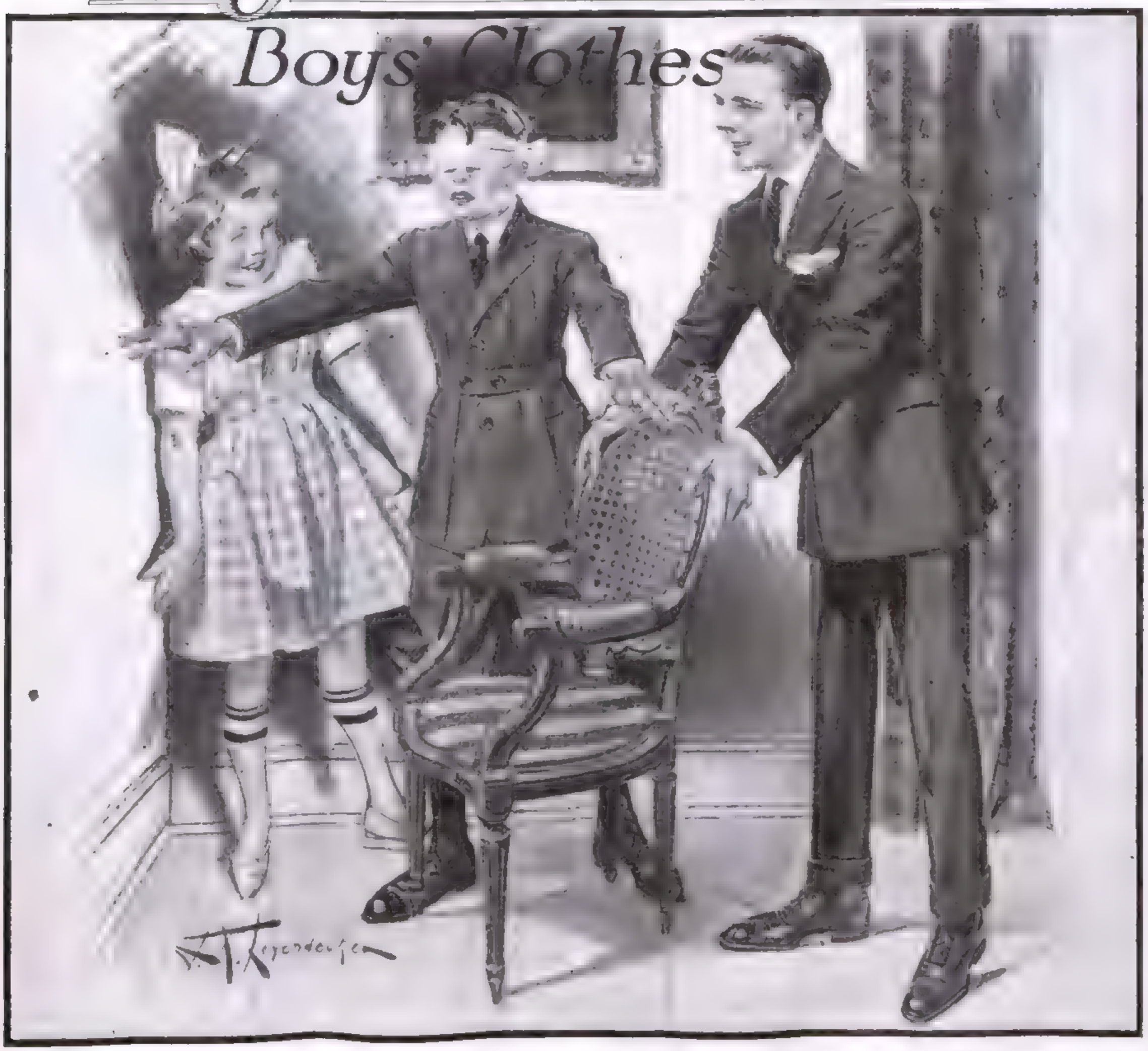
His mood changed from its initial indignation—temper—to a more philosophical amusement, for he recognized that nothing could be done; the few words with Ella had proved that. Never before had there been so highly developed the pleasure in luxury, the determination to live in the silk. No one would take any interest in the simplicity that had breathed on him beyond the bridge. He was back there again, alone, with the lights of his car turned off, parked on the grassy margin of the road. There was no moon, but the sky had been burning with northern lights, and there was a lingering afterglow.

In place of the moon's cold radiance there was a veiling of dusk and a dim haze over the streams; the cows, moving slowly, seemed magnified; the green was so deep that it was often blue. Autumn was perceptible. There was a trace of burning leaves in the air and an aroma, at once faint and sharp, of apples. This was the most delicious odor he had ever known; it was familiar to him—as though, long away, he was again, at last, returning to his own land—but he couldn't remember any apple orchards in his youth. The sense of an inner simple being again possessed him.

This innate consciousness was stronger, younger, than his actual years. Only the soil, the shrilling locusts and katydids, the woods, black with night, brought it out. Old age here, he recognized, was wholly other than age in cities, the lapsing of the men he knew. Here it came to trees and men alike, a slow losing of sap, a stiffening of arms and branches, and then winter. He recalled the South, the hotels filled with men spent, broken, in middle age; gaunt

(Continued on Page 80)

Right-Posture Boys' Clothes



BUYING boys' clothes used to be a game of "Blind Man's Buff"—parents groped in the dark. RIGHT-POSTURE Clothes, tailored in daylight shops, have turned the light of day into every corner. We have raised the standard of Boys' Clothes right up to the standard of Men's Clothes. Standardized fabrics, standardized fit, standardized workmanship, standardized fair prices, but *utmost individuality* of boyish style.

There should be a "RIGHT-POSTURE" dealer in your town—if not, write to us

The "Right-Posture" Feature is exclusive with "Right-Posture" Clothes

The SNELLENBURG CLOTHING COMPANY
Philadelphia and New York

Some Boys' Clothes *Have* Style But Right-Posture Is Style

(Continued from Page 78)

men with their desires still turned to the markets of the world. Rawle thought of the sanitariums for the revivifying of strained and jaded energies.

The simplicity within him spread till it held him in its grip. He half opened the door of the automobile in the impulse to walk across the rough wet grass—to be free. He almost wanted to take off his clothes, his silk and buckskin and gold and flannels, and run up over the hill into the gloom, feel the chill of the night against his naked body. It would be remarkable, that sensation. His desires mounted and mounted. He was choked by the intensity of his longing, his passionate hunger to be a part of his surroundings. God only knew how sick he was of the other, how he resented and detested it! He could hardly support the thought of going back again into the lies and noise and empty futility.

It was too late to begin over there. If this had only happened to him thirty years ago, how different his life would have been! Well, it hadn't. He was fortunate to have had a glimpse of peace, of a natural fate. Then, too, he could come back to it very often, cross the bridge, flood himself with the beauty. A new idea occurred to him; and, returning, he dwelt upon it with an increasing absorption. It might be called a vacation—why not? Other men went to Canada, fishing, or shot quail in South Carolina, railbirds in Georgia. What he was considering was far more reasonable, less expensive. Indeed, it would cost nothing; it could be made to pay for itself. When Ross got back and Arnold recovered ——

But he didn't wait for that. On a late September morning of thrilling beauty, moved by an uncontrollable impulse, he telephoned Henderson that he would not be home for a day or two, and arbitrarily closing the office deserted the city.

VI

THE station at which he left the suburban train, as near as he could calculate to the bridge, proved to be seven miles distant. He could inquire his direction only generally, and when he arrived at the region of his desire it was past midday. He continued walking, however, for he wanted to penetrate beyond any possibility of contact with his other world. Rawle grew tired. The backs of his legs burned with fatigue, but he took a certain pleasure in forcing his muscles to an unaccustomed and painful task. He came at last to a farm, characteristic of its setting and purpose, and followed the long informal lane that led down and then up to the buildings.

The barn stood at his right, built in the long past of gray stone, with a high, solid wall about the yard, into which at a prolonged calling irregularly black-and-white cows were crowding. Beyond he could see the farmer's house, long and low, with a shallow pent on its length and wide chimneys against the gables. There was an iron fence across the face, and within it still some bright flowers—dahlias and small copper-colored chrysanthemums among a tangle of greenery. Farther away, covering the southern slope of a hill, was a large, aged apple orchard, silver and amber and green.

A young man was calling the cows, a youth with a stolid face and large, scarred hands; probably, Rawle decided, a laborer; but he saw the farmer immediately after. The latter, his own age, was thin and stooped, in suspenders and bareheaded. He saluted Rawle and listened silently as the other clearly explained his purpose there.

"I've never spent a night in the country, the real country," he proceeded, "and I'd be glad if I could stay that long with you. There's no reason why you should accept me, and I suppose there are farms where they take boarders, but I don't want that. It's not what I mean. I'm not trying either to force myself on you with an absurd sum of money. I'd like to pay for the trouble, or even work, if there had been time."

Rawle was, the farmer told him, a character; and he asked him if, maybe, he had been a boy on a farm. Rawle smiled.

"No," he acknowledged, "I am afraid that I wasn't. It would be very pretty to think of me as a successful man turning back, for a night, from the world to his memories. Unfortunately that would be far from the truth. I am, I suppose, about as successful as you, and a lawyer."

He was, with practically no hesitation, accepted at his own valuation, and Homer Ganges, introducing himself, led Rawle up to the house.

"I'm not going to excuse the supper," Ganges declared, "because it's good enough for any man; and I'll not let you pay me. We don't do things like that. Perhaps I'll find out something about lawing and beat you anyhow."

He conducted him into a darkened and musty best room, where there was a cabinet filled with countless trifles, a fine, severe mahogany secretary, some ornate chairs with a vicious red varnish and green plush seats, an enlarged photograph framed in deep gold on an easel, and a table with an onyx top.

"I wouldn't ask a horsefly to stay in here," Ganges proclaimed, "but the women will think you were badly treated if I take you right out back. I guess my wife will ease up on you."

Mrs. Ganges, appearing after an audible confusion, both in the direction of the kitchen and above Rawle's head, still bore the flush of her surprise. She was a stout woman, amazingly large, really, and considerably younger than her husband. She was, as well, handsome for all her bigness. Her face, while sleepy in expression, had a high, clear color, and—except her teeth—her features were good.

"I am right glad you stopped with us," she said directly. "It'll give Mr. Ganges someone to talk to, and he's a great hand for talking. He sets right at the men after supper. But, law, it doesn't take him an hour to find out what they know! I told him he ought to have been a scholar instead of a farmer."

There was an additional commotion at the door, and two children, both girls, entered shyly.

"They're mine," Mrs. Ganges told Rawle. "I'm his third wife." She laughed without constraint. "He's dreadful hard on them—but not really; I was only having a joke. There are Arch and Francis by the first, and none by the second. Arch went for a sailor and was killed in the North Sea, and Francis is still in a hospital for gas poisoning. It comes down right hard on us at harvest. The men you hire are just nothing."

"My son, Charles," Rawle said, "was killed at Bazoches."

Nothing further was necessary. The third Mrs. Ganges almost propelled him into the kitchen, a large, pleasant room, where the table for supper was spread with a red-fringed cloth. The farm hand Rawle had seen at the barn, and who proved to be all but inarticulate, was joined by a grizzled individual who gave out the ingrained odors of the earth, and supper began. It was, as Ganges had promised, good enough for any man. The table's situation, hardly removed from the stove, made it possible for Mrs. Ganges and a slight, pallid girl helping her to bring the bubbling ham, the hot soda biscuits and boiled potatoes directly from the fire to the big plates. The coffee, in deep cups, corded with cream, burned Rawle's mouth.

Afterward, smoking on the contracted porch by the kitchen, he discovered that Ganges wanted nothing more from him than an audience for a torrent of speculations about the politics and future of the country. The farmer was a compendium of all the alarms, the theories and dreams that had swept the country for the last three decades. He had been vaguely influenced by socialism, particularly as it touched the country districts; he had a scattered knowledge of the problems of rents and labor; he had considered the single tax; and he was fundamentally opposed to capital. At the same time he had an instinctive skeptical attitude toward life, an absence of formless Utopian hopes and impractical planning, which gave his discourse a balanced, intelligent tone.

The night deepened before Rawle. The west faded, the stars came out and the scents grew stronger. The metallic chorus of insects had perceptibly lessened, but frogs croaked in a marsh, the owls kept up their crying, and there was a distant, somnolent iteration of whippoorwills. His spirit was folded in an unutterable tranquillity. He woke once in the night. There was a creaking in the old oak floors, the light, scampering feet of mice in the walls. Not a breath of air stirred the cold without. Ganges had said that there would be frost; frost lying white on the grass in the early morning, on the rough rails of the fences, immaculately pure.

VII

IT WAS late in the following afternoon when he reached home, and as he went on up to his room Ella called to him from the library: "Where can you have been? James Ross telephoned from town yesterday and twice this morning. No one seems to have had the slightest knowledge of your plans—most disconcerting."

He paused on the steps, considering a reply; then, convinced of its uselessness, he mounted without speech. Whatever Ross wanted was unimportant. Of all the possibilities of their practice, Rawle couldn't think of a case which might demand immediacy, which was in reality pressing. It was all a pretense, a playing at living, a making up for the sterility, the emptiness of existence by a solemn game. He wondered a little at the change which had come over him, for which apparently there had been such a slight cause—only a breath of summer peace, a drift of moonlight. A strange, potent influence had touched him, like that glimpse of Diana which made men forever dissatisfied with all the circumstances of their worldly being and loves.

Such a thing had, indeed, happened to him, he suddenly realized, the silvery magic not of a slim huntress, but of the truth. He had had, in that radiant night at the end of August, a fleet vision that had made the rest of life dull and tawdry and vain. It had separated him from all his former engagements and ties, alienated him from his own blood. Rawle was amazed at the strength, the persistence of that illumination. It was exactly as though, abruptly, he had been given sight in a world of the blind. Dinner passed in a dream. He was aware of his wife—he caught the hard, brilliant flashes from her rings—and he made adequate responses to her remarks; but essentially he was filled with uneasiness, with the desire to get away from all the sham, the hypocrisy of his home and lose himself beyond the bridge.

Nevertheless, his thoughts returned later to Ella and the problem of his old obligations. It had been a long while, he repeated, since they had exchanged any but perfunctory sentences or needs. Yes, their lives had grown utterly apart, no longer connected by a saving trace of common sympathy. He was, for Ella, nothing but a source of income, while for him she was even less. The servants kept the house in order, servants prepared his meals, arranged his room. When, last year, he had been sick with influenza, servants had tended, nursed him. What good was Ella to him or he to Ella? She didn't even need the money he made for her, since she had an annuity of seven thousand nine hundred dollars, safe during her life. The additional thousands he added all, all went for pure craven nonsense.

Rawle was standing at his window. The night was crisp, clear, when a tyrannical nostalgia seized him, an absolute necessity to go out into the dark, the open, and there find a release from his choking sense of waste. He might conceivably escape from the tragic botch of his life; and, though it was too late for him to begin again, he could, for a day or two, regain his freedom, his lost superiority. In place of that he forced himself into a troubled slumber, and the next day silently met the exasperation of James Ross.

"You should have seen Judge Nichols," Ross proceeded—"had a caveat filed. Now there's the devil to pay, not only in this, but in everything that touches the Brownells. You may be sure Clara Brownell will take it out of our wives."

Rawle said, without thinking, "What rot!"

Ross almost glared at him.

"Positively, John," he declared. "I don't know what's the matter with you. I've never seen you so—so strange. Well, we will put that behind us. I'm having lunch with Arnold at the club, and you'd better join us."

"Thank you, no," he replied.

He hated all such clubs, Rawle told himself, alone in the office—strongholds of artificial, vicious distinction. An air of smugness hung like a curtain at their doors. In the outer office a stenographer was eating a lunch brought with her. How sensible that was—decent food carefully prepared at home; and he amused himself at the thought of Ella's face should he demand such a lunch put up. Leaving the city by train, he had swift prospects of countryside, the gray green of orchards and smoke curling from farmhouse chimneys. He recalled the Ganges kitchen, and the desire to return there rose in him. Soon it would be time for apple picking. The Ganges' made apple butter.

Henry Plank and Ashley came in for dinner. The latter, at the table, gazed frowning at her father.

"Why don't you go up to Northeast?" she suggested. "The Ross cottage is still open and they'd be glad to have you there. You seem tired, to me, and you've got a lot older looking lately."

Rawle shook his head negatively; that wasn't what he wanted. A wave of contentment swept over him. Soon, he felt, he would be back again where, rather than any other place in the world, he wished to be. The vision of truth, like a flicker of moonlight, hung before him. Seen through it, his family were no more than gesticulating shadows; their words were as empty, as sharp and brittle as the fall of broken glass.

The Gibbons came in, the eternal bridge was taken up, to be temporarily halted by an acrimonious disagreement about the propriety of a one-club bid for no trumps. Ella's face got quite red, and her breast, sheathed in a complexity of expensive materials, heaved; Mary Gibbon whispered sharply to her husband; and Ashley coldly said that she thought such discussions were excessively common. When the Gibbons had gone, Ella, recalling Mary's doubtful conduct, decided against having her again to dinner. Ashley supported her mother with rumors of Mary Gibbon's rashness, while Henry Plank maintained an indifference from the eminence of his great wealth.

Rawle, in spite of a heroic effort, could think of nothing to say to his son-in-law beyond a query after the health of his automobiles.

"I sold the limousine in New York," he returned. "Got seventy-two hundred for it; and bought an English car—a small convertible four-passenger with a gray body. You must insist, if you want a gray car, on an undercoat of white lead—only way to prevent its going bad. I spent all of twenty thousand dollars before I learned that—have a passion for the color."

Plank's complacency was unendurable. Rawle asked, "Did you ever have a passion for anything else?"

His son-in-law, surprised, stared at him without answering.

It was plain that he found John Rawle indecently queer. From the bottom of the lawn a frog croaked faintly; the stars made shining paths in the sky.

VIII

HOWEVER, on a ladder in the leafy depths of an apple tree, an Albemarle pippin, Rawle forgot all the meaningless circumstances and shapes of his past. The half-bushel can, suspended about his neck by a strap, was more than half full of golden apples; and dragged by its increasing weight he had to be careful of his footing and balance. The morning was very cool. There had been a heavy frost, and already the sun had lost something of its heat. There was a stir beyond, where, invisible to him, another picker was at work; while from the direction of the barn came the stuttering sound of the gasoline engine running the machinery that sorted the apples into four sizes.

He had been back with the Ganges' for three days, not a boarder now, but working, a farm hand. His shirt was open at the throat and his legs covered by overalls of worn and stained blue denim. Below he could see an old felt hat resting where it had fallen from his head. He must get it when he descended with the canful of apples. On the ground, he replaced his ladder, and then climbed its airy, swaying length. He was insuperably tired and miraculously happy. His submerged self was wholly at ease, in unrestrained evidence. Never before had he watched an entire day wheel from dark to dark, from sunrise to dusk!

The morning had been born in a cold, clear, rosy glow, a widening of light and then the pale stream of sunlight. At noon the shadows gathered under the trees, and at dusk they crept out toward the east and merged and floated up to the pure green sky. His back and legs ached and burned with fatigue. In bed he was sick with weariness, unable to sleep, and a species of waking stupor settled over him. He thought he was young, beginning life, striding out into it; but all the while there was a heavy burden on his shoulders, weighing him down, holding him back. It must be thrown off.

The next day was a long agonized effort, but after that the difficult task of apple picking grew easier. Soothed by its automatic, ever-repeated motions, he lived in a waking somnolence like the realization of a heavenly dream. For the first time he had a feeling of earning money, of getting

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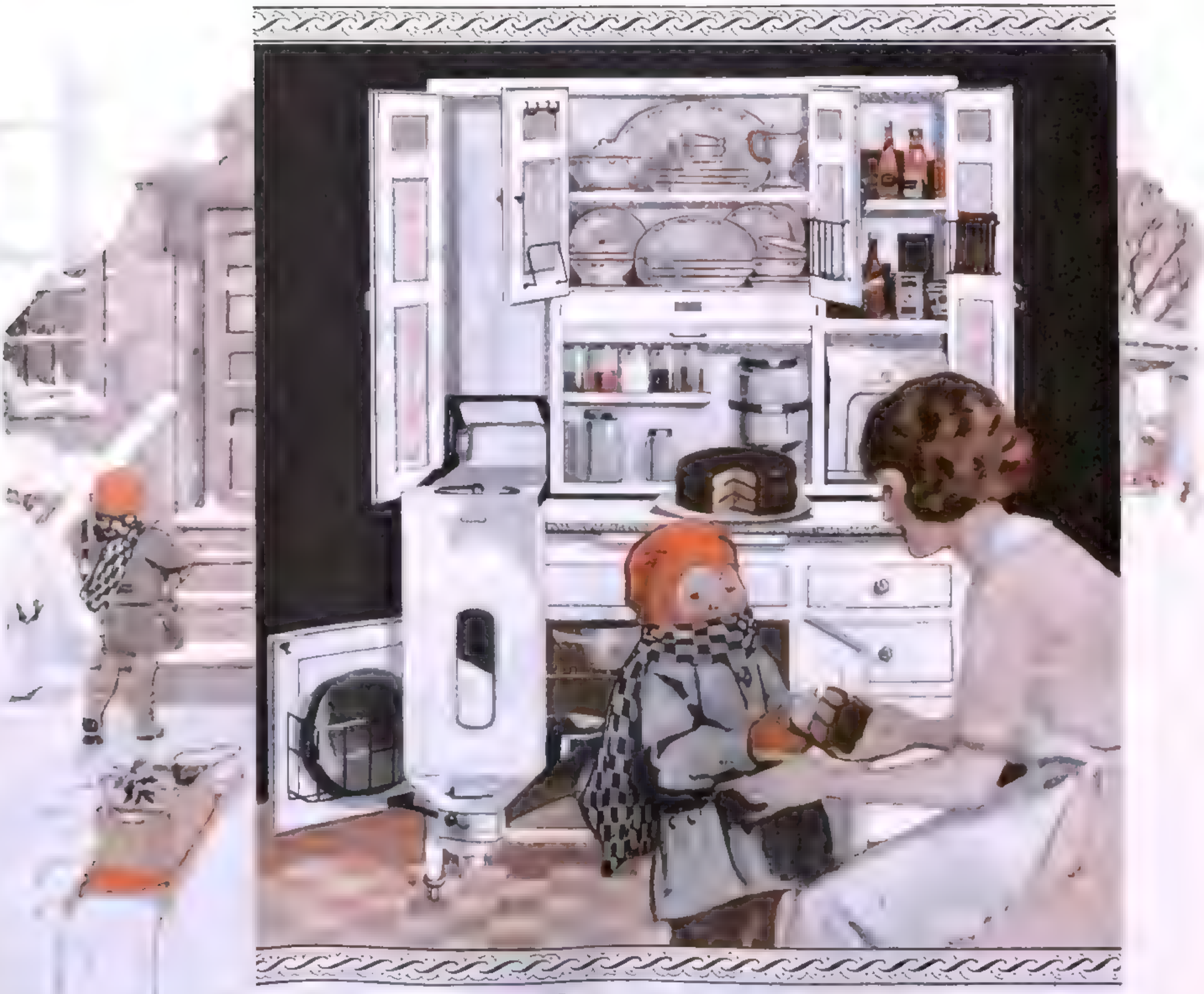

The Secret of Sellers Supremacy

SELLERS has perfected the kitchen cabinet at least 10 years ahead of the time—according to many. Wonderful and, many times, almost revolutionary improvements prove this fact.

These are not mere *features*—that is, points a salesman uses to talk about. Sellers' improvements are of *major* importance—labor-saving aids unthought of before.

There is the wonderful Automatic Lowering Flour bin; the Automatic Base Shelf Extender; the Dust-Proof Base Top underneath the Porcel-iron Work Table; the Ant-Proof Casters; Steam-Proof Finish, etc., etc. These are improvements and refinements that women have always missed. Combined with the fine materials and critical workmanship in the Sellers they make the ideal kitchen cabinet.

Yet with all its superiority the Sellers costs no more than any *good* cabinet. So almost any home can own this wonderful convenience.

Go see a demonstration. Compare the Sellers from any standpoint. Most dealers will arrange terms to suit any income. Write for free copy of the latest Sellers Book.

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The Yuletide Gift that's Always New for Friends, for Family—and You

Standard Models up to $300
Period Designs up to $2100

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Canadian Factory: Toronto

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Exclusive Columbia Features

Tone Leaves that give complete and accurate control over tone volume.

Straight Tone Arm that allows the sound waves to develop fully and naturally.

Scientifically Correct Acoustic Design that gives exquisite clearness and purity of tone.

Streamline Cabinets in keeping with artistic modern furniture design, and—

The *Only Non Set Automatic Stop.* Nothing to move or set or measure.

All the leading stageland favorites make records exclusively for Columbia.

IN well stocked kitchens you'll usually find every member of Pillsbury's Family of Foods. Be sure that *you* have them all.

Always buy Pillsbury's Family of Foods—different in kind, but alike in quality. At your grocer's.

Pillsbury's Best Flour — Pillsbury's Wheat Cereal
Pillsbury's Health Bran — Pillsbury's Pancake Flour
Rye, Graham and Macaroni Flours

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
Minneapolis, U. S. A.

Pillsbury's
FAMILY OF FOODS

(Concluded from Page 80)

useful money in return for a useful, an indispensable act. He had a supreme right to the food he consumed, turning it back at once into his necessary activity. At every face he was in contact with life. His feet were planted in the earth identically in the manner of the trees and grasses, his head was among the fragrant boughs and fruit.

There, among the leaves, he discovered an unsuspected world—the crimson-winged flash of a scarlet tanager, the burnished, purple-black sheen and scolding voices of crows, woodpeckers with red heads clinging vertically to the trunks, the discarded, amber-colored shells of the locusts, now stilled, that had so moved him with their high shrilling. Rawle's senses were ravished by the scents of autumn liberated in the searing frost. He came to like the rich ammoniac odor of the barn, the dry, dusty smell of the hay in the loft, the flat, warm breath of fresh milk. He grew familiar with the diversity of the surrounding life—the harsh, dry guinea hens, the angry geese, the ducks like important Chinamen, the excitable, gregarious chickens, apoplectic turkeys and insensate, aerial pigeons. The dogs, the half-bred collie and the nondescript dog, rough and strong, with all the imaginable virtues, he had as his own. He knew the characteristics of various cows, the farm horses and the bull in the lower field. Rawle understood, as well, the personalities of the flivver truck, the tractor and the engine of general purpose. He discovered a particular facility with the last. For an unexplained reason it balked, choked with everyone but him.

A feeling of deep subconscious fellowship with the other laborers, with Homer Ganges and Valma, his wife, permeated Rawle. Each was interrelated to the other, and the whole formed a recognizable and common humanity. It was extraordinary to know men severed from their clothes, from a thousand prejudices and artificialities! As individuals he would not have been strongly drawn to them; but together, absorbing him, he had a warm satisfaction in their actuality. They were men. He talked but little to them, or rather they were constrained in their conversation with him; but in the evening by the barn he sat and listened to their rustic speculations, their superstitious and husky oaths. Rawle learned the sign of the moon under which to plant Lima beans from the laborer of indeterminate age with a head like an earth-browned skull ornamented with a ragged mustache and pale blue, suspicious eyes. All his speech was combative, an arrogance of tone, a surety of statement, covering a doubting, obscured spirit.

He, the laborer, had, it developed, a brother who was a painter of houses, a man who at one time had been in a position to be defrauded of a lot of money.

"Sure he was," the narrator asserted, looking about in preparation for skepticism. "I painted for him myself on a job at Lakewood."

He had worked at Lakewood and a hundred other places—a wandering, solitary, unhappy being, slowly drawing closer to the earth that would, in the not distant future, envelop him. He had, it was plain, consumed a vast amount of cheap and destructive drink. There clung to him reminiscences of the gutter, of nights in small jails, together with the evidence of prodigious interrupted toils.

Where once Rawle would have passed him without notice, now he was aware of the human flame burning within the wrecked body. Removing, together, a stump from the corner of a field, they sat on the grassy slope by a fence; and the smoke from Rawle's pipe joined the bitter smoke from the other's blackened clay bowl. John Harden Rawle was unshaven; his arms, on which the sleeves of a draggled shirt were torn, were dark with the mold of rotten wood; his trousers were secured by a harness strap and his shoes caked with dried mud. His companion was no less dilapidated in appearance. Dirt and sweat! Rawle reflected that until now he had been too clean—a lay figure in starch and polished shoes. He had been in the habit of importing his dressing for tan leather from England. His derby hats had come from Vienna, the silk hats and stiff straws from Bond Street. Silk hats! He laughed, and the man beside him turned belligerently.

The latter rose on legs at once insecure and serviceable, tapping out his pipe on a knuckle as gnarled as an old hickory knot.

"She ought to come soon," he said shortly of the stump. "If I had a stick of giant powder I'd heave her up. Well, I don't care. The work's too hard here anyhow. I'll be getting along to-morrow."

Rawle suddenly wondered what Ella, what Ashley and Henry were doing; how things were in the orphans' court. They had no idea of where he was.

IX

HE CONSIDERED this, returning home. He had been absent practically three weeks, and the apple crop had been harvested. Rawle had gone, this latter time, in the familiar, obscured manner. All at once he had had to leave the accumulation of trivialities in the office for reality. His inner self had driven him away from the scene of his ludicrous pretending. But his duty to Ella—he tried to remind himself of this, but the effort was a failure. Essentially his acts were of no moment to her; she depended on him for nothing. Rawle might have lied to her, made up an imaginary necessity. That, however, was no part of his present state. The truth, and not lies, possessed him.

The potency of truth, even of the brief glimpse come to him, as it were, on a ray of moonlight, astounded him. At the merest realization that he, an individual, was alive, with deep individual needs and possibilities, that he was something more than a member, a slave, of a ridiculous, purposeless social tyranny, his entire known world had been blasted into fragments. Perhaps some day truth would descend on life. A great deal must be destroyed—a new beginning necessary—but with an inconsequential loss. Old fellows like him would be swept into oblivion. He had had only a glimmer; and, like Moses gazing at the far Promised Land, he projected himself wistfully toward a life he could never know.

Ella, to his surprise, said very little; she was reserved with him, preoccupied in air; and when later he referred to the office she told him that there was no need at present for his going into town.

"James Ross sent word it was unnecessary," she said, standing at the door to his room. "George Arnold is back and there is very little to be done."

Already, lost in thought, he had forgotten her. The moon was bright and created outside spaces of illusive, swimming radiance. The following day was cold, with a high wind that swept troops of leaves from the maples, spreading them in uneasy sheets of gold over the ground. Rawle came into the house late in the afternoon and found, laid on the bed, his dinner jacket and formal linen. Henry Plank and Ashley, his wife told him, were expected with a friend. Ella was even more abstracted than yesterday. She seemed positively nervous, and avoided meeting his gaze. Henry, too, when he arrived, was unnatural. His friend, whose name, Rawle learned, was Simmons, was a big man, with a strongly marked, smooth face. He was not unlike an actor. His voice was resonant, self-confident, his manner dramatic.

"I understand, Mr. Rawle," he said at the table, "that you have been away—a small private excursion."

Rawle studied him, touched by the edge of an instinctive resentment.

"Yes," he replied shortly, and then he realized that he had made no explanation of his absence. There was no reason for concealing where he had been. He had wanted to avoid argument, dissent; but, curiously, Ella hadn't asked him a question. He announced, "I have been picking apples."

The reception of his statement was ridiculously out of keeping with its commonplace, homely truth. Ella started to speak and then averted her head. Ashley dropped a spoon, Henry gazed at him in a dumb questioning. Only Mr. Simmons was unmoved.

"Exactly," he echoed—"picking apples. This, I believe, is the appropriate season. Very interesting."

His voice bore a query—it might have been sympathetic, understanding.

"More than interesting," John Rawle cried—"absorbing, fascinating. You have no idea of the sense of reality it brings! An apple is a fact—it can't be denied—and it must be picked; very carefully, too; not torn away from the stem." He turned to Ella. "You must have wondered about me, wondered and not worried. That would have made a difference. Well, I was living. I can't make it any clearer. For the first time in my life I was alive, I was useful, doing something actual. I was worth four dollars a day."

"That doesn't seem monumental," Simmons once more annoyingly interrupted in his self-important air. "I should have thought the law paid you very much better."

"More money, yes," Rawle replied, "and yet not nearly enough for what it had in return. I was a lay figure for litigation, a fence for rotting money. You may not know that it rots, but it does. It rots and spoils in dead accumulations, and corrupts everyone who touches it. For money's life," he developed his conviction—"or rather it's the sign of life. A dollar is the record of so much accomplished, not perhaps by you, but by someone, some effort in the past. And the other men's efforts, payment, are no good to you or me. We must create, by our faithfulness and labor, our own money; not spend it, but add—add

"Don't you see, can't you see that the sum of our gold, our real gold, is the sum of ourselves, of each man alone? Picking apples at four dollars a day is creating four dollars a day; but subtracting four thousand from a dead man's energy, fattening on it like worms, is only a dissipation. But even that isn't the most important thing. When we do work, create something, we fling away all our ability and strength and time. We change it into worthless nonsense; we change ourselves into objects that would be funny if they were not fatal.

"Everything for nothing! We don't breathe, we never live, we are never, for a healthy moment, animals. The slaves of plates and hours and ambitious women! We pay out all that we are and get less than nothing in return—the privilege of living with critical strangers, of supporting a thousand absurdities in which we've no interest. And it's getting worse—the waste and pretense and extravagance. The lies are growing thicker every day. Nine-tenths, ninety-nine one-hundredths of what I spend is for lies. Those pearl studs are lies, and my shirt's a lie, and my waistcoat—a scrap of stuff that cost sixty dollars—is a bigger lie than the rest. They are lies, because they're not worth what I pay for them, what I do to get them—all sham. A suit of clothes isn't worth more than ten dollars of any man's spirit and strength and days—thrown away for nothing."

Suddenly, in an overwhelming sense of impotence, he realized the vanity of so much talk. His wife's face was stony, his daughter only impatient. For a moment, swept away by his vision of honesty, of truth, he had deserted the only possibility of release for him—the quiet insistence on preserving what, so late, he had discovered for himself. The dining room, the winking candles and show of silver, the elaboration of the women, their hair twisted into artificial shapes, oppressed him beyond endurance. Outside he could see the windy spaces of the moon, and he rose abruptly, in the need for a gulp of cold, pure stillness.

Henry Plank's friend, Simmons, rose with him.

"Don't go!" Simmons said. "You have been very interesting."

Rawle looked at him in a wave of temper.

"What the devil!" he exclaimed—"what the devil ——"

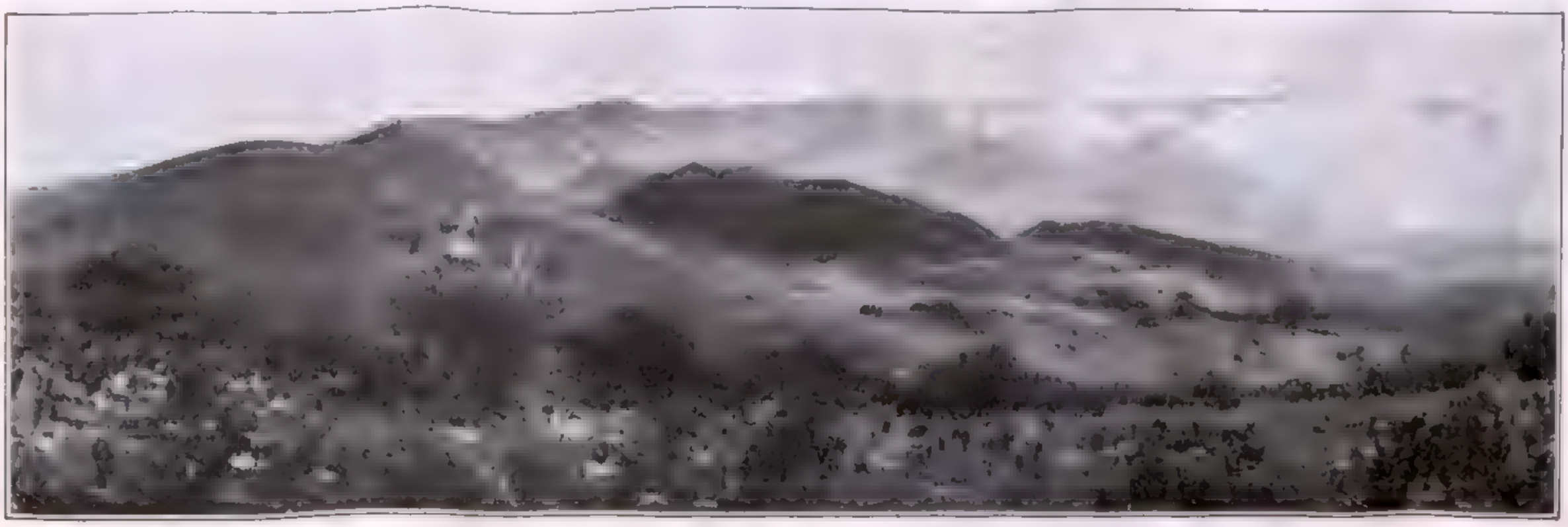
His daughter rushed from the room.

"Matthews," Simmons called; and, half turning, Rawle saw a man enter with capable shoulders and ready hands. Instantly, with a numbed heart, he understood the significance round him.

"Be quiet, Mr. Rawle," Simmons continued, approaching him. "We want to fix it so you can pick all the apples you like."

"Your precautions are unnecessary," John Harden Rawle told them. "We can dispense with Matthews. I made the mistake of thinking it was my world that was crazy."

Within him was an utter thankfulness for what, before he died, he had had—a flame of adoration for the beauty of sheer life.



The Magnificent Crater of Haleakala, the Extinct Volcano on the Island of Maui, Hawaiian Islands

"Stop tinkering with your motor"

"The trouble is due to a badly caked, clogged muffler"

"YOU may think it is *motor* trouble when your car is sluggish on hills, hard to start and makes you shift to second gear, but I know the trouble is due to this *plugged muffler*. Tinkering with the motor cannot help that.

"Recently we overhauled a high class motor which had 'gone bad' mysteriously. The overhauling turned out to be unnecessary, as the car refused to work any better than before. When the caked, clogged muffler was torn down and cleaned, the car again ran like new.

"Backpressure from a clogged muffler makes a car act as badly as though there were *motor* trouble. If the exhaust gases cannot get out freely, the motor starts hard and overheats. Pitted exhaust valves and excessive carbon result.

"If your car were equipped with a G-Piel Cut-Out you would not waste all this time trying to find out where the trouble is."

* * *

With the G-Piel you can tell instantly whether motor or muffler is at fault, simply by testing with the muffler and without it. With the G-Piel you can also keep the carburetor adjusted to that quick-burning 13 to 1 mixture which is itself a great help toward *preventing* carbon in motor and muffler.

The G-Piel also makes carbon-removers a success, as it prevents the loosened deposit being blown into the muffler. For this one purpose alone, a G-Piel Cut-Out is worth many times its cost.

The open G-Piel Cut-Out gives that extra "ounce" of power on a hard pull or short "sprint," and it helps cool a hot engine.

The satisfaction of hearing your motor

Every enthusiastic motorist enjoys the sharp, clear bark of a powerful, sweet-running motor. A hot spark in every cylinder! Valves opening wide and seating tight! Just the right mixture from carburetor! Exhaust gases scavenging freely through the G-Piel Cut-Out!

Select the right size cut-out for your car from the G-Piel chart at your dealer's. *It will save its cost many times in a single season.*

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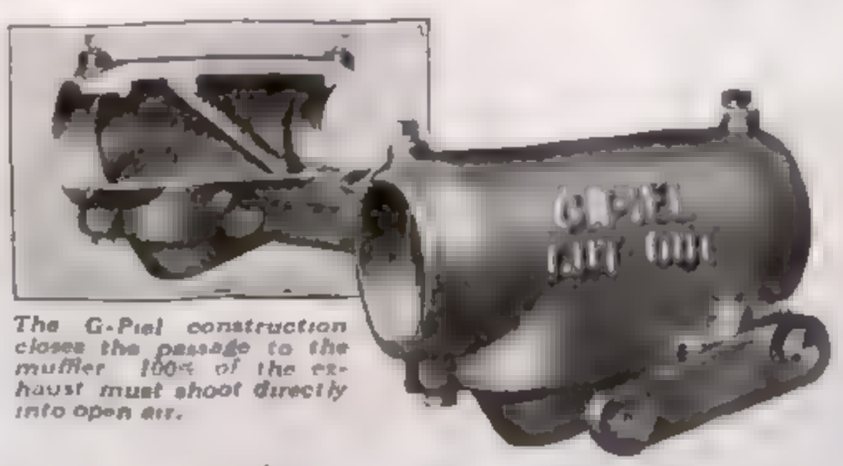
THE G-PIEL COMPANY

The G-Piel Pedal is absolutely positive in action. It never sticks. Makes operating any cut-out easy.



The G-Piel construction closes the passage to the muffler. 100% of the exhaust must shoot directly into open air.

G-Piel Muffler Cut-Out

Tells the motor's secrets

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 36)

unexplored and match wits and strength with the forces of Nature in the uncivilized parts of the world.

Unfortunately for those who still seek adventure, there are but few regions which remain undeveloped. Only a little more than a century has passed since the frontier of the United States was east of the Mississippi River. Now most of our arable lands lying between the two great oceans have been occupied, and about all that remains for the settler are the arid lands of our Western deserts. And let no one entertain the thought that the reclamation of our acres of deserts is a life bare of romance. No longer do we view the arid plains and valleys lying between our great Western mountain ranges as valueless tracts only of interest to the hardy prospector in his search for the precious metals, but rather do we look upon these lands as regions of great opportunity for the engineer and the farmer to develop into fertile acres of great productivity.

In less than half a century the United States has developed from a largely agricultural to a largely industrial nation. The latest census reports tell us that our cities are increasing in population seven and a half times as fast as our rural districts. During the last ten years rural growth was only one-third as great as it was in the previous decade. On the other hand, the cities practically maintained their previous rate of growth. Though the greatest increases have occurred in cities of more than ten thousand inhabitants, it is also a fact that the country hamlets and towns showed a greater proportionate increase than the purely rural districts.

Perhaps this situation was brought about by the higher wages and shorter working days in the towns and cities, or maybe it was due to the attraction of more conveniences and greater home comforts. However, the drift of workers from agricultural to industrial pursuits presents a problem that is not free of foreboding. Only a generation ago three-quarters of the inhabitants of the United States lived on farms or in rural communities. To-day our urban population totals nearly fifty-five millions, while our rural inhabitants total less than fifty-one millions. In other words, our towns and cities are now four millions ahead, whereas ten years ago our rural districts were seven millions ahead. Should the present tendency continue, the United States will rapidly develop into a nation that is dependent upon other countries for foodstuffs and at the same time become a large exporter of manufactures. Generally speaking, a nation that is independent in its supplies of food is in a much stronger position than the nation which excels in manufacture.

It goes without saying that one of the urgent needs of the coming years will be for more food. As already stated, the greater part of our arable lands that can be profitably farmed is now plowed and seeded. The easiest and quickest way to increase our production of foodstuffs is to supply water to our desert lands. Only by so doing can we supply ourselves with a second line of defense against the nations of Europe and assure the country a commanding position in the world's commerce in the coming years, when the chief avenues of foreign trade, so far as America is concerned, will consist of routes extending from our Pacific Coast to the ports of Asia.

The greatest potential producing and consuming power in the world is Asia, where upward of two-thirds of the earth's population dwell. Our present trade with Asia and Oceanica is more than two billion dollars annually, and the full possibilities of this business have hardly been touched. Our Pacific Coast has been blessed with a number of great natural harbors, particularly that of Seattle, where there is two hundred miles of landlocked shore fronting on navigable water. But great ports, piers and docks are not enough in themselves. Back of them must be a large, active, consuming population and a region of at least moderate productivity. In other words, the future advancement of our Pacific Coast States depends largely on the development of a fertile hinterland. Timber and mines and even fisheries play out, while fertile farms go on forever and supply a permanent reason for a large stable population.

We are following a shortsighted policy if we consider the development of our Pacific Coast States without at the same time taking into account their future relationship in foreign trade to the countries of Asia. China and India will one day find themselves, just as has Japan, and then there will be opened to the world's trade one of the richest agricultural and mineral producing regions on the face of the earth. Just now the foreign trade of the United States is eighty-nine per cent Atlantic Coast business. Col. George H. Emerson, who was sent to Siberia during the war to operate the Trans-Siberian Railway, says that when Siberia, China and Manchuria are developed and conducted on a sound government basis the foreign trade of the Pacific Coast will exceed that passing through our Atlantic ports. He says: "The wheat-bearing soil tapped by the Trans-Siberian Railway is greater than the total acreage of the United States, Canada and the Argentine combined. Even during the war, when most of the men were at the front, Siberia, with a population of only fifteen millions, produced nearly four hundred million bushels of wheat. We lubricated our car and engine wheels with butter. Ten thousand carloads of beans dumped at Harbin more than two years ago were still there at the commencement of this year, because no vessels or railroads were available to carry the beans to a market. There is practically no market for butter, beef, hides, cheese and many other commodities which Siberia produces so bountifully. On the other hand they are crying for American-made goods, and it is difficult to believe that American foresight and efficiency will fail soon to take advantage of the great opportunities offered us in the Far East."

Another investigator, only lately returned from China, comments as follows: "If the fifty million Japanese can make themselves strong in fifty years, four hundred million Chinese can certainly do as much. Japan is keenly alive to the wonderful field in China and is working with might and main to capture it. It is time that we wakened to the necessity of placing a large part of our new merchant marine in the Pacific trade." A similar optimistic view is taken by Julean Arnold, United States commercial attaché at Pekin, who recently said: "It is conservatively estimated that the future import and export trade of China will total no less than sixty-five billion dollars annually—an estimate based upon the commercial growth of Australia in the last decade. The four hundred million people of China are now demanding American-made machinery and other American-made products."

If, therefore, the opportunities for the future development of the United States lie largely on our Pacific Coast, we should give careful attention to the speedy but sound development of all the available land in California, Oregon, Washington and the states that lie adjacent. On July 1, 1918, the area of the vacant public lands in the three states above mentioned totaled more than thirty-six million acres, a considerable portion of which is either arable or land that can be brought into production by irrigation.

The people living in our Central and Eastern states are not only ill informed concerning the results that have been obtained during the last twenty years by Federal, state and private irrigation enterprises, but so-called Easterners still look upon the work of reclaiming our desert lands as a rather local affair which benefits only the West, though it costs the East money. One legislator from a central state, after having expressed such an opinion on the floor of Congress, was appointed a member of a committee to look into the Western problem of land reclamation. At the very outset of his tour of observation he was taken to a busy, prosperous town located in the heart of a comparatively new irrigation project, and after having been impressed with the fact that twenty years before the site of the now thriving town was a barren desert he was asked to visit the main street of the city and watch the passing throng on its way to the near-by grounds where the annual county fair was being held.

The congressman devoted the next few hours of his visit to making some personal notes, and in the end announced that he had decidedly modified his opinions concerning the subject of irrigation.

(Concluded on Page 88)

Cyclone Fence

PROTECTS SAFETY

Protects Factory Property Night and Day
Protects Employees against Crossing Railroad Tracks when Leaving Factory Grounds.
Prevents Thefts; Provides Safe Storage Space for Finished and Raw Materials.
Protects Employees against Hidden Traffic Hazards at Plant Exits. Traffic is Visible.
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MACHINE COMPANY

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Employer and Employees share together in the benefits of Cyclone Fence Protection.

While safeguarding industrial property against damage and loss, Cyclone Fence protects Employees against accidents, suffering, loss of time, loss of dollars and all dangers resulting from open factory premises.

Cyclone Fence abolishes scattered and dangerous outlets from factory yards—centralizes entrances and exits—makes coming-and-going of employees orderly and safe.

Security for All Industry—for Property, Production, Wages, Profits, Employers and Employees—is the purpose of Cyclone Fence.

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Phone Wire or Write Main Offices, Waukegan, Illinois, or Branch Offices Nearest You

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Cyclone Service relieves you of all fencing problems. Let us know your fence requirements; no obligation. Ask for Bulletin No. 28 sent free.

(Concluded from Page 66)

"I understand now," said he, "that this problem of watering the desert is really a matter of national interest. This afternoon I counted the automobiles that passed me and noted the makes of the cars. As a result of my calculation I found that the factories in my home city had supplied this community with more than one hundred and eighty thousand dollars' worth of automobiles, and it is likely that a complete census would show at least double that amount invested in machines from my own native state. If the money expended here in converting desert acres into fertile farms has provided my friends back East with a new market of such large purchasing power, I am confident that our small share of the expense incurred in opening up this new land was money well invested, even if we were to consider it only from the viewpoint of our own self-interest."

Right here it seems appropriate to observe that if the West has failed to understand the opposition of the East in the cases of many pioneer development projects, the fault is largely due to the failure of the Western folks in presenting to the people of the East the fundamental economic truths with respect to the national aspects and benefits accruing from the work done. Easterners will have no difficulty in understanding the value of irrigation if they are furnished with real facts. The way to win the support of the shoe manufacturers of Massachusetts is to point out the size of the new market opened up for their products for every one hundred thousand acres of land made productive. Similar figures could be supplied to the Eastern manufacturers of hardware, farm machinery, textiles and dozens of other articles produced by both essential and luxury industries. It's all very well to talk of adding to the nation's total wealth, but the thing that actually interests Smith in Baltimore and Jones in Buffalo is the answer to the question, "Where do I come in?"

Let us all cling to the idea that the safest plan for the development of the United States is to continue to make agriculture our basic industry. Our rapid advance to a position of great prosperity among the nations of the world has been due chiefly to the development of our arable lands. The growing scarcity of tillable acres in this country is sending thousands of hardy, industrious settlers over into Canada. Canadian officials frankly state that their chief immigration in the coming years will flow in from the United States. Bearing out this assertion is a recent report from Ottawa, stating that during the month of July of the present year 43,000 immigrants entered Canada from the United States while only 12,178 persons entered the Dominion from ocean ports. The kind of men we are losing to Canada is the type we need most here in the United States at the present time. We can solve the problem only by supplying more fertile land for settlement, and this can be accomplished only through reclaiming our deserts with water. This whole matter may not seem a question of great importance to some. However, no better proof of the seriousness of the situation is needed than the statement that last year four million dollars was withdrawn from banks in the state of Washington and invested in Canadian land.

As to whether or not irrigation pays, the figures compiled by Federal and other sources furnish a conclusive answer. Generally speaking, we now have under irrigation a little more than fifteen million acres. This is estimated to be practically one-half of the total land available for opening up in this way. Of course we have much more arid land than the quantity mentioned, but the number of acres that can be brought into productivity depends entirely on the quantity of water which can be procured and used. Arthur P. Davis, director of the United States Reclamation Service, is authority for the statement that the government irrigation work has increased land values from ten dollars an acre before irrigation to two hundred dollars under water. The average cost of both private and Federal irrigation projects has been approximately ninety dollars an acre. Consequently, if we apply these figures to the total land opened by irrigation in the United States we find that the work has cost about one and one-third billion dollars, which expenditure has added something like two and five-sixths billions of dollars to the land value of the country.

The production of the irrigation projects constructed and owned entirely by the United States amounted last year to more than eighty million dollars, or about two-thirds of the entire capital invested by the Government in irrigation works. On some projects, where the constructed works have been fully utilized, the annual acreage returns are much greater than was the initial charge an acre for completing the project. All of this proves conclusively that Uncle Sam's investment in the reclamation of arid lands was a wise one and will be repaid with interest. Of the total fifteen million or more acres so far reclaimed in the United States, Federal projects have covered less than two million acres.

The irrigated arid areas in the West are producing crops greatly in excess of those grown in humid regions. The lands that were once a desert average from 250 to 300 days of sunshine each year. The soil generally consists of a volcanic ash rich in the minerals which most crops require. Even as far north as Central Washington the climate is mild and the growing season averages seven months, of which six months are frost-free. In most regions the rainfall averages only from six to ten inches and does not come during the growing season. This lack of rainfall during the summer makes for ideal growing conditions after irrigation has been supplied.

The dry air and absence of storms enable harvesting to be done at the right time and without extra cost or damage due to adverse weather.

Only persons who have farmed in irrigated regions have a true conception of the great value of an arid climate in promoting successful agriculture. In the desert regions there is no wetting of plants at wrong periods of development. Since it is possible in such a case to apply irrigation water at exactly the time when it is most effective, we may properly express the true situation by saying that under such a condition there is one hundred per cent control of the rainfall. Accumulated experience shows closely the exact time and quantity of water needed by any particular crop, and even the slightest departure from this need is reflected by a reduced output.

Federal figures show that irrigated lands produce twice as much as nonirrigated lands. In 1919 the average value of farm products in Middle Western states was thirty-two dollars an acre, while during the same year our irrigated lands produced better than sixty-five dollars an acre. Typical of most of the Western irrigation projects is that being developed by the Government and by private enterprises in the Yakima Valley of Washington. Here I rode through a region once covered by sagebrush but now producing more than forty-five million dollars' worth of crops annually. Last year Yakima County ranked third in the United States as a producing county. Such a rapid creation of wealth may not possess the spectacular features of a famous gold strike or an oil boom, but it forms a drama of no less interest and constitutes an accomplishment of much greater permanent value.

Though the Yakima Valley is no better than many other irrigated regions, and maybe not so productive as some, it furnishes a splendid example of what irrigation means to the nation. In many sections of this district one thousand linear feet of props are needed an acre to hold up the heavily laden limbs of the fruit trees. The common plan in the Yakima is to plant fifty apple trees to the acre, with the same number of fillers. One hundred pear trees are planted an acre and one hundred and twenty peach or prune trees. The apples bear from the sixth to the eighth year and average about ten boxes to the tree at their maximum bearing age. It costs about one hundred dollars an acre to develop an orchard from raw land to the bearing period. A conservative estimate of profits is two hundred and fifty dollars an acre a year, though some orchards have shown profits of one thousand dollars an acre in one year. There have been only two peach failures in the Yakima Valley since agriculture was first started there, the reason being that the country furnishes the proper elevations and exposures for peach growing. The Yakima farmers learned early in the game that cold air, like water, flows downhill, and they plan their developments accordingly.

One thing I noticed was that the Yakima farmers went in extensively for bee culture. Not only do the bees form an excellent side proposition for the farmers, providing them with a material profit from the sale of honey, but they are also great benefactors to the owners of orchards in pollenizing the blossoms of the fruit trees. Last year the Yakima farmers sold seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds of honey at an average of eighteen cents a pound and one hundred thousand pounds of beeswax at forty cents a pound.

In practically all the irrigated regions of the West there are farms producing from sixty to one hundred bushels of corn an acre; from five to twenty tons of potatoes; from eight to twelve tons of alfalfa; and yearly crops of strawberries averaging three hundred dollars an acre. The people of the Pacific Coast are great boosters for their adopted land, but one must confess that their hope and optimism are based on something more material than dreams. Lots of people believe that the apples of the East have a better flavor than those of the West, and I acknowledge being one of those holding such a preference. However, the Westerners largely control the markets of the country and are able to compete successfully with Eastern fruit growers in Eastern markets, though handicapped by a three-thousand-mile haul. In 1918 the state of Washington shipped nineteen thousand carloads of apples, averaging seven hundred and fifty boxes to the car, and other Western states made an equally good showing.

There is no reason for the East to be jealous of the West. Rather should we be proud of its high mountains, rich mines, reclaimed deserts and mighty forests. The West is still our great land of opportunity and, though it is not the unexplored wilderness it was a generation ago, there is yet plenty of room for the fellows who disdain crowds and want to grow up with the country. It is well to remember that Oregon, which is not nearly so large as a half dozen other Western states, has a greater area than New York and Pennsylvania combined. But these two latter states have a total population of more than eighteen millions, while Oregon has less than one million inhabitants. If Oregon were settled like Switzerland the population would be twenty-one millions. If it were as thickly populated as Belgium it would have sixty-one million inhabitants. One single county in Oregon has an area of 9883 square miles, which is a larger territory than that covered by the entire state of Massachusetts. Such facts make it plain that the greatest opportunities and maximum resources of our Pacific Coast are still virgin. When the people living in a county consisting almost entirely of irrigated land can afford one automobile to every six inhabitants there is good reason to conclude that poverty is not a common condition.

Western folks look upon the reclamation of their desert lands as a work that is sure to increase the population and wealth of their respective states. The people of the East, where irrigation projects are unknown, should view these Western developments with the eyes of producers who will greatly benefit through the opening up of new markets for their manufactured goods. There is much talk concerning the wisdom of devoting money and effort to the creation of new markets for American products in foreign lands and, though it cannot be denied that such a suggestion has merit, there is still greater virtue in the plan of first utilizing to the fullest extent the opportunities that lie within the boundaries of our own land. Finally, it is necessary to remember that land reclamation through the use of water is not a speculative expense, but a sound investment where the principal is returned with big interest.

Rift of Clouds Over Lower Snow Lake, Chelan County, Wash.

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Maximum H.P. Required — 153
R.P.M. Drive Pulley — 200
Belt Speed — 3141 F.P.M.

Specified: GOODYEAR BELT
18" 6 Ply BLUE STREAK

Blueprint sketch and un-retouched photograph of Goodyear-belted main drive in the wood-preparing plant of the Hawley Pulp & Paper Company, Milwaukie, Oregon

Copyright 1920, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR

16 Months' Additional Service —and the G. T. M.

The Hawley Pulp & Paper Company, whose main plant and offices are located at Oregon City, Oregon, had considerable trouble with the belts used on the main drive of the wood-preparing plant at Milwaukie. These belts had to be taken up frequently for stretch, and every take-up of the belt meant an expensive shut-down of the plant, a costly interruption of the work and a loss of productive time.

Also, the average life of a belt in that service was short. The best of them lasted only eight months of 8-hours-a-day running. Falling dust from the dust conveyor, and the suddenly increased strain of 20 to 70 horsepower added when the log hoist was hooked on, combined with the severe duty of the main drive to devour the belting.

These operating conditions were carefully noted by the G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man—when, in co-operation with the Company officials, he made an expert analysis of this problem. His object was to determine just what belt would end the shut-downs, stop the loss of power through slippage, and last a much longer time.

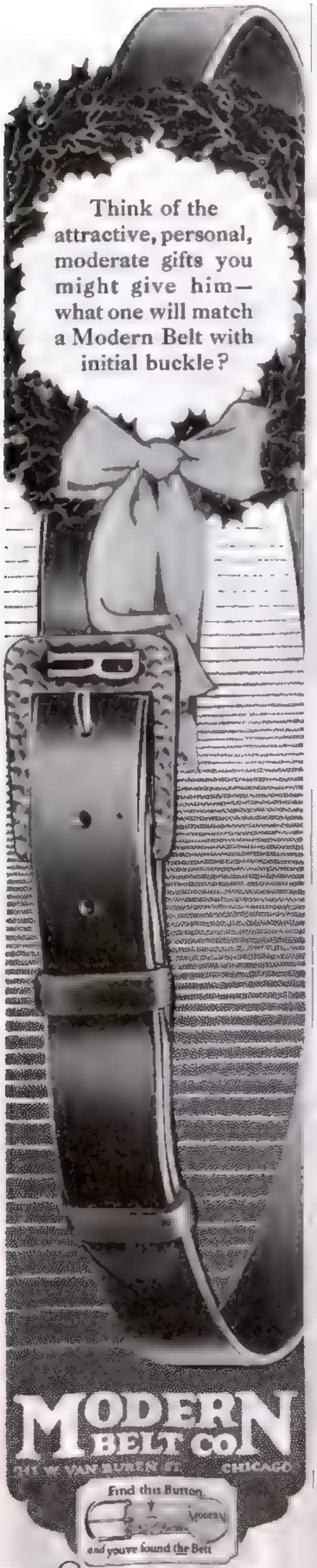
A Goodyear Blue Streak Belt, 18 inches wide, and of 6-ply strength, was recommended by the G. T. M., and installed on Oct. 13, 1918. Incidentally, an 800-lb. idler was eliminated and a new type of fastener employed.

For twenty-four months now, for more than nine of which the plant operated 24 hours a day, this Goodyear Blue Streak Belt has transmitted the full power of that drive. It has averaged better than a 16-hour day all through this term. Only three times in two years has it been taken up for stretch, and today, Mr. Arthur Dyer, superintendent of the wood-preparing plant, says it "looks good for a long time to come."

This one experience with a G. T. M.-specified Goodyear Belt, and other tests which they have made, have convinced the Hawley Pulp & Paper Company of the special value of the Goodyear Analysis Plan and of the uniform quality of these belts that so ably protect our good name. Both W. P. Hawley, Sr., president, and Willard P. Hawley, Jr., vice president and general manager, will continue to specify Blue Streak Belts.

If you need belting that will prove its worth in trouble-free performance, in increased production, and in longer life, the G. T. M. may be able through an expert analysis to determine exactly the belt for the job. Write about your problem to The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

BLUE STREAK BELTS


Think of the attractive, personal, moderate gifts you might give him—what one will match a Modern Belt with initial buckle?
MODERN BELT CO
241 W. VAN BUREN ST. CHICAGO
Find this Button
and you've found the Belt
If your MODERN belt is not readily obtained write us

THE GOOD SPORT

(Continued from Page 11)

Each evening now he improvised about Washington and grumbled about the Torquay-Belfast and Baltimore. When she called for him at the Torquay she hoped to find it the shoddy establishment he painted it; she wanted to be made to believe that he was right. But it looked emphatic, with its vast floor, its gilded plaster columns, its array of glass-topped desks. The enormous limousine in the center of the floor was as solemn and reputable as a trust company, and the manager, in his morning coat, was pontifical. Paul was wrong. She couldn't trust his opinion. Well then, since everything was against giving him the money—she was going to give it to him! Now was the time to be a good sport!

On an amiable winter evening Paul came home to find candles and roses on the dinner table.

"What's the idea, Em? Somebody coming? Then what's the use of showing off?"

"Aren't you and I enough?"

"But what's the hunch? Anybody got a birthday?"

"No one that I know of."

"Well, you're beyond me. First you kick every time I want to make a hit with the bunch by blowing 'em to a feed, and then you drag out everything but the kitchen stove when it's just a family meal. And"—as he sat down—"why the plates turned over? That's hick-town stuff."

She was silent, pale, taut, as he lifted his plate and disclosed a bank draft for five thousand three hundred nineteen dollars.

He gulped. They wept together. In their vows and kisses they rediscovered the honeymoon. He soared quickly from his abject repentance. He crowed, he danced, he rushed out to buy a pint of claret from a bootlegger, he waved his glass and shouted:

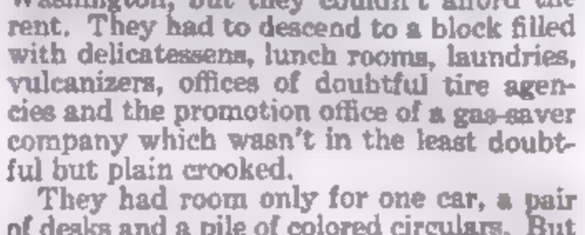
"We're rich, that's what we are! We'll grab everything in Washington that isn't tied down! We'll buy the White House! Lord, I wonder if you realize how down in the mouth I've been getting, having to work for that frosty face? Everything's all to the hunky-dory now! Whee! As us professors always say, Terra firma, status quo ante, e pluribus unus, Gallis ist omna, Emibus corkeritis ist! Whee! I will now came, saw, and conquer! You're the best sport I ever met! And we can't lose! Not a chance!"

IV

THEY wanted for the Helmet agency a space in the smart shopping district of Washington, but they couldn't afford the rent. They had to descend to a block filled with delicatessens, lunch rooms, laundries, vulcanizers, offices of doubtful tire agencies and the promotion office of a gas-saver company which wasn't in the least doubtful but plain crooked.

They had room only for one car, a pair of desks and a pile of colored circulars. But they had a tiled floor and glazed-brick walls topped by a frieze of crimson and dull green. Paul's partner remained in Baltimore, and the only employee was a negro porter who came in for two hours a day. It was Emily who shared Paul's preparations; and since she shared them, she was enthusiastic. Her love of home-making went all to the agency. They had a cheap hotel room, and almost lived at the agency. Emily admired the glossy walls, the gaudy frieze, the beautiful shiny copper drip pan; and when the first Helmet arrived she went over it after the porter, rubbed the brass hub caps and cleaned the casings with alcohol.

She became office typist. On the glittering new typewriter she learned, by the popular two-finger corn-pecking method, to write quite fast enough for all the correspondence they had. It was she who insisted on circularizing well-to-do Washington with individual letters. Her first creation, composed by Mr. Paul Banning and typed by Mrs. Banning, was:


Dear Sirs: Do you knowthat or have opend in
Wash[illegible] an agency for the best car $on the
market [illegible] you know that the HELMET is un/
surpassed for [illegible] power and
[illegible] you know that it [illegible]
vents at the West Smith Endyrance run?
We dont want to borra you though. This is
just to let you knoe we are her'

In a month her letters looked professional. Between times she was also the bookkeeper, only there wasn't anything to put into the books.

Paul had missed one detail in investigating his market. A good share of the possible purchasers of expensive cars came from outside, and brought their cars with them. The rest of them were sufficiently served by the existent agencies. Everybody spoke well of the Helmet; everybody looked in at the window and remarked that it was an elegant boat, but everybody did not come in and buy. In six months Paul sold two cars. After that business wasn't so good. He had an equity in the ownership of the Helmet agency. This he mortgaged. He discharged the porter. Now, in the evening, with the shades pulled down, Emily scrubbed the floor and polished the sample car. But she did not resent it, for Paul helped her—rather helplessly. He rolled up his beautiful, his altogether exquisite trousers and dabbled at the scrubbing water, and when he splashed it on his knees and cuffs he looked at her mournfully. This year of responsibility had tamed him. He tried to be agreeable to everyone who came in to look at the Helmet. He tried to endure the impertinences of airy débutantes. He tried to persuade Emily that her five thousand was still safe.

Then in the middle of an ordinary-looking afternoon the new general sales manager of the Helmet company strolled in, took one look, growled: "You can't sell Helmets in a hole like this. Got to have a decent-looking office with some space. Can you do it, or do you want to give up the agency? Huh?"

That evening the holder of the mortgage on Paul's agency was the agent for the Helmet car in Washington, D. C., and Paul sat in his hotel room with nothing in the world to do but look pitifully at his wife, who had never loved him quite so surely as then.

At eight the agent for the Denver Six telephoned: "Mrs. Banning? Hear your husband is out of the Helmet. Well, say, we need a salesman. Would he be interested?"

"I'll have him call you," she said.

She instantly planned a campaign—reluctance, final yielding at an interesting salary. As she burbled she raced up and down the narrow room, along the mean, faded strip of carpet, while Paul reclined elegantly on the bed, his head against the wadded-up pillow, his legs crossed and one foot wagging.

"Well now, I don't know," he objected. "Give me time to think it over. Say, I'm almost glad the Helmet game is up, and this being on our own. I'll lay alongside of anybody I know at selling, but I don't think much of this responsibility—waste time on too many fool details. That's all right for some piker of an office man, but not for a fellow with adventure and red blood in his system. Gee, I begin to feel human again, and I never did think much of the Helmet. Strictly between ourselves, it's a bunch of junk. Next time—we'll hook up with something with some zip to it. Zowie! No more worries! No more scrubbing floors! Let's go to the movies!"

At ten as they came out of the movies he danced upon the sidewalk, and he cried: "Oh, to thunder with this town! Too conservative! Don't appreciate a live salesman. I begin to feel like a move would be good for us. Go farther west, where there's some hustle. Let's tell the Denver Six people to go to thunder. Just yesterday I heard there's some magnolious chances out in Cincinnati. Let's take a shot at it! Whee! And let's go have a chafing dish of good chow some place, and start off with the right feel of success."

"Paul, Paul! You're mad!"

He glared at her.

"How many times have we got to go over and over and over the same old row? How many times have I got to say the same thing? You've got to trust me! You've got to be a sport! You've got to take things like they come, the lean mit the fat! Did I ever let you down? Have you ever starved yet? I tell you we'll make good in Cincinnati. We'll stick there and be reg'lar citizens, with a house and a garden and this fambly you're always wanting. See?"

"Have you any definite prospects?"

"Well, practically, you might say. The fellow that put me wise to the big chances there, he says he'll give me a letter to his brother, who's in the Doublegood Tire place in Cincy and knows everybody in town."

Four days afterward they started for Cincinnati, and because they had less than a hundred dollars in the world they went on the day coach; they slept at night curled on the red plush seats.

V

DIM lights along the aisle. The sharp scent of oranges cutting the soggy smell of unbathed people. Rope-tied suitcases, pasteboard boxes, derelict shoes and coats and bottles and crusts of bread littering the car. Weary people in a weary imitation of sleep, their heads on the seat arms or propped against the window panes, their legs grotesquely balanced on valises. The day coach at night.

Paul enjoyed the adventure of it. Within an hour he knew the name of every trainman; he had played a game of seven-up in the smoker and joyously assisted in the removal of a drunk. He returned to pat Emily as she lay back against her old coat—she hadn't had a new coat since she had been married. She couldn't sleep. She choked in the tight-packed air. Paul seemed to be waiting for something. She guessed that he was waiting for her to complain—waiting for the chance to say "You've got to be a sport." If she heard that word once more she would go mad and leap from the train.

"Oh, don't be a fool!" she interrupted herself, and achingly shifted into a new position.

They came to Cincinnati. Her eyes were burned out. She wanted to take refuge in a hotel—alone.

"Are you going right out and capture that job?" she hinted gayly.

"What's the big rush? Let's give the burg the once-over first. Maybe we might cross the river and grab a look at Ole Kaintuck. I want to see a blue grass."

"I want to see a bed!" She was grim. "And I want to see a pay check. Do you know that we now have just ninety-four dollars?"

"Stung again!"—cockily. "We have ninety-four dollars and eight cents and a Washington trolley ticket."

"Paul, please don't make me bad-tempered! I'm trying to be good. I'm trying to be a sp— be cheerful. But really, dear, can't you see it's silly to take so many risks?"

Then he was off. She was, it seemed, to trust him. She was to be a sport. Indeed, she was to be a good sport. He had never let her down yet. She had never yet starved. Hadn't he always landed a job?

She was unmoved. She retorted: "You know these aviators who do stunts that no aëroplane will stand. Nothing ever happens to them—till something happens."

But if she was more stubborn, so was Paul. He made no promise. He left her at the hotel. She went to bed, too sleepy to think and too bitterly thoughtful to sleep. Would he get the job this time? Ninety-four dollars—well, hang it, whatever the exact idiotic sum was—it wouldn't last very long. They knew no one in town. They might actually go hungry. Oughtn't she to telegraph her father? But he hadn't much. No. It was a devouring day of waiting. She flew at Paul when he came in.

"Did you get the job?"

"I did not, my angel. Because why? Because I haven't asked for one! But I've sure given the town a good north and south. Say, there's a lulu of a bungalow on the heights that I'd like to own." He looked at her. Then he was on his knees by her. "Gosh, I didn't realize! You're all in! Did I scare you? Oh, honey, I've been a hog! I just meant to kind of teach you a lesson. I didn't realize you were so worried. Poor kid, you're just about ready to bust out crying! I'll start right out and shoot me a big fat job first thing after breakfast to-morrow, honest I will!"

After such repentance, what could she do but consent when he insisted on buying a dinner which cost thirty cents more than a sleeper from Washington to Cincinnati? But he had the job next day. He crowed: "See? Or was I right or not? And you didn't trust your Paulibus, did you? You didn't think he'd deliver the goods this time. 'Fess up now! You weren't a sport, were you?"

(Continued on Page 98)

Painted for The General Rubber Co. by R. M. Ballantyne © 1926

Touring abroad or at home, there is no more dependable tire you can use than The General Cord. We believe that one *good* friend is worth a dozen indifferent buyers

That foreign countries appreciate The General Tire is amply proved by the fact that there never has been a year since 1917 in which its export sales have not at least doubled. But notwithstanding this world-wide appreciation of a great Cord tire, its most marked success has been achieved right here in our own home markets.

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He can equip commercial as well as passenger cars with cords. He has the most successful cord for Fords ever made—while the Jumbo fabric tire for 30 x 3½-inch rims is famous among owners of small cars for doing the work of a 31 x 4-inch tire at much less cost.

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The Secret that Lay in the Soil

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Southern Machinery Co.—
Atlanta, Ga.
J. Z. Horter Co.—
Havana, Cuba
Frank O. Renstrom Co.—
San Francisco and Los Angeles, Cal.

(Continued from Page 92)

She couldn't make herself say anything affectionate and apologetic. She said, "Good! Well, let's go right out and look for a boarding house."

"You wait! Some day I'll be the owner of the Javelin agency in this town, and we'll live in a marble pal-lal-lace, pal-lal-lace, pal-lee!"

He was steady and successful—for two weeks. Then he remembered to tell her that his job was only temporary. He was filling the place of a salesman who was ill. Three months later the salesman had the unkindness to be well, and with more than a hundred saved this time—a very little more than a hundred Paul was out of a job. But that didn't matter, he explained, because he had heard from a man who knew a man that in the the city of Vernon, another thousand miles to the west, there were marvelous openings for a live wire. They'd take a chance. In fact they'd be sports. They'd hop a train and go out and give Vernon the once across and the high sign and the glad hand.

Emily said things, hateful scarring things, of which she was ashamed. If he couldn't support them she would. She'd go work in a store. He was fish-mouthed. He admitted that there was a chance for him in a Cincinnati tire agency. He'd take it, but—his voice grew more stubborn—by golly, he was going to write out to Vernon and find out how's tricks. She was touched by his renunciation of *wanderlust*, and they wept together.

A few months afterward they were in Vernon, Paul a salesman for the Apthorpe car; and here for a time they stayed, forgot the desire of wandering, had a bright, small, furnished flat and were happy.

VI

THE Apthorpe, with its graceful stream line and its distinctive colors, sold readily in Vernon. Paul saved money, while doing his share in the way of entertaining the people they met. There was a gay group centering about the Black Bass Club—Sim Jenson, circulation manager of the Vernon Courier, and his wife, the flirtatious Sue; Harry Jason, the real-estate speculator; Tom McNew, who controlled miles of billboards. They played bridge, they went together to the feature movies, they drove out to the lakes for evening picnics. Emily became plumper and more placid. She did examine their bank book a good many times every month, but she did enjoy the sight of these lively people about her flat, with its red cushions, glassed-in porch and smoker's set on a taboret.

Paul exulted: "Not a bad layout, what? I tell you it pays to take a chance. Suppose I'd stayed with that stick-in-the-mud Torquay gang in Baltimore! Think we'd ever have a swell shebang like this? Think we'd have the circulation manager of the biggest newspaper in town dropping in, thick as thieves? Class, that's me! The best is good enough for me, providing the service is good!"

But this desirable class cost more and more. Paul stopped saving. Emily tried not to wail. She was tired of having to be disagreeable, and when she cautiously suggested to Paul that it wasn't wise to spend so much on display he stumped her. For he agreed with her!

"Sure! That's right. Fool thing to do. Now me, I never spend a cent just to show off. But same time, I feel a fellow who isn't a mucker owes something to himself. If he's going to be a gentleman and keep his self-respect and his business pep he has to dress and eat and live like a gentleman."

That twist puzzled and held her for a time. Not till the night of the polysyndetonic taxicabs did she complain. The occasion was the minstrel show and grand ball of the Black Bass Club. The Bannings were to pick up the Tom McNews in the second-hand Vogue touring car which Paul had bought as an investment. But the evening was boiling with rain.

"The side curtains on my machine don't fit extra O. K. I think we better take a taxi." Paul grumbled at dinner.

"Oh, we can wrap up in coats and things."

"Yes, but we can't ask the McNews to swim there after we've invited them."

"Yes—well ——"

It sounded like her old, weary "But—but ——"

She reflected as they drove to the McNews', "No, I won't get a new evening frock, no matter what he says. This old thing does perfectly well."

Tom McNew wanted to pay his share of the taxi fare, but Paul refused in a high and princely way, and at one-thirty insisted on calling another taxi for the return home.

The rain had ceased.

"Why couldn't we just as well walk? I want you folks to drop into my place and have a bite to eat before you go home, and it's only just a few blocks there," objected McNew.

"What? Make the ladies hoof it, with their el-lel-egant garmentses?" chanted Paul. "Mac, there's only one more queenly dame than your beauteous frau, and that's the star of my harem, Mrs. Paulena Banana!" He waved his hat, he bowed, with one hand on his stomach. The McNews laughed, and said Paul was a sketch—a perfect scream.

High esteem and good fellowship reigned, until, as Paul was running in to telephone for a cab, Emily whispered: "Really, Paul, we could just as well walk. Be good for us. Lovely air. Taxi so unnecessary. Let's save ——"

"Of course you'd spring something like that just when we're having a good time! Can't you ever —— And t' hear you tell it, you'd think a taxi cost a hundred bucks a minute. Why, 'twon't cost us more than a dollar and a half clear home."

"I know—but perhaps it's a symbol."

"It's a what? What new highbrow idea you got now? Oh, Lord, I should fret! Anyway, I can't keep the McNews waiting on the sidewalk all night."

At his apartment house McNew insisted: "Now I want you folks to come in and I'll open up something. Still got some of the stock. How about it, Mrs. Paul?"

"Thank you, but I'm a little tired."

Paul shouted: "Rats! To-morrow's Sunday. Sleep all day. Sure we'll go in. Couldn't lose us! That open up something sounds like a letter from home to me!" He gallantly helped the ladies out of the cab, and as Emily straggled into the hall she hated herself for continually spoiling his pleasures.

It was after something had been opened up several times that Emily looked out of the front window of the McNew flat. The night was fresh, grateful. Then instantly it was ungrateful and close. In the street stood a taxicab. She had been trained by Paul to notice cars, their makes, models, licenses, special marks. She knew by a twisted fender that this was the taxi in which they had come; that Paul had kept it waiting. In the early morning deadness of the small city she could hear it ticking—ticking—ticking: "Money, money, money, money, money!"

She was rather abrupt about insisting that it was time to go. She knew that Paul was watching her all the way home, and all the way his lips were pouting with the word "sport." She vigorously said nothing at all.

The charge for the taxi was five dollars and forty cents, and the generous Paul, the friend of waiters and hat-check girls, gave the chauffeur a fifty-cent tip. This made five dollars and ninety cents, and it was a coincidence that the amount of money they had saved in two months also was five dollars and ninety cents.

VII

THE Apthorpe factory was listed to port. An admirable designer it did have, and the best of salesmen, but it was scant on purchasing agents and foremen. The factory could not get steel. As soon as it got the steel it could not get men. As soon as it got the men they obligingly and unanimously struck. For three months there were practically no deliveries of cars in Vernon. So that Paul, hustling all the time, really working, trying to be cheerful, his book filled with orders, every customer agreeing with him about the merits of the Apthorpe, was nevertheless poverty-stricken. He would have no commissions till deliveries. Emily and he had to live on his small guaranty—and on their much smaller savings.

But, he pointed out to Emily, he had to keep up his expenses, lest his friends and customers think he was a failure She was too wretched at this sudden breaking down of their apparent security to have much to say. She tried only once. Why couldn't he go to another Vernon agency?

"I've thought of that, but most of 'em haven't got the class. I'm a big-car man. I'm not going to waste myself on any of those small-time concerns. No, no, I guess we'll pull out somehow. If I did make any change—say, how'd you like to see a little of Canada? They tell me Winnipeg and Victoria and Vancouver are great towns, and Calgary and Moose Jaw, and do a whale of a motor business. Kind of fun to hike a little, eh?"

Anything to keep him from the subject of wandering! She accompanied him as cheerfully as she could to the parties in which he forgot his troubles. He took to poker. Poker also took to him. Poker adored him—because he so richly supported it. He played brilliantly and wittily; he bluffed cleverly; he was a master at raising before the draw; he lost like a good sport—and he always lost! At least once a week he played, at the house of Harry Jason, the shifty wizard of real estate; and Emily sat back, her senses dead, her very power to suffer dying, as she watched her husband lose, as she watched him caper and boast—the village clown.

Then the Apthorpe sales manager had an idea. He reduced his sales force, and since Paul Banning was the latest addition the reduction was Paul. He came home to inform Emily that he had no job, and he added the news that he was darn glad to be divorced from that gang of pikers; and as for the Apthorpe car, well, aptly considered, it was a bunch of junk. She inquired what he planned to do; she waited for a proposal that they go to Vancouver—or Los Angeles or Honolulu or Shanghai. He looked old about the eyes.

"Oh, I'll land some other job here in town. I'd like—I'd like to chase on to some new place, but I don't seem to have the pep any more. But—you trust Pauly! I'll be selling Darlingford trucks inside of a week. That's what I'll do! Know the Darlingford truck? Say, there's a lulu; there's a beauty! Throw a ton and a half on a Darlingford, and you don't even know you've got a load, and she'll pull up a fifteen-per-cent grade on high with it, too, or something like that. And the manager and me are just like two fingers on one hand."

He returned at dinner time to denounce the Darlingford manager, who not only did not appreciate a willing and steady salesman but was also forcing on the public a vehicle that was a bunch of junk.

"I should worry about him, though. I'll have a job inside two days. Say, there's a show in town with the original New York cast. Lez go, old thing—lez throw on the bonny chapeaux and skate down."

"Paul dear, don't you think it would be just as well to economize, now we're so nearly broke?"

"Now there you go! Good Lord, I might have known you'd say something to take the heart out of a fellow just when he needs his nerve to make a hit with the high guys! Trouble with you is you don't know"—he thought it over and produced his analysis triumphantly—"you don't know what it means to be a sport!"

For two weeks he came home more quietly each evening; he was each evening more pitifully anxious to help her. He set the table, he scrubbed the sink. He admitted that there was no sign of a job. He even admitted that he'd do well not to play poker—he more than admitted it; he discovered and explained it.

"Strikes me we might economize just now for a while, Em. Not that I'm scared, you understand. Don't never think the old dogs are as frigid as that! But with these profiteers and all, if they get funny and raise prices on me too much I just quit blowing the mazume till they get wise—see how I mean?"

There was, however, very little mazume either to save or to blow, and there were no resources. Emily's father had died during the past year. She began to slide, clawing, but sinking ever farther into the slimy chasm of debt. It had been her pride that, no matter how reckless Paul was, they owed no one. She tried to keep it up. She walked ten blocks to save a cent a pound on cabbage. But everything came at once, as though the derisive gods had been waiting. Paul had to have his teeth filed; he had to have a bridge. Then he owed the dentist a hundred dollars, and Emily felt like a sneak when she hurried past the dentist's office He had to have a new suit; he couldn't solicit work in these streaky, shapeless clothes. That same day Emily broke the handle of her only hairbrush. She wept wearily, and spent half an hour in trying to think of ways to avoid the purchase of a new one. But it can't be done; a woman's hair can't be managed with a handleless brush She went to the

(Concluded on Page 98)

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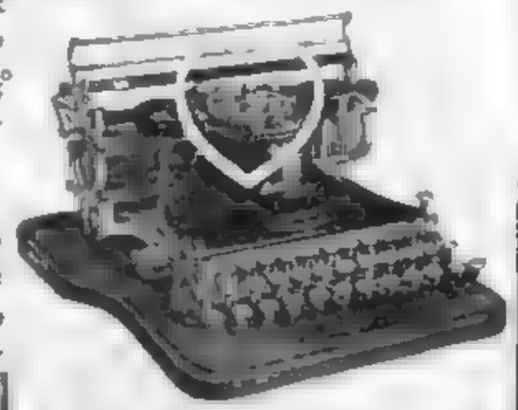

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¶ A delightful Christmas offering in a seasonable player roll. In addition to a simple effective Christmas tale this roll also contains the original words and music of the most favored yuletide hymns.

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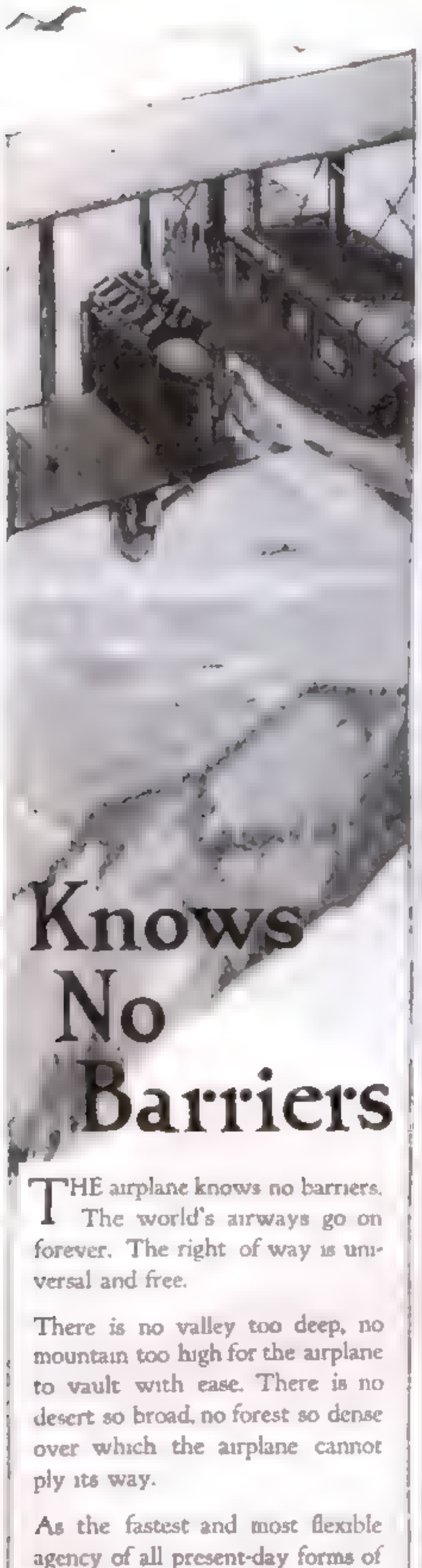

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(Concluded from Page 95

largest department store, opened a charge account, bought a brush and, while she was about it, twenty dollars' worth of groceries—charged

The next week she was threatened with tonsillitis. There was a doctor, and a bill—unpaid.

But however much credit they might obtain, however much Emily might spend her self-respect to make up for money, they wouldn't be able to get through another month. She flung it at Paul.

"What are we going to do? We're all in. Let's stop lying."

He bent over in his chair, his head in his hand.

"I don't see where I've been to blame. I've had hard luck. It makes me sore, your roasting me. Think I left the Apthorpe because I wanted to? I was canned. But sure, go on, rub it in, tell me it was my fault!"

"We might—oh, heavens, what's the use! I'm afraid we can't even afford the luxury of fighting. Well?"

"We'll borrow. I think I can raise a couple hundred."

"Oh, I hate it! It makes me feel inferior. Besides, it's bad business, as you call it. Borrowing from a man gives him a hold on you. No, not yet, anyway. Why must you have a salesman's job? Why not try something else, just till we get on our feet?"

"Haven't I tried everything? I don't insist on selling cars. I wanted to go out on the road for a hardware house, and I tried to edge in on the insurance game, and milling, but I haven't got the experience."

"No, but I mean—you do know motors. You're awfully clever with tools. Why couldn't you work as an auto mechanic—I mean—I mean just for a while, till ——"

"What? Me changing tires and getting all over grease and sitting in with the lunch-pail squad, after being in the front office and bawling out the foreman? Not on your life! I'm not going to have the bunch I used to train with say, 'Banning has gone to pot. Heard what he's doing?' I'll stand a lot, but there's a limit. No, sir! I'll buzz round and see what I can borrow. That's final!"

He bounced out of the flat. Presently she followed, walking slowly. She bought a newspaper. She looked at the want advertisements. She timidly entered an office. That evening she had engaged herself as assistant to a dentist, a young and anxious dentist who couldn't afford a trained woman, and, as an afterthought, as clerk from eight till midnight in a candy and soda shop which had a large after-movie trade.

Her first day's work was blistering torture. She had been busy enough about the house, but she had been her own manager. She was confused now by commands, by being unable to sit down or trot out for fresh air. But a change was on her. Her desires didn't matter. She wasn't Emily Banning; she was a pauper, expecting nothing but work, hoping only to get through the day. She was as divorced from her normal self as the lawyer turned soldier. Indeed, she was so outside of herself that it came to her that there wasn't any reason why she shouldn't work and help Paul! She wasn't a martyr. If Paul had been weak, perhaps she herself hadn't been as perfect as she had thought. Thus she meditated, slowly, uncertainly, while her body learned to be obedient and interested in dentists' burrs and pralines.

She had not told Paul of her work till after the first day in the dentist's office. He had raved and pounded various pieces of furniture, while she ignored him and prepared dinner. She left him in full tide, to hasten to the candy shop.

He shouted after her: "If you think you can bluff me into taking any old bum job by pretending you've become the family hero ——"

She didn't hear the rest of it. Expressionless, chilly, she marched to the tedious trolley.

The second evening she said mildly, "Anything to-day?"

"There was not! I didn't look. Till you cut out this fool stunt of pretending to be the little bread winner, and making me ridiculous before all my friends, I'm going to stay home and enjoy life. I had a lulu of a time to-day. I slept till eleven and played solitaire and—oh, honey, honey, quit it! It makes me sick to think of your working like this. You don't need to. I can borrow all we need—and something will turn up. Please, honey!"

For the first time she was not touched by his wheedling. She silently prepared dinner, silently did the dishes—while he played the phonograph—and silently tramped out to work.

On the third evening, as she slowly took the pins out of her hat, she staggered and for a second held her hand over her eyes, while against the pencil blackness of her vision blue spotty suns revolved and patterns of fiery squares climbed and tumbled. She was startled out of her trance by his scream.

"All right! All right! All right! If you're going to take every advantage you can, what can I do? You win! It means I'll never be able to hold up my head before decent folks again, but what's a little thing like that?" He was jamming his hat on, banging out of the flat.

He was not there when she returned from the candy shop. She had been asleep for ten minutes when he wakened her by stroking her forehead and crying: "I'm ashamed the way I talked. It just—it kind of got me, to see you so tired. I didn't mean anything I said. I went out and hooked up with the Siever Repair Station. They were darn glad to get a man who's got some savvy about ignition. The shop is cram-jam full of work, and I've been at it all evening. Say, it wasn't so bad. I put one over on the foreman all right! I traced a short in the wiring that he's been hunting for two days! Kind of tickled me. And then you know my philosophy—be a sport. That's the idea! See how I mean?"

VIII

WHILE Paul worked as a motor mechanic, Emily kept her position in the dentist's office, but dropped the candy shop. They had their evenings together. They were shy of the group with whom they had been so friendly. Paul made—and fully explained to Emily—the discovery: "Don't make any difference what folks think of what we're doing. We're not running our lives to suit them."

Within a few months Apthorpe deliveries were renewed, and the agent sent for Paul, gave him back his position. He immediately sold two cars and collected several commissions on delayed sales. He began to lunch again with McNew, Jason, Jenson and the other lights of the Black Bass Club, and three weeks after his return to magnificence he came into the flat shouting, "Harry Jason wants us to sit in on a poker game to-night!"

"But I thought—you said you were going to cut out poker."

"Well, gosh, got to show the world we're back on our feet!"

"But how will poker show it? Can't we go and not play? You know, dear, you really don't play—you have such bad luck."

"Now don't be a crab! Show a little speed! This'll be practically the first party we've gone to for months. I'm looking forward to it a lot."

"Do you really like Harry Jason, Paul?"

"No, come t' think it over, don't know's I do. But still, a fellow has to live up to ——"

He halted as she went to the wardrobe. On her return from the dentist's she had changed to a negligee, but now she was taking down the baggy black skirt and cheerless white blouse which she wore to work.

Paul demanded: "What's the idea? You're not going to wear that behind-the-counter stuff to the party? By the way, I've been thinking—you better chuck the tooth-jerker job, now that things are booming."

"I really think I like to work."

"Yes, but it don't look nice. Folks might almost think I don't support you. Say, for to-night, why don't you put on that—what d' you call it—taffeta?"

"But I have to see someone after the party."

"Eh?"

"The candy shop is so busy till after eleven-thirty. Best time to talk to the manager is after that."

"What's the ——"

"Why, if you're going back to being a good sport, of course I'm going back to the candy shop."

He was too angry to answer. He stalked beside her to the Jasons', while she sweetly discoursed on politics and dentistry. He went into the poker game with a splash. Emily said that she didn't care to play—would they forgive her if she just looked on? While Paul chattered she sat in a corner, across the table from him; sat silent, expressionless—in her shop blouse and black skirt.

He was vociferous but jumpy. He gloated, "Watch me rake 'em in to-night!"

But twice his twitching elbow knocked over his pile of chips—his steadily dwindling pile of chips. Half of it he lost in three plunges. Then he played close to the chest. He looked worried. He wasted nothing but antes. He came in only on sure things—which didn't always prove to be sure things. However desperately he tried to save them, he lost his first two dollars' worth of chips in twenty minutes. He pushed back his chair, looked doubtful.

"I think—don't feel much like playing to-night, Harry."

Harry Jason bellowed in the manner of the professional good fellow: "Oh, rats! Come on! Luck's bound to change! Don't be a piker! Take another dollar's worth. Thought you were a good sport!"

Paul glanced at Emily in her corner, expressionless, bleak, in blouse and skirt marked with work. He spoke with a slowness unnatural to him.

"Nope, I've got something that's got that beat a mile, Harry. I'm not a good sport. I'm a rotten sport. I'm a tightwad. I'm a miser. I'm the pikingest, bummest, worst sport in this town, and I like it! I'm going to cut out poker. I"—he choked—"I'm a punk player. But—but, honest, I used to could play one grand game of bridge! When—when I was in practice I could lay alongside of anybody in Baltimore!"

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NORMALLY, Nature starts the teeth white, but in the average case only intelligent care can keep them so.

Intelligent care means — have your teeth examined twice a year by a good dentist. And brush your teeth regularly night and morning with the *correct dentifrice.* In 95 per cent of cases Pebeco Tooth Paste would seem to be the correct dentifrice, because 95 in every 100 persons are said to have "Acid-Mouth," which is believed to be the chief cause of all tooth decay.

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Write to us for free Litmus Test Papers and 10-day trial tube of Pebeco. Moisten one of the blue Litmus Papers on your tongue. If it remains blue, you are free from "Acid-Mouth." But if it turns pink, harmful acids are at work on your teeth.

Now make this second test: Brush the teeth and gums thoroughly with Pebeco from the trial tube. Then place a second Litmus Paper on your tongue. This time it will remain blue, proving that Pebeco tends to counteract "Acid-Mouth."

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And now Christmas! Its joys and cheer reflected in every eager eye. With biting winds and whirling snow to make cheeks rosy and appetites keen. What a dependable provider of delectable dishes is your Universal Porcelain Range.

Beautifully finished in unbreakable, durable UNIVIT Porcelain—Peacock Blue or Pearl Gray. Will not chip, craze or discolor. Clean as a china dish. Can be washed like a porcelain bath. Who would have a tin bath-tub or an iron sink? Why not a porcelain stove? Burns coal or wood; fits in small space; concentrates heat in oven. Very economical of fuel. At all good dealers'—for cash or terms. Dealer's name and illustrated booklet on request.

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UNIVERSAL PORCELAIN RANGE

Finished in Genuine Dry Process Porcelain, Peacock Blue or Pearl Gray—Sanitary and Washable

THE SURVIVORS

(Continued from Page 12)

Canadian national herd at Wainwright, Alberta. That herd to-day is the largest and best on the North American Continent. It lives practically on open range and comprises this year forty-three hundred and thirty-five head. In all, Alberta has forty-five hundred and forty-three buffalo preserved against her rainy day. There is an estimate regarding the more or less mythical wood-bison herd of Athabasca, placing the number at five hundred head. This herd is more or less an uncertain quantity, as it ranges a remote and little-known portion of the far North.

In 1913 I was at Fort Smith, usually called the closest settlement to the range of the wood bison, but the mounted police, able and energetic as they always are, did not then profess to have very accurate knowledge of the wood-bison herd, except that it was believed to be about holding its own in spite of wolves and Indians.

In all of Canada there are, according to the best obtainable figures, and as given by the bison society, five thousand and eighty head of the American bison. In Australia, another far-off appanage of the crown of Great Britain, three specimens have been imported.

The noblemen of Europe, especially of Great Britain, have done much for this species. The herd of the Duke of Bedford has forty-eight individuals to-day, and in London there are still three specimens left alive. Belgium owns one bull, Germany two head of buffalo, Holland seven head. That is all for Europe of our species, the American bison. In Uruguay, South America, there are two head. The total footing for the world's census makes it five hundred and ninety wild buffalo alive in North America and gives a total of eighty-four hundred and seventy-three bison now alive on the North American continent. The total for the world is eighty-five hundred and thirty-nine, and there were thirteen hundred calves born last year.

Buffalo at Mammoth Hot Springs. Above—The Winter Range

New Herds Started

We may add to these figures—which seem a shade less dry than the average statistics—the summary of the herds owned by the United States Government, ten hundred and thirty-two in all, or about one-fifth the number owned by the Dominion of Canada. As a nation we can report progress last year to the extent of one hundred and eighty-four buffalo calves, which does not include the calf crop of 1920. Uncle Sam is some considerable farmer—if you are not too exacting. On the whole, it may be said that with any ordinary luck and care the species of the American bison is to-day on the increase.

A good sign of the current year is the numerous attempts at founding new herds all over the country, the Corbin herd alone providing thirty-three head for such purpose.

Not all Americans know that the European species of bison is not extinct. It also was a grand animal, quite similar to our own. The only picture I ever saw of this species was that of a bull owned by the Duke of Bedford. It seems to be rangier in build and to have less pants and mop than our own species. The photograph apparently showed the animal to have a tail much longer than that of our bison, and with more hair, approximating more the tail of the domestic ox than the whimsical caudal appendage of our own buffalo.

The forests of the great feudal noblemen of Central and Eastern Europe long have preserved the species of the European bison. The Count Potocki had a famous herd, but since the war our amiable and enlightened friends the Bolsheviki have exterminated this historic and irreplaceable herd on the ground that if there were not buffalo enough for all men no man ought to have any buffalo at all. A similar fate met the great Lithuanian herd; more than seven hundred head had been carefully preserved by the Czars of Russia. A Czar may be bad enough in his way, but a Bolshevik is worse. Between the Bolsheviki and the Germans, the European bison now is done for.

During the Great War the German wiped out the great forests of Byelovitsa, and though there was a pretense at protecting the buffalo themselves, the German soldiers in one way or another cut down the herd to an estimated total of one hundred and eighty head.

The European war also practically finished the bisons of the Caucasus. So much for Buckingham.

Our Bolsheviki, our Huns and our other products of civilization seemed to be able to complete the tale of a general destruction. We can sum it all up and pass it all on by saying that Canada to-day is the bison center of the world, with the United States a respectable second.

Buffalo Jones' Herds

The Yellowstone Park herd of buffalo is the especial pride of us Americans. This herd, with the well-known Austin Corbin private herd in New Hampshire, holds an especial interest, because the two made the first rallying points in our belated effort to preserve the American bison. As I have said that I had some direct or indirect personal knowledge or personal connection with both of these beginnings, it might be well briefly to explain that statement.

It was in 1888 that Mr. Austin Corbin, Sr., undertook the founding of the Blue Mountain Forest Park for the preservation of several passing species of American great game. In May, 1886, I was in the Panhandle of Texas with the late C. J. Jones—Buffalo Jones—when he and his men captured thirteen buffalo calves. At that time, as nearly as we could figure, there were no more than two hundred and fifty head left of the southern herd of the Great Plains. Jones at that time was just bitten of his buffalo bug, and he saw large in his vague and rather visionary way. He was in and out of fortune most of the time, and I do not think he ever had very much money. This, however, did not deter him from buying buffalo whenever he could.

He bought the Bedson herd of Manitoba, along with the Stony Mountain herd, and brought some or all of them to the United States. Meantime he was establishing his own herd, now in Western Kansas, again in Redwillow County, Nebraska, buying and selling as best he might. He sold some buffalo to Charlie Allard, associate of Michel Pablo on the Flathead range. He also sold some buffalo to Utah, and yet others in England—I think to the Duke of Bedford, among other English noblemen.

(Continued on Page 104)

Yellowstone Park

STARS WIN *3 to 0*
over nearest competitors

The report reproduced above is typical of the way Star Hack Saws prove their superiority when a careful comparison is made of either hand or power blades.

B. Mfg. Co. P———— Pa. 8/19/20

"Bought some Star hand blades and reported to F & L blades very poor. Had been using X blade* and claimed it was much better than Star. I asked man to make cuts with Star, tried blades on angle iron and blade cut fine. He tried to find a hard piece and finally found one he said X blade would not cut. I made three cuts with one blade and they admitted best work they ever saw. Also tried power blade for them with fine success. Gave F & L order for hand blades and will use Star on power as soon as needed."

**The blade we recognize as being our nearest competitor.*

STAR HACK SAW

HACK SAW REPORT
Date 8/19/20.
By Mr. H. G.----------
On B. Mfg. Co. P----------Pa.
"Bought some Star hand blades and reported to
F & L blades very poor. Had been using X blade
and claimed it was much better than Star. I asked
man to make cuts with Star, tried blades on angle
iron and blade cut fine. Also tried to find a hard
piece and finally found one he said X blade would
not cut. I made three cuts with one blade and
they admitted best work they ever saw. Also tried
power blade for them with fine success. Gave F & L
order for hand blades and will use Star on P
soon as needed."

Such a comparison should be made by everyone who uses hack saws even though the quantity of metal he cuts is not large. For the plant with power saws, the lowest cost of metal cutting is an important factor in production economy.

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Star Saws are now sold by the factory which has made them since 1883. For service information and direct orders address our plant at Middletown, N. Y.

If you order of jobbers or dealers, be sure you get "Star."

CLEMSON BROS. INC.
MIDDLETOWN, N.Y.

BLADES

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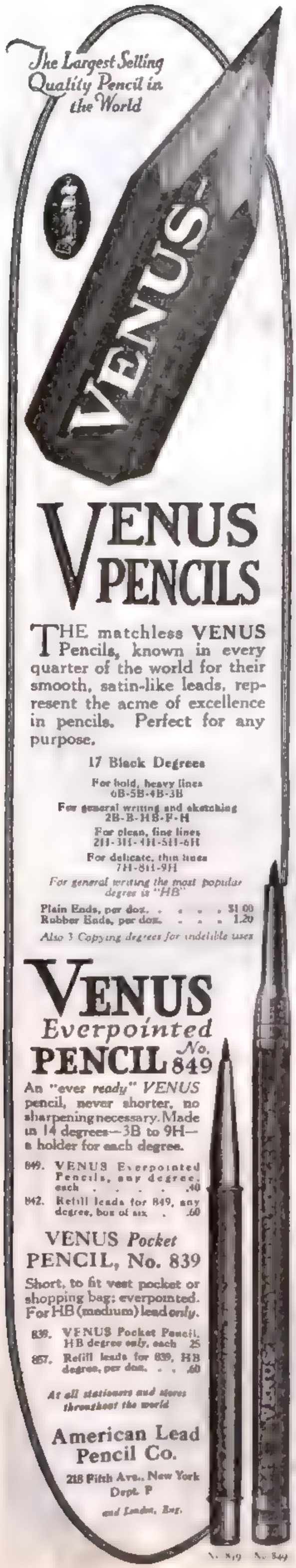
We want every user of hack saws to realize that the service that goes with Star Saws is just as important as the saws themselves.

CLEMSON BROS. INC.,
Middletown, New York



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No. 849 No. 839

(Continued from Page 101)

Thus he began his rather spectacular, somewhat egoistic, but certainly useful and extraordinary career as savior of the buffalo—he had killed many thousands in his own skin-hunting days on the plains.

In 1888 Mr. Corbin bought twelve calves of Buffalo Jones, these coming from the Bedson herd of Manitoba. In 1892 he bought ten head more of Jones at one thousand dollars each. These last ten buffalo of the Corbin herd were descendants of the calves obtained in the Panhandle in 1886, when we captured the thirteen calves. Jones at this time had established his herd at Garden City, Kansas, from which point we had started out on the spring hunt of 1886. It is therefore observable that the Corbin herd, which survives the less ably capitalized collections of Jones himself, really came from the Jones calves captured from the Southern herd and from the calves of the Manitoba herd, which Jones imported in his first attempts at a buffalo corner.

In the winter of 1894–95, eight years after the Jones calf hunt in the Panhandle and the country round the head of the Canadian River, my fortunes again brought me into contact with another and at that time the sole remnant of the wild buffalo in America. This included the scattered survivors of the Great Plains herds, which had been driven into the Rocky Mountains. They had found their last fastnesses in the sanctuary of the interior of the Yellowstone National Park. Yet then, as now, there did not lack individuals willing to destroy the resources of that park for their own private interests.

Indeed, at that time there was no United States law protecting the American bison. The poacher who killed a buffalo in Yellowstone Park could not be punished beyond the park military regulations, which confiscated his outfit and expelled him from the park limits.

It was known in a general way that a small remnant of the great Western multitudes was being harried by poachers and head-hunters; and a regular traffic in hides and heads of Yellowstone Park buffalo was more or less openly carried on by taxidermists of towns near by, the prices by this time having risen so much that poaching was a well-paid profession. I knew one taxidermist at that time who once sold a buffalo head to a New York millionaire for fifteen hundred dollars. On the west of the park there operated a bunch of old market hunters and halfway outlaws who would have killed the last buffalo in the world if they could have made a dollar by doing so. These men did a great deal toward exterminating the Yellowstone Park herd. One of them was killed by a buffalo bull which he had captured, while teasing it in his corral.

In the Winter Wilderness

At that time, twenty-six years ago, the Yellowstone Park was very little known, much of its area being practically unvisited, especially during the winter months. It was therefore known that the Yellowstone buffalo were going fast, but no one really knew much as to the definite extent of the poaching. It seemed to me it would make a good vacation trip to go through Yellowstone Park on ski, and I undertook this at the time above mentioned on the suggestion of Billy Hofer, a well-known guide and outfitter at that time, familiar with the park and a resident of Gardiner, Montana.

Hofer suggested that we could have a pleasant time strolling round on ten feet of snow and in forty degrees of frost, for the most part camping out, and photographing the wild game. It seemed a good chance to see the mountains in the wintertime, and a proposition unusual enough to appeal to me at that time. It was rather Hofer's idea than my own, and it was to his experience in ski work and his knowledge of the park that the success of the trip was most largely due, though I did the story of the expedition for a sporting periodical, and so perhaps had more than my own share of the credit in what turned out to be rather an important series of events regarding the buffalo. Surely the rather vivid experience of that winter expedition, undertaken at our own personal expense twenty-six years ago, came to my mind when I looked at the great herd of the Yellowstone Park buffalo no longer ago than yesterday.

In the winter above mentioned I was the guest of the superintendent of Yellowstone Park, Capt. George S. Anderson, one of the best and most fearless superintendents that park has had in its long list of able administrators. My old friend died five years ago as Brigadier General Anderson, in New York. As I knew him in the Yellowstone, he was a man already of middle age, though those were the days of slow promotions in the Army, and he ranked then only as a captain. He told me that he had about six hundred head of wild buffalo in the park to the best of his knowledge. He readily gave Hofer and me consent for our winter camping trip, which was at that time a far more risky undertaking than it would be to-day, when roads and buildings are more numerous.

We started out in February, it being our purpose to live for the most part in the kitchens of the hotels, each of which had a winter keeper, who was supposed to pass the winter months as best he might, entirely alone in the interior of the wildest part of the Rockies. At times we lay out in camp, in bivouac or in snowshoe cabins; and we had in all a very delightful five weeks, spent in a real winter wilderness. We were escorted by two good ski men, private soldiers of the force then stationed at Fort Yellowstone. Of course, we carried no firearms, nor did we touch a head of game of any sort. Outside of what we could find at the hotel kitchens, we carried our own supplies on our backs.

It was on this journey that we met at the cañon the photographing party of F. J. Haynes, the official photographer of Yellowstone Park. Haynes at that time made a series of winter-game pictures which to-day are rapidly attaining great historical value. He had with him also a little escort of United States soldiers.

The Poacher's Ski

Captain Anderson, before our start, told us that he had sent two officers, Capt. George L. Scott and Lieutenant Forsyth, with the government scout Burgess, into the Pelican Valley in a second attempt to arrest a well-known poacher who was known to be operating out of Cooke City on the east edge of the park. Just to-day I was talking with James McBride, chief ranger of the Yellowstone Park, and he told me of his earlier scouting trip with Burgess into the Pelican country. At that time they located the poacher's cache, though he just then had gone out to Cooke City for supplies. He had his buffalo heads slung up in trees by block and tackle to keep animals from destroying them. He killed thirteen buffalo and one moose that winter.

On this second trip he was at last located in the Pelican Valley by Burgess and caught while skinning one of three buffalo he had just shot down.

Approaching him under cover of the timber and favored by a high wind which was blowing, Burgess, who was armed only with a six-shooter, managed to get close enough before he was discovered to cover his man and make him throw up his hands, though the poacher's rifle was lying near the carcass of another buffalo near by and his dog was curled up to the leeward of one of the dead animals. It was a rather plucky and lucky arrest, all things considered. It put an end to the operations of one of the worst old-time poachers and it proved to be the event which began another day for the buffalo of Yellowstone Park and of America.

Hofer and I were at Norris Basin when the army men came out with their prisoner. He was a hard-looking specimen at that time. I photographed him, among the other wild creatures of the park. Later on Captain Anderson gave me this poacher's pair of homemade ski. They were very long, of spruce, with gunny-sack legs tacked on. He wore elk shanks and gunny sacks for foot covering. He had broken one of his ski and mended it with an ax, putting on a long, heavy splice, which he hewed out of a spruce tree. He nailed this on at the foot of the ski, smeared it over with resin and tar and made a rough but practicable job of it.

To-day I was talking with McBride, head ranger in the Yellowstone, and he asked me if I ever saw that pair of ski—"the ones with the big three-cornered splice." I told him that I once owned that very pair of ski by deed of gift of the United States via Captain Anderson! I gave the ski later to Edward Kemeys, the sculptor of American wild animals who died in Washington some years ago. I cannot now say what became of the ski; but they ought to have been preserved in a Yellowstone Park museum, which should have been founded long ago.

At that time there were not very many buffalo ranging in the Pelican Valley where he was operating. The greatest herd was supposed to be wintering in the Hayden Valley, so that Hofer and I laid our course that way. We worked out from the old Canyon Hotel, long since torn down and replaced by the present costly structure, whose foundations measure an even mile round. We slid out of the top story of the old hotel on our ski, down a snowdrift thirty or forty feet in height. It was at this hotel that we met the Haynes party, and we all struck out for Hayden Valley together, taking some good pictures and having some pleasant adventures in common.

Hofer and I then, after a mighty cold bivouac in the snow one night and yet another night in a cabin on Trout Creek, the mercury being thirty degrees below, passed up into the Mary's Mountain country, coming out over the divide and down Nez Perce Creek to the lower Fountain Basin. Thence we went back to Mammoth via Norris. We later completed our reconnaissance by going east of Mammoth to the old Yancey place, a few miles from where the present Camp Roosevelt is located, not far from the mouth of the Lamar River, or East Fork of the Yellowstone. We had made rather a faithful examination of the wild game of the park, to the best of our ability at that time.

The results of this winter trip were interesting in more ways than one. Ever since that time I have been skeptical, and very skeptical, about the accuracy of any game census taken in the Rocky Mountains in the wintertime. I personally know something of the difficulties of ski and pack work in that country, and I have learned that wild game is not apt to stand still to be tallied. Billy Hofer and I were never sure that we had not counted some buffalo more than once; but we were obliged to report to Captain Anderson that we could not stretch the number of the Yellowstone Park buffalo above one hundred and twenty-five, and we both feared that seventy-five would be nearer the right count. We also reported to the superintendent that we had found eight head of dead buffalo in the Hayden Valley—the tracks of wolves led us to them, buried deep as they were under eight feet of snow.

Friends of the Buffalo

Here then we had something of a story, with some rather startling facts, gained at first hand at cost of considerable effort. We had not gone in so much for a story as for an adventure, but we had a story none the less—I do not doubt, the best one I ever did, how much or little that may measure, though it should be accredited rather to Hofer than to myself. In any event Captain Anderson saw that his estimate of the buffalo had been wrong. He saw also that the depredations of the poachers had been much underestimated and that the Yellowstone Park herd was in danger of actual extinction.

We set the wires going from snowbound Fort Yellowstone. The country to the eastward began to hear something of the truth about the last of the American buffalo. With every proper apology for any personal note in thus giving the record of that chance winter expedition, I may say that our report of the facts was the basis of a law immediately put through Congress that year, and signed in the month of May, 1894, by President Grover Cleveland. That law reached its prompt passage largely through the personal efforts of a sportsman, long deceased, a Washington lawyer by the name of Hallett Phillips, a good man and surely a benefactor of the buffalo. That act made it, for the first time, unlawful to kill buffalo in Yellowstone Park, punishable up to one thousand dollars fine or by imprisonment in the penitentiary. It was the first protection the American bison ever had. Without that law we should not have seen one individual of the great herd of Yellowstone buffalo yesterday. So I feel that I have an interest in that herd as well as in the Corbin herd and the North Carolina herd.

Stout Captain Anderson feared no man on earth. He cursed the poacher out beautifully, threw him into the guardhouse and took away his scanty outfit. That was all he could do to punish him at that time. In leisurely time he reported the arrest to

(Continued on Page 107)

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(Continued from Page 104)

the War Department at Washington, and asked for instructions, knowing well enough what the instructions must be. I was with him at his breakfast table when his orderly one morning brought in the long envelope from Washington.

"I know what's in it," said Captain Anderson, "but I can't see it if I don't open the envelope. I won't open it for about a week. Let him stay in the guardhouse till I read my orders!"

His orders, in effect, said: "The prisoner, being detained without any authority of law or military regulations, will be discharged."

Whereupon Captain Anderson kicked the poacher out of the park. It was all that he could do.

To-day the man who, with or without permit, would kill any of the wild animals of Yellowstone Park would earn the execration of the country. At that time it was thought rather a smart thing to kill as many buffalo as possible in the nation's last sanctuary of that species.

Those were the beginnings, and such almost was the end, of the Yellowstone Park herd of buffalo. For a time I lost track of its detailed history, though as park publicity became more common we heard from time to time of experiments in feeding and breeding, importing and deporting.

Head Ranger McBride, almost the only man except myself in the park who dates back to 1894, told me the rest of the story of this Yellowstone herd which we saw yesterday.

The Herd in Lamar Valley

"You couldn't have been far wrong in an estimate of less than a hundred head at the time of your winter trip in 1894," he said. "After your trip that year the Hayden herd one winter took a notion to move west and south, down into the Madison Plateau. The Henry Lake outlaws that winter killed seventy-six head, and that slaughter practically wiped out the buffalo living on that side of the park. There were a few head over east and southeast. I myself believe that at one time the park buffalo were cut down to twelve head. We do not know exactly, but that was all we could find.

"Our wild herd to-day is the increase of that little bunch, and that is the one true wild herd of the American bison, little seen as it is to-day. So much for protection, and so much for the act of Congress of 1894. Please God, our herd now never will be wiped out, if our people ever learn to know about it and value it as they ought to."

Ranger McBride and all his assistants love the buffalo. They all know the perils through which these survivors have come. They all know that their worst enemy was man.

Yesterday an editor, with his party, drove out in a high-power motor car directly to the corral gate of the Buffalo Ranch on the Lamar River, formerly known as the East Fork of the Yellowstone. It chanced that I was with this party, once more investigating the number and status of the buffalo in Yellowstone Park. We rode along over perfectly easy and practicable roads at a rate of speed averaging more than twenty miles an hour—a day's journey on ski, twenty miles! It seemed like ordinary mountain touring until, far up the Lamar Valley, we chanced to see a huge black object outlined against the foothills a quarter of a mile away. There was no mistaking it—it was a buffalo, and not under fence; a straggler from the herd. And there were the buffalo, a black mass, waiting for the visitors. The herd is in charge of Burton C. Lacombe, ex-sergeant of regulars, and as good a man as one could find in many a long day's march, assisted by Charlie Wilson, both good cowmen and men who understand the buffalo. Here they were, black, huge, impressive, as wild looking as any wild animal ever was, but perfectly under control of their little band of handlers. A young shepherd dog had aided in the drive, and seemed now willing to assume general charge of the herd.

"He's worth as much as three to five men in a round-up," said Lacombe.

He did not say anything about the difficulty of the horse work, but I saw one pony with his flanks still wet; and putting this and that together, I could well recall the days of 1886 in the Panhandle hunt, when I saw wild buffalo match speed with the fastest of our cow horses, and saw little calves, six weeks old, outrun our fastest stock sometimes.

These animals of the Buffalo Ranch seemed gentle enough, though most of them would edge away when we approached. Now and again a big bull would face us, or come close. The little shepherd dog ran among them masterfully.

The winter coat of these animals was by this time—the middle of July—for the most part shed or hanging in rags or wool along the shoulders. The animals seemed in very fair condition of flesh, and apparently in very good health. There was a time not so long ago when the greatest fear was entertained for the safety of the entire herd, a number of buffalo being lost through a contagious disease which, in fault of a better name, was called by the experts hemorrhagic septicæmia. No one knows what was the origin of the disease, which has been unknown elsewhere among the buffalo, wild or in captivity. It seems to have come from contact with civilization. Could it have come from sheep? Whatever its origin, it is now believed to be conquered, though the remedy as applied may seem to some of the old bulls as bad as the disease itself. Some of them have been vaccinated twice, and all of the herd at least once, with a serum which had been compounded in Washington from cultures of the disease germ. The Government experts have sent out sufficient quantities of this vaccine to treat the entire herd, and it is thought that danger of the disease now is past.

Herd Master Lacombe and his assistant showed the visitors how this vaccination work was done with animals which are far more powerful than any domestic cattle, which, none the less, are handled with perfect safety and sureness. In the treatment of these several hundred head of buffalo there have been only four deaths—almost all calves; not a bad record for work that is necessarily of the strong-arm sort.

Vaccinating Buffalo

The buffalo keepers went about their vaccination work methodically, working out their mechanical adjuncts in very practical fashion. From the connecting pens of the great buffalo corral, which is built strongly of logs and great posts, a lane makes off, converging like a cattle chute beyond its gate. This passageway terminates in a strongly made squeeze gate, or troughlike pen, just wide enough to admit a full-grown buffalo. This cozy little temporary home for any ailing buffalo is built of heavy planks which run up higher than any buffalo can jump. Wrangled into this receptacle as though into the pocket of a winged fyke net, Mister Buffalo finds himself in solitary confinement, and in a very narrow cell. A gate drops behind him; he finds himself shut off from retreat or advance, not knowing that there is a closed gate also ahead of him. He may protest, but he cannot get out, either in front, behind or above.

All at once additional terror strikes him when he finds one side of his narrow cell squeezing him in against the other irresistibly. The operator outside the chute has thrown his weight upon a great lever, which forces in one hinged side of the V-shaped trough in which the buffalo is standing. His sides clamped fast in this way, and blocked off fore and aft, the biggest buffalo of the herd is helpless. Suddenly he feels a sharp jab in his right shoulder. The operator has forced home the needle point of the vaccine syringe. He works through an opening a foot or so in extent which has been cut through one wall of the squeeze pen.

As he feels the prick of the needle, Mister Buffalo would like to kick, but cannot do so with any success. Then all at once the lever is raised, the sides of his prison fall away from him, the gate in front of him is lifted and he once more sees the free air ahead. He walks out, outraged, stiff-legged, his little tail curled tight in rage, and muttering threats of what he will do if they ever treat him that way again. But sometimes they do treat him that way again. The keepers showed our visitors how the apparatus works, and it is always perfectly simple, like most considerable things.

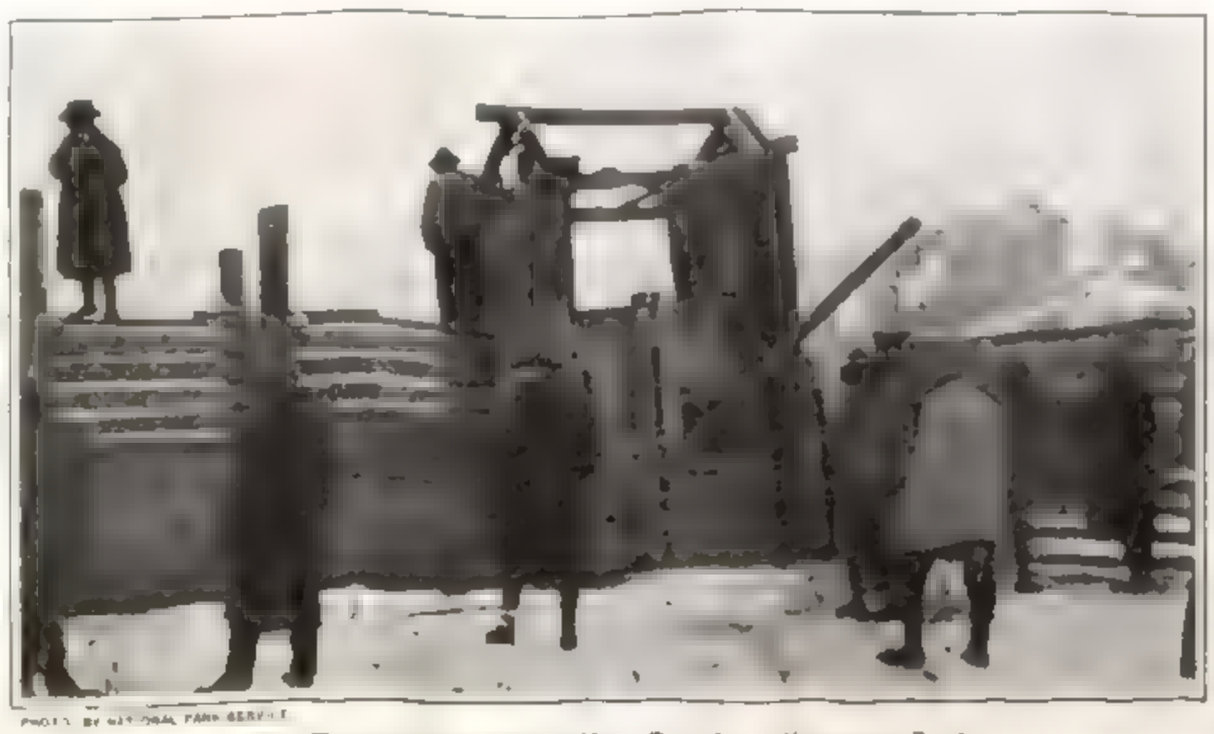
Bison as Barometers

As this herd showed up in the corral, the animals seemed to equal in stature the wild buffalo; but many had a cross-bred look, like catalo, so-called. There is no domestic cattle blood in the herd, but it has been found desirable, in conditions of semi-domesticity, to sterilize about sixty per cent of the males. The result is a straighter horn in the specimens, with the tips farther apart, so that they have a rangier and more domestic look than the average wild buffalo. The Government has no legal way of disposing of this part of the increase of the herd, though much good beef seems to be wasting. To kill it for use in the park service would make no end of trouble, and to sell it outside the park would be just as bad. It would seem better to dispose of a portion of young male calves to other herds outside the park.

Sometimes an old outlaw bull goes bad and has to be killed—as did Old Harry, whose salted hide now hangs on the fence of the Buffalo Ranch. Old Harry had a pleasant habit of holding up the mail stage whenever he felt so disposed, and was so bad an actor all round that at last it became necessary to destroy him. Theoretically he was tame, but practically he was wild. Perhaps it was the tameness of his life that made him wild. Jack Johnson is another big solitary of morose habits. When he stands in the trail anywhere up in the northeast corner of Yellowstone Park horsemen coming down have to ride round him—if they can stay on.

The tame buffalo are tame only in a manner of speaking. They retain all the habits of the original wild species. For instance, they are able, without fail, to predict a heavy storm for one or two days in advance. As the buffalo of the old plains were known to do, they point the storm, standing with the head toward the point from which it afterward will break. Another sign of uneasiness induced by heavy weather is the stiff-legged leaping and running about in circles which often mark the herd just before a storm breaks on their range. They live practically in all respects the wild life of the so-called wild herd, with the exception that they are watched by horsemen and are fed hay during the most inclement weather of the winter. The range

(Concluded on Page 109)



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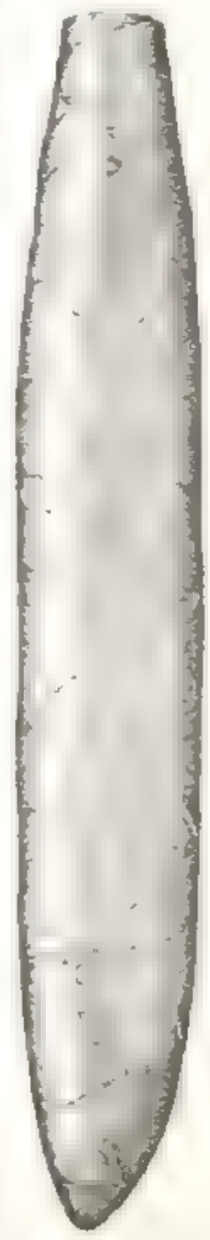

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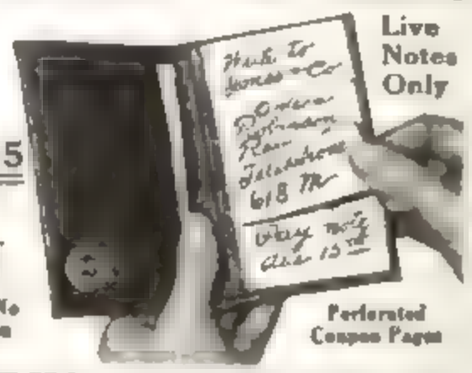

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WHITE TRUCKS

(Concluded from Page 107)

of the tame and wild herds overlap to some extent, and without doubt they interbreed to some extent. The original hope was that some of the tame herd would drift off and become members of the wild herd.

With a herd now of nearly five hundred head, there are increasing problems coming on, for the increase steadily is mounting up. The present tame herd had small beginnings. In 1902 three bulls and eighteen cows were bought, mostly from the Pablo herd, with two head from the Goodnight herd, in Texas. In 1904 there were thirty-nine head; in 1906, fifty-seven head.

When C. J. Jones was in charge he caught three calves in the park and range. Harry Trenchman caught one bull calf, which he carried out twenty miles on his saddle. These calves were the only park blood in the tame herd.

Though fed hay when necessary, the tame herd scatters rather widely through a good portion of the park during the winter, many of the buffalo coming down to the flats round Mammoth Hot Springs, thirty miles from their summer range in the northeast corner of the park. They sometimes dispute with the elk over the hay from the feed wagons. There were twenty-eight head on the old parade grounds of Fort Yellowstone at one time last December. Sometimes these buffalo would walk at night under the windows of the residents and waken the government employees from their slumbers. Driven out from day to day they would return again and again, seeming to like the place.

Buffalo on the Range

A buffalo is exceedingly sot of mind. It is rather an extraordinary thing to see a buffalo, practically wild, standing within a few feet of a modern government building; yet that is a not unusual spectacle in Yellowstone Park in the winter season. This is another result of protection of wild game in one of the nation's great parks. A buffalo will eat much more each day than will a domestic ox, some twenty pounds of hay being easy for him.

At forty dollars or so a ton, that runs into considerable money. Summer or winter, these wards of the nation are under close watch guard of the keepers of the herd, a handful of modest, quiet, hard-riding and hard-working men who love their buffalo zealously.

We have changed since the days of 1895, when the United States first realized that there was such an animal as the American bison, and that it was worth saving as a species. These few men, far out from the main-traveled roads of the park, see but few tourists, and not caring to see many they look after the nation's greatest buffalo herd day by day and month by month the year through. They are valuable servants and good men—typically Westerners of the real sort, and not of the hair pants, concha-decorated, silk-shirted, circus sort.

So there was one of the greatest herds of the American bison now living, and looking at it one must suppose the species to be safe to-day. True, these survivors are objects of curiosity, but at least they are here apparently to stay from this time on. In parks and private herds there are now many smaller nucleuses which—given any intelligent handling—will also insure a reasonable and steady increase. As we can, we now are striving to undo the ruin which we so gayly wrought not long ago. It was a ruin pleasingly easy at that recent day of our history. True, the average American experiences a certain ennui in these jazzful days at seeing a buffalo in a park eating hay like an ox and but rarely accredited with killing and eating one of its keepers.

It is hard to get a story out of a buffalo herd of half a dozen animals behind a wire fence.

But the Yellowstone Park herd, the so-called tame herd—the wild herd being rarely ever seen by tourists—offers much more than any other herd of buffalo within the limits of the United States. It can afford a genuine thrill, a touch and taste of the old days of the plains.

It might have been a part of the old buffalo range which now reached off east and north of the Buffalo Ranch on the Lamar—a wide, flat valley flanked by spreading mountains on either side, a mountain river threading it midway. A series of thunderstorms, which had all that day made traveling interesting, now had culminated in a black mass of clouds far to the westward.

The faint roll of thunder just now and then could be heard. Turn your eyes away from the corral fence, the log cabins of the men, and you had the old West, unfenced, free and open and tenanted by its original people.

You had the buffalo. In a dark, undulating mass the buffalo made off for the range. Huge, ungainly, deceivingly swift as of old, they pounded down the sharp little hillside, the marvelous mechanism of their tremendous shoulders and forelegs miraculously undamaged as it always was in the hammering of the ancient stampedes. The swaying humps rose and fell before the observers now as they did in the old times on the plains. The roll of their pounding hoofs made the old diapason of the plains. The dust round them was the very dust of the plains of long ago. This was the range, and here were the buffalo again! The man is privileged who may see that sight in America to-day.

As the herd made off into the untracked country the occupants of the high-powered motor car sprang into the seats, and for a few moments engaged in a buffalo chase of America to-day—not mounted bareback, bow and arrow in hand, but comfortably seated in a vehicle which could outrun any buffalo, given half a chance. The car swung free of the flank of the herd and followed it for a little space down the road which led up the valley. The black mass of buffalo swept on, finally breaking to a trot and fringing out. They had had enough of man for that day, and wanted to get back into their own country.

The sound of their running, the dust of their going, became fainter, fainter and fainter. It was as near the old West as ever in a man's life it may now be seen. A few weeks after the time of the visit to the herd above mentioned I was about the Lamar Valley for some days, and had further opportunity to watch these animals. The herd was then ranged on the slopes toward Cache Creek, loosely scattered over a big piece of country, which surely would have offered hard going for any cow horse. It was quite obvious that the task of rounding up and driving these animals to the corral fifteen miles below was one hard enough for men and horses, though the men of the buffalo guard do not complain of it. Such a drive is hard also upon the animals themselves, especially during the early spring, and each assemblage of the herd is attended with a certain loss.

Even half-tamed buffalo are much harder to handle than domestic stock, and many of these animals never have lost their stubborn or their belligerent qualities. Some of the bulls and quite a few of the old cows always make trouble. Bob Lecombe, ex-sergeant of long experience with the Regular Army in the Philippines, says that he considers his present job as far more dangerous than any work he ever had in the Army. On five different occasions he has come near cashing in, twice having a slicker ripped off his back.

Two of the range horses to-day show wounds of buffalo horns. There is no time, either on the range or in the corral, when a man does not have to be on his guard, and nothing may be taken for granted in any of this buffalo work.

At the time of my stay on the buffalo farm there were eighteen men in the hay field engaged in putting up hay for the buffalo herd. If these animals were not fed they would starve to death, for they seem to have lost all their original ability to rustle. As to the wild herd, which receives no hay at all, the animals seem to be doing well, but I question whether anyone really knows very much about the numbers or the habits of this herd. They were then ranging among the high peaks toward the eastern edge of the park, and the ranger force was frankly uneasy about them. More and more persons are now coming up in motor cars along the Lamar Valley, and more and more parties want to see the buffalo.

Very few are ever allowed to go on the range of the wild buffalo, because these animals run as quickly as they catch scent of a human being, and there is more than a little danger that they might stampede over the park line—yet another phase of the buffalo problem to-day.

While along the Lamar Valley we saw proof of the old tragedy of wild life on the plains. On the bank of the stream above the buffalo farm a couple of miles we one morning found a dead buffalo bull, which apparently had died twenty-four hours earlier. The hair was slipping a little along the flanks, though still tight on the head and neck. With a rope at the saddle horn we turned the old fellow over, but could find no mark of a wound on his body nor assign any reason for his death. He was a tremendous specimen, one of the best I ever saw, and had carried a head which ought to have been worth a thousand dollars in these days. The entire carcass was left to lie where it was. In our wanderings about that district we saw another bull which was acting dopey, and just before I came away a message came out from the Soda Butte station saying that two more buffalo bulls had been found dead near that point farther up the Lamar. I understand that these last two heads were saved.

There seems to be no present solution of the problem of what to do with these fine specimens which die in the park.

The act of Congress is specific, and allows no commercial use of the meat, hides or heads of the buffalo herds. As has been mentioned, a certain percentage of the male increase is left of no value to the species. I should think that some day there might be an act of Congress which would clarify this matter. At the present rate of increase, in a few years the herd will overtax the hay capacity, and there would seem to be no use in annually feeding certain hundreds of worthless specimens which do nothing to perpetuate the race either in the park or elsewhere. It would seem that some of these might be sold for meat, under proper legal permit, and that the funds thus raised might be used for park purposes exclusively, not being turned in to any general fund. A still better idea would be to sell for park purposes the surplus of young male calves.

Why Not a Park Museum?

There ought to be established a government museum at Yellowstone Park for the purpose of preserving some of these trophies of the great game species which have died from natural causes. In this way the public might become acquainted with specimens which never ought to be used for any commercial gain, and never ought to be taken out of the park for any reason. Such a museum ought also to include a library covering all the early history of the Western country. There might be collected examples of the gear and weapons of the whites and savages in the early days round the park, as there are vacant government buildings at Mammoth Hot Springs. Such a museum could be established at no very great expense and be made extremely interesting to countless persons visiting this park. It is probable that funds for the establishment of this museum could be obtained from Congress—or perhaps from public-spirited private citizens. A part of the maintenance charges could be gained from the natural increase of this buffalo herd alone.

Without any very great amount of reflection as to the consequences of such a policy in the latter regard, it certainly would seem that such a museum ought to be established and supported by the Government for the people. In common with many other new problems in park administration to-day, the problem of the buffalo in semicaptivity bids fair to increase *pari passu* with the species itself. The great question soon will be what to do with the surplus success of the Yellowstone Park buffalo.

Teton Range From Jackson Hole

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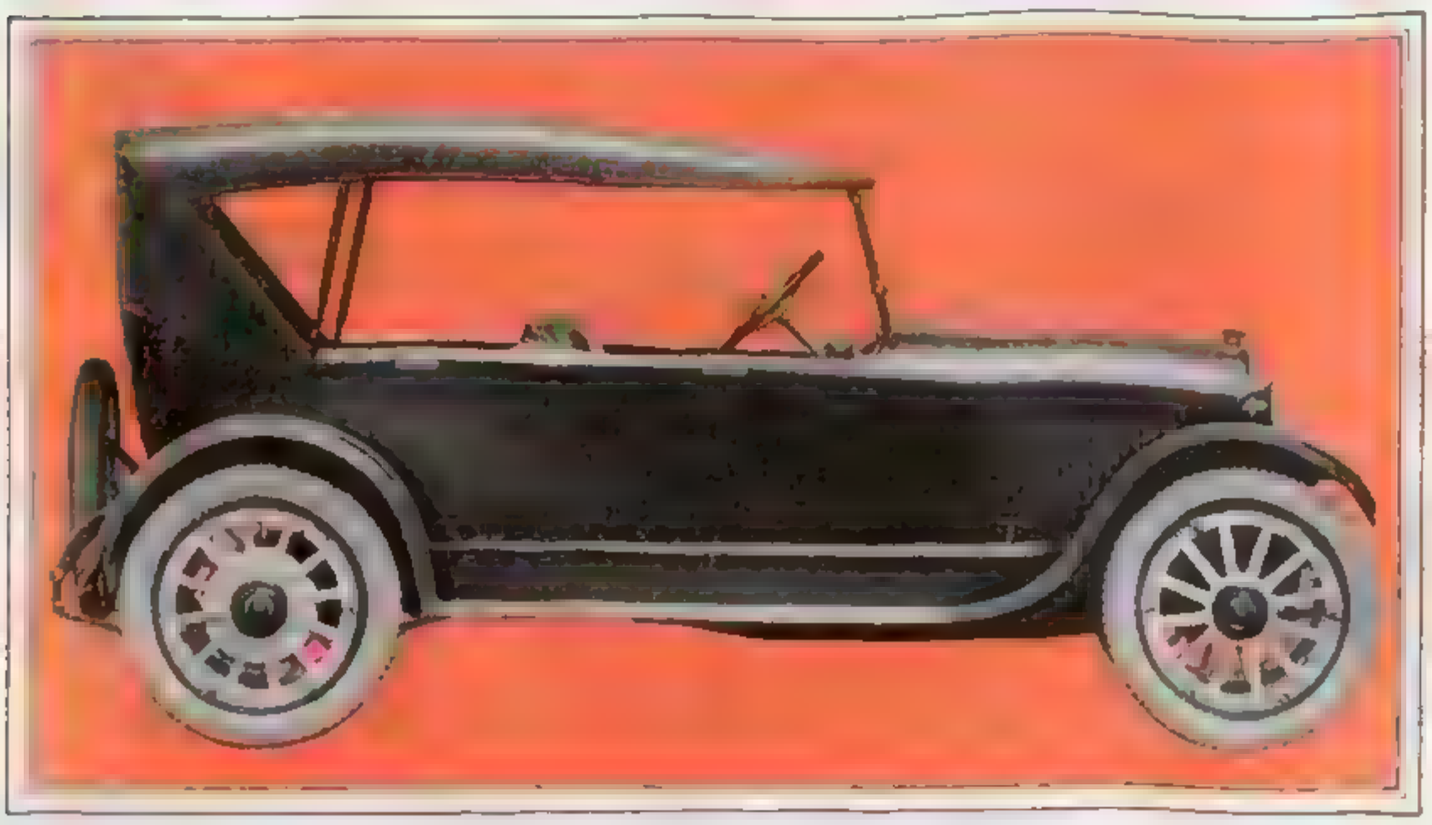


YOUR POTATOES

(Continued from Page 8

All this travel is made necessary by the fact that potato seeds must come from the North. This makes the potato a different kind of bird from the rest of the members of our edible vegetable families. For some unknown reason seed potatoes that are raised in the South will not grow well in the North. Move a potato north, even into the next state, and it lies down on the job of reproducing itself. Move it south, however, even a few hundred miles, and that same potato will multiply itself by as much as one hundred. This is a fact that is as much a part of the potato's sporting character as its ever-open eyes, its thin skin and its white, mealy heart, and until American potato raisers had discovered this peculiarity of the potato they had hard work keeping potatoes on our plates.

Wheat and other cereals and vegetables that get to your table in various forms are not particular, like potatoes. Wheat that was grown in one neighborhood last year will grow in the same neighborhood next year without a protest. A little interchange of neighboring crops in an effort to prevent inbreeding is often a good thing; and wheat shifted from South to North, or vice versa, reproduces itself within the wheat areas with little hesitation or reluctance. The same is true of cabbages, turnips, beets and other roots and vegetables; but the potato doesn't see it that way.

The American potato must travel southward as the cold weather comes on, and northward as spring approaches, or it won't play the game.

Turntables

The result of this idiosyncrasy is that at two ends of the country we have two of the most famous potato districts in the United States. One of these districts is round Hastings, Florida; the other is Aroostook County, Maine, on the Canadian border. These are the turntables in the life journeys of the potato.

Between them runs the gamut of the potato's family and racial existence. Between these two points are other famous stopping places, which are named in the world of potatodom by the cities which form the shipping centers.

In this round trip of the potato between the North and the South, let's hook onto the traveler at the Southern terminal. The South is a pleasant place just now, and our potato is taking a prominent part in a pleasant picture. The winter golf greens are exquisitely bright and ready for play. The white Florida roads lie waiting in the sunshine for the motor cars from the North. The pebble pathways through the gardens of palms and bright flowers are prepared to give forth their pleasant crunching noises, and the white sands, with the long, slow surf, can welcome at any moment their wintertime crowds of silken forms or brown-skinned bathers. And planting time has come in the Hastings district.

Lying fifteen miles from the warm ocean, and tucked in between the ocean and the jungle-lined St. John's River, on land that two decades ago was pine-stump land, men are working on their hands and knees in the rich, black, soft earth, putting potatoes to sleep in the sunshine. These potatoes, some of which are cut into pieces, others planted whole, have come down from the North with the birds. Many of them have come clear from Aroostook, Maine, which by this time may be covered with snow.

Keep your eyes on these Florida potato farmers, for here is about the classiest farming you will ever see. This is hothouse farming done outdoors. There is very little machinery used here. The potatoes that will grow here will be aristocrats, handmade potatoes, expensive and rare, like handmade lace or hand-carved marbles. The black earth is piled up into high ridges across the carefully drained field. Into a bed along the top of these ridges the Florida farmers plant a fertilizer that costs thirty dollars a ton, and they use a ton to an acre. Expenses don't count down here; the money will all come back. The field, after they have placed the fertilizer, is a study in wide black stripes of earth with white hair lines of fertilizer. And then in the ridges, along the white lines, are placed the seed potatoes from the North. The earth is turned over the seeds and the fertilizer; the field becomes all black again, and the potato from the North starts its work of multiplying itself while we shiver up in its home district.

It's in an exotic state just now, and while it sleeps exotic tricks are played on it by exotic farmers who, not caring for expenses, can afford exoticism. While we in the North are knee-deep in some vicious March storm, these Florida farmers will go into their ridged and weedless fields, and in between the ridges they will plant corn and peas. It won't matter much to these Nature-tricking farmers whether the corn ever goes into the tassel or whether the peas bear full pods. They are not corn and pea raisers, these farmers, but potato experts; and the peas and the corn in many cases will be only a ruse to trick the gods of Nature, the gods of the seasons and the gods of chemistry, and all other gods that can either help or hinder a poor, temperamental potato.

When the corn stands about six inches high, in thin lines of very light green that brighten the heavy, dark-green lines of the potato plants and the broad strips of dead-black earth, then is the time to take the new potatoes out of their beds. We in the North and the West have for weeks been dallying along at table with potatoes that have lain in cellars for months. They are good potatoes, to be sure; good enough to make a hungry Russian depose a soviet, for a potato properly cellared will keep for two years. But we pampered folks in lucky America miss, perhaps, in these potatoes on our table the tang of new, fresh earth and of new moisture. If it were necessary we might for months more go on eating these good big fellows from the cellars, with pleasure to our palates and strength to our flesh: but these Florida men have found a way to our love of luxury, and very shortly they will play tricks on us as exotic as any they have played on their potatoes—and we'll like 'em for it.

Down along the ridges, between the standing rows of corn, men crawl on their hands and knees, unburying small, glistening potatoes. No machinery is used here. The man who uses a trowel handles it gingerly. The best tools here are strong, sensitive fingers, with brains at the other end of them, that can do the work without harming a single potato or breaking a single skin. Almost as soon as they are brought into the sunshine the new potatoes are carried away to the shelter of warehouses. Each potato is precious. Fresh from the earth, with their new skins shining, full of the moisture of artesian water, there is no table in all the land where one of these little fellows would not crowd off the good, big, solid potatoes of last year.

By this time—it is now middle March—fifty or sixty very energetic city men have appeared in the Florida potato country. They are buyers, spokesmen for the thousands of folks up North who will fall like tumblebugs at the first sight of a shop sign which reads: "New Potatoes." Some of the very first of these potatoes will be rushed by express to the North—to Chicago, New York, Boston, Cleveland and other centers of luxury on the Atlantic half of the continent, traveling with humans like gold or precious possessions, and epicures will be delighted at the taste of the season's first potatoes, boiled in their thin skins to keep the flavor of the black Florida earth. It is true that if you are sufficiently wealthy and a worshiper at the shrine of the table, even these potatoes will not be a novelty to you, for it is possible to find new potatoes any week in the year in the fancy markets of the larger cities, thanks to Bermuda and other island farmers. But we're talking only of your and my potatoes. Soon refrigerator cars will take the place of express travel. The half hundred or more buyers, spending perhaps hundreds of dollars a week in telegrams in order to keep in touch with the delicately sensitive market, will be buying an average of one carload each every day. And before the crop is exhausted eight hundred thousand bushels or more of these small potatoes will have passed to the North to be sold at fancy prices to buyers who do not complain of the cost.

The crop was small, it is true. It ran, perhaps, about one hundred bushels to the acre, whereas later in the year, in other corners of the country, farmers will take out as much as three hundred bushels from every acre. But it was worth it. The Florida farmer got his money and lots of it.

When the last potato has disappeared the farmers plow into the earth the corn and the peas. These produce the humus for next winter's growth of potatoes, for these sensitive roots will not grow more than two seasons in succession on the same piece of land without crop rotation.

Up from Florida and Southern Texas—through Savannah, Georgia; Charleston, South Carolina; Wilmington, North Carolina; and Norfolk, Virginia—passes the season of the potato harvest on the Atlantic Coast, each one of these great potato centers holding the spotlight for a few weeks until its neighbor farther north is ready to inform the world that it too has potatoes to sell.

It was Virginia that found the potato, so far as the United States is concerned; and the Virginia folks, with a determination that is equaled only by their discrimination in the matter of potatoes, have considered their district one of the foremost potato countries of the land ever since the colonial days. Being a member of the tobacco family, the potato finds itself at home in that state. Of all the Southern cities that rank as potato markets, Norfolk is the leader.

Aroostook Potatoes

History

Virginia and all the Southern States, indeed, have treated the potato with a veneration and consideration that has had much to do with making that good root a four-hundred-million-bushel crop in the United States. The potato was just enough of a traveler and a cosmopolite to catch the Virginia fancy. Nothing that we eat has a more romantic history than the potato, and this history alone was enough to commend the potato to the imaginations of the Virginia settlers. Somewhere in the wilds of the mountains of Chile the potato first came to the eyes of civilized men. The Portuguese or Spanish explorers found it growing in the valleys. When they came across the plant it bore seeds; but at its roots, clinging to the thin tendrils, were the objects we know today as potatoes. Since those days, by cultivation, we have driven the potato seeds off the plant and have been forced to reproduce by means of replanting the roots.

These Portuguese or Spanish gentlemen—potato history is not clear as to their nationality—took home, among other things, a quantity of these potatoes. In Portugal and Spain the merits of the potato soon became apparent, and in Europe generally the potato was known to the *bons vivants* of the time. It was only natural that the rich British colonizers should carry the potato to Virginia. Even this early, be it noted, the potato moved to us from the North. It landed on these shores listed as the Irish potato. This was perhaps because the Irish, being fond of the potato, had made a greater fuss over it and had given it a larger place on their tables than the folks of any other land. More than once the potato has saved Ireland from starvation.

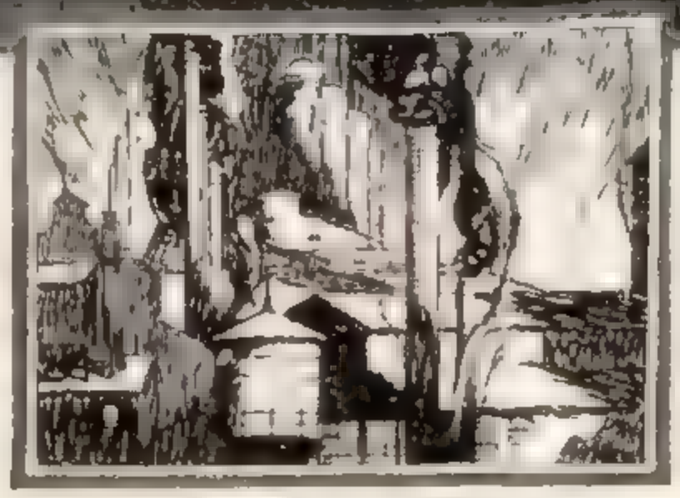
Your Virginia and other Southern potato planters are among the thriftiest potato-raisers we know. They rarely plant

(Continued on Page 116)

Dalton Advantages in Brief

1 One machine for all figure work
2 Instantly operable by anyone
3 Fewer keys—less opportunity for error
4 Keyboard scientifically arranged for "touch method" operation
5 A faster adding machine
6 An adding-calculating machine combined
7 A machine of broader usefulness

PRODUCING



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Simplicity, speed, versatility, and durability have made the Dalton the universal figuring machine.

In the 135 classifications of business listed below, all of which the Dalton serves, every class of producing, manufacturing, wholesaling, retailing, professional, and service organization can be found.

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There is a reason for this universal preference. These highly diversified lines of business have installed the Dalton because it represents an improvement in the handling of figure work. Adding and calculating have been combined in one machine, at one cost, providing a better figure-worker for every business.

SIMPLICITY. The Dalton has 10 keys only—one for each figure. Column selection is unnecessary—numbers are automatically arranged in their correct order by the machine itself. Anyone, even a person who has never before operated an adding or calculating machine, can use the Dalton immediately for every figuring task that comes up in the day's business.

SPEED. The scientific arrangement of its 10 keys also makes the Dalton the natural "touch method" machine. 25 to 80 per cent greater speed is made possible by this ease of operation; eye-strain and mental fatigue are eliminated.

VERSATILITY. The Dalton adds, subtracts, multiplies, divides, figures interest, verifies invoices, cross-foots, tabulates, makes out statements, multiplies whole numbers by fractions, fractions by fractions, adds two totals at once, and performs various mathematical calculations with a speed and accuracy that are almost beyond belief.

DURABILITY. Dalton durability is established, and after-purchase service is available at all times to Dalton users everywhere.

Phone the Dalton Sales Agent in any of the 100 or more leading cities—have one of our representatives bring a Dalton to your store or office. It will cost you nothing to have a demonstration. Or write—our folder contains facts about the Dalton that every business man should know.

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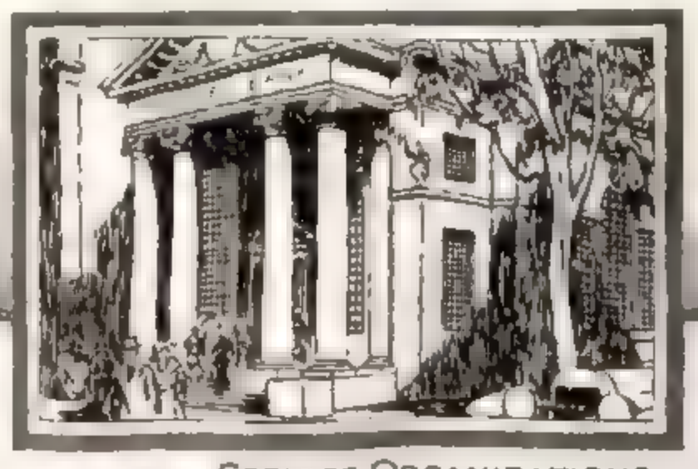
RETAILING

PROFESSIONAL



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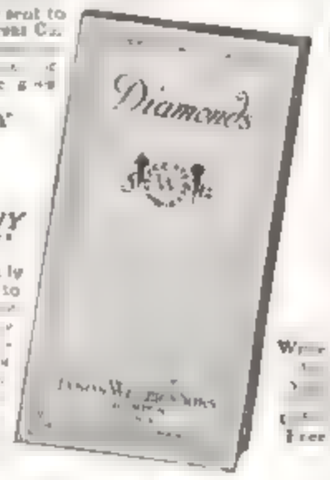

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(Continued from Page 113)

a field with potatoes two years in succession. Rotation of crops is absolutely essential with the potato if the best potatoes are to be produced, and the Virginia planter respects this law to the letter. Though there are other portions of the United States where farmers will try two successive crops of potatoes on the same piece of soil, trusting that the second won't be too poor to market, the Southerners do no such gambling.

As potato salesmen the Southerners have a good name. Their history adds much to the lore of potatodom. It was in the South that stovepipe filling gained its fame. In the old days Southern potato dealers had a way of putting a layer of big potatoes on the bottom of a sack, filling in with small potatoes, and then topping off the whole with big potatoes. In this way the buyer was bound to find big potatoes, whether he opened the sack at the top or slashed it across the bottom. There came a time, however, when the buyers, instead of putting their knives to the bottom of a sack, ran the blade along the side to reveal the little potatoes crowded in between the upper and lower layers. For a time, so the story runs, the potato sellers were stumped. But little potatoes had to be sold somehow, and there was not much sorting done in those days; wherefore the problem was solved by setting a stovepipe into a potato bag and filling it with little potatoes. On the outside of the pipe went the big potatoes, and after that the buyers quit slashing. They knew that the core of every bag of potatoes was made up of little ones, and they let it go at that.

Down South, in the potato country, not so many years ago, every store which sold farm implements used to have on display huge scoop shovels, often made of wire, with blunt edges and a generous grip contributory to good, hearty shoveling. This contraption was often known as a potato shoveler. With a scoop of this sort a big husky negro would climb onto and into a wagonload of potatoes and create havoc right and left. The damage caused in a load of potatoes by potato shovels in those days was ridiculous. Broken potatoes, thrown into a bin or cellar, would corrupt all the other potatoes in the vicinity and form rot spots in a mass of potatoes that might ruin a high percentage of them.

Potato men credit the South with throwing away the potato shovel. In the days when the groceryman used to stick a potato on the spout of the oil can it may have been entirely rational for a farmer to spoil a percentage of his crop by cutting it to pieces with a shovel; but in these days, when real cork, imported from South America, is cheaper than potatoes, the thing works differently.

Busy Days for Potato Men

It was the Southerner, too, who discovered that the gunny sack did incalculable harm to his crop. It did not protect the potatoes; it gave the loaders a grip which enabled them to bruise and scar and injure a load of potatoes almost as effectively as did the old potato shoveler. So the box or barrel, in many districts of the country, is coming to take the place of the more expensive gunny sack in the traffic in potatoes.

By the time July has passed, the Southern potato crop on the Atlantic Seaboard and inland as well has been distributed, and the burden falls on the little state of New Jersey. New Jersey borders the richest potato country in the world, and on her shoulders, for four weeks as a usual thing, rests the responsibility of supplying the demand for potatoes which comes from as far west as Chicago. There are little New Jersey towns, where freight trains never stop except by accident during the rest of the year, which are blockaded during the potato season with freight cars. As many as forty carloads a day leave these small New Jersey towns during the height of the potato harvest. New York City is the central market for New Jersey, and potato brokers in the metropolis, who have small and unimposing offices in the potato yards on the water front, often have telegraph bills running as high as one thousand dollars a month growing out of telegraphic correspondence with New Jersey potato farmers who want their products sold on the highest markets.

One of the most surprising facts about our surprising friend, the potato, is that it upsets the popular conception about New York State. The average American thinks that New York, besides possessing thousands of acres of abandoned farms, a few vineyards and some apple country, has nothing more to boast of outside of Broadway and Niagara Falls. The potato changes all this. When potato time sweeps up from the South, New York State comes into its own as a producer. New York is the agricultural state of the Union when it comes to potatoes. It produces more potatoes by far than any other state. In a good crop year New York will bring forth almost half a bushel of potatoes for every man, woman and child in the United States. Forty million bushels is an average potato crop in New York, and no other state comes within several million bushels of this amount. Thus the potato, among its other idiosyncracies, has chosen to bestow upon the state of New York a virtue for agricultural productiveness and rural activity that ought to check off much of the reputation for deviltry in certain of her larger cities.

A Race With the Frost

New York potatoes are good potatoes. They are of all breeds and brands, but among them are certain ones that have been developed especially for export to lands where the potato cannot grow. A hardy, long-lasting, especially juicy variety of potato raised in New York State finds great demand in the West Indies and in tropical countries where the potato is not grown. Just as New York at one time of the year eats potatoes from the Bermudas, so the well-to-do folks of Porto Rico, knee-deep in their hot summer, are rejoiced by potatoes raised in New York.

The potato growers of New York have, within the past few years, organized a state association which has resolved to keep New York State at the head of the potato column as long as the Union stands.

It is in Aroostook County, Maine, that the potato comes into its own. Up there, as in all the Northern States from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the potato is a frost-to-frost crop. It has one hundred days in which to mature. Just the minute the frost is out of the ground the potatoes must be planted, and as a usual thing the potatoes are ready for harvest just as the frost has returned. It is a neck-and-neck race every year. Up in Aroostook County are found, perhaps, the most expert potato raisers of the country. Wherever other groups of experts are found here and there about our broad land, you may be sure that they are keeping in touch with the latest potato opinion from Aroostook. The Aroostook folks live potatoes. They sleep, think, talk, dream potatoes. Down in Florida there are other things besides potatoes—fish, for instance, and oranges and golf; in the South, besides potatoes, there are cotton and corn and fruit. In New Jersey and New York, as is well known, there are many other activities than potato raising; but up in Aroostook County, what with potatoes and Jack Frost, no one finds time for anything else.

At plowing time everybody talks plowing; at fertilizing time everybody talks fertilizer; and the excitement grows as the season advances, until when harvest time is at hand in all of Aroostook County the folks are in a perfect fury of excitement. Freight trains run hither and thither. The telegraph wires are as busy as if they ran out of a convention hall. Little towns which are unheard of the rest of the year bombard the palatial railroad offices in New York with demands for more cars. Potato brokers in New York and Chicago sit at desks in their grimy little offices in Potato Row and read and write telegrams until their eyes and arms are sore. Telegraph operators in little towns up in Aroostook County are as busy as a wireman sending bulletins of a football game. The otherwise staid and unexcitable New England folks up in Maine have at last got their potato crop ready for sale and they want to tell the world about it—and they usually succeed in doing it. Incidentally they almost drive the potato world wild by insisting on measuring their potatoes by the barrel rather than by the standard bushel, for reasons thoroughly New Englandish and known only to themselves.

Average ordinary citizens like you and me go about our business in the streets and offices and factories of a thousand American cities not knowing of the tumult that Aroostook is raising in the world of potatodom, but nevertheless this tumult is vital to you and me, for by the law of averages you and I will demand and we will eat, beyond any doubt, three and a half bushels of potatoes apiece this year, and Aroostook is all het up over the fact that she has at last come in with her share. By this same law of averages you and I will each have several quarts of Aroostook's eleven million bushels of potatoes this year, whether we know it or not, and so it will be readily seen that the Aroostook demonstration is not illogical. In addition to eating Aroostook potatoes, you and I, as we dine, will probably sit in shirts stiff and gleaming with starch from one of the sixty Aroostook starch factories.

From now on through the rest of the winter we shall be hearing from Aroostook. As the weather grows colder and the early morning frost, which at first only whitened the grass, turns into a deep snow which will bury Aroostook until spring, the Aroostook farmers become more and more careful in their shipments of potatoes, until in the dead of winter, still responding to the telegraphic quotations of potato prices from various parts of the country, they will see that their freight cars are carefully lined with a board or paper inner skin, and that in the center of each box car there is set up the sort of stove that stands in the village general store, tried and true for heat and hungry for either wood or coal.

The Aroostook farmer boys delight in going down to New York in the heart of winter with a batch of potatoes. One farmer boy will care for five carloads of potatoes; he will see that the fires are kept going in the stoves and will keep his eyes on the thermometers that indicate a normal temperature. Cooking his coffee and food as he goes along, reading by lantern light and sleeping in blankets beside the stove, he enjoys all the pleasure of refined hoboing until his train at last pulls up in the heart of great New York after a wonderful ride across a ferry.

Adventures on the Way

More than one farmer boy, last winter during the terrific storm that paralyzed the Eastern Atlantic Coast, had stories to tell of the desperate fight he had made to keep his five carloads of potatoes from freezing. More than one of them turned up in New York with five carloads of Aroostook potatoes frozen solid as rock and worth not one cent.

"When I saw that our train was stuck and we were goin' to be snowed in," said one farmer boy who wound up on Potato Row in New York City with his potatoes only slightly damaged, "I noticed that there were piles of new railroad ties all along the line. I just borrowed a fire ax from the caboose and I used up at least two cord of new ties at about a dollar a tie, I suppose, keepin' my stoves goin'."

He got a fancy price for his potatoes in storm-blockaded New York—five times what he had planned to get at the outset—and was the hero of Potato Row for several days.

Other boys in charge of potato cars during this same storm tore down fences, and one even used the stakes of empty flat cars in an effort to get fuel for his stoves. Many are the thrilling stories that were told in Aroostook last summer and will be told again round the stoves of the Aroostook village stores this winter of how potatoes were saved or lost in that storm of last year.

They are all stories that would have made a dinner far more interesting for the folks who ate the potatoes in the restaurants, the big clubs or the thousands of apartment-house homes in Eastern cities. But these folks didn't know; and potatoes don't talk.

Being the North Pole of potatodom, Aroostook furnishes seed potatoes to many potato districts in the United States. One-seventh of every potato must go back into the earth in the form of seed. The Aroostook potato farmers are expert seed raisers.

To keep the type true to form is the aim of every seed-potato raiser. Of the fifty or more named types of potatoes in the United States, the farmer who raises one or more types wants to be sure of his seed; he wants to know that the type he raises will not fall off; that if he buys seed potatoes which are supposed to produce, for instance, Silky Skins, he will really get Silky Skins, and not some diversion from type, or throwback.

The Maine farmers as seed growers are not excelled anywhere in the United States. They set aside certain patches for seed potatoes of various types. The seed expert is

(Concluded on Page 118)

DORT

Quality Goes Clear Through

There has grown up about the Dort name a tradition of loyal performance and thrifty operation.

It originated, of course, with the early Dort owners.

But with the passage of time and the steady increase in Dort sales it has assumed correspondingly larger proportions.

So that today there seems to be almost a national conviction not only that the Dort is an exceptionally good car but that, in an investment sense, it is the true standard of value in its field.

Each added Dort with its smooth-functioning engine, its engaging ease in handling, its hardy durability, and its low travel cost, strengthens and deepens this conviction.

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F. O. B. Factory

Wire Wheels and spare tires extra.

DORT MOTOR CAR COMPANY

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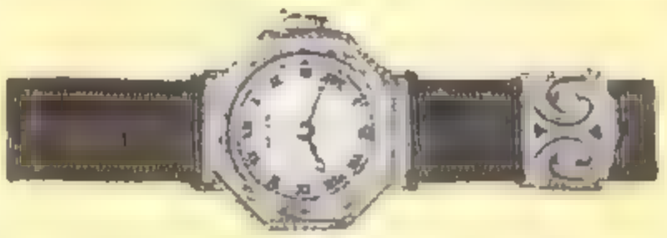
No. 124

No. 123



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No. 125

No. 121—14 kt. solid green gold, inlaid, enamel, $110
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See *these* Lovely Watch *Creations* *at the* Sign *of the* Gruen Guild

SMART wrist watches that are as good as they are beautiful, wristlets wrought in platinum and in vari-colored gold, gleaming with full-cut diamonds, or elegantly simple and unadorned—these are among the newer creations of the Gruen Guild of Watchmakers.

You may see these lovely wristlets at one of the 1,200 jewelers', the best stores in each locality, to whom the sale is confined. Look for the sign of the Gruen Guild—the Service Emblem shown in the lower panel—displayed by all Chartered Agencies.

Even if you have not thought of buying a watch this season, you will enjoy the new exhibit of Gruens. As you examine these beautiful watches, in all their exquisiteness of workmanship and delicacy of design, you will feel that here, indeed, are works of art worthy to compare with the finest creations of the guild masters of old.

For Gruen Wristlets are made by a modern guild of watchmakers—many of them the descendants of the old guild masters, all of them actuated by the same ideals, the same love of fine craftsmanship, as obtained in the ancient guildhalls.

Old world skill plus American service

At Madre-Biel, Switzerland, these skilled craftsmen, with the aid of American machinery, fashion the movements. And on Time Hill, Cincinnati, is the American workshop where the movements are tested for accuracy and finally adjusted into beautiful hand-wrought cases—a real service workshop, as well, where duplicate repair parts may be obtained promptly by any jeweler in America.

In women's watches, especially, it is well to

remember that not every Swiss watch is a Gruen. Look for the Gruen name on the dial. Then you will get a product of the genuine guild spirit, with a movement for real timekeeping service in such beauty of dress as most delights your fancy.

Write for the Gruen Guild Exhibit. A book of Etchings and Photographic Plates showing Gruen Guild Watches for men and women will be sent if you are sincerely interested.

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Canadian Branch: Toronto
Masters in the art of watchmaking since 1874

Service Workshops, Gruen Watchmakers Guild, Time Hill, Cincinnati, where the jeweler's watchmaker can obtain standardized duplicate parts promptly

GRUEN *Guild* Watches

(Concluded from Page 116)

not expert alone in potatoes, but also in flowers. He must be able to walk through a patch of potatoes when the plants are in bloom and judge by the muddy and uninteresting-appearing blossoms whether or not the bearing plant will run true to form. If he judges that the flower is off hue he will cut it off and take the greatest pains to see that it is destroyed, for its pollen would act like poison on his true and thorough-blood plants. Rose fanciers, dahlia growers and orchid lovers cannot possibly know any more about the flower which they love than do the seed-potato raisers know about the potato flowers—ugliest, perhaps, of all flowers—which tell them what is going on in the blood and roots of their potato plants. Seed potatoes usually cost almost twice as much as table potatoes.

The Aroostook potato expert, however, has his brothers in other parts of the United States. Though in the mid-Western and Southern potato countries, which include states from Texas to the Dakotas and Montana, the potato farmers depend in the main on outsiders for providing types and real potato culture, devoting themselves solely to raising such potatoes as already exist and finding a market therefor, we find in Colorado one of the finest potato-producing districts in the United States.

Giants for Baking

When the great Horace Greeley gave the young men of America a loose foot by saying, some decades ago, "Go West, young man," he incidentally succeeded in getting a very fine brand of potatoes named for himself. A group of men who went to the West at that time settled in a district north of Denver and east of the Rocky Mountains, and perhaps because they thought of nothing else to raise, they planted potatoes. If they had only known it—which they did not at the time—they were in *the* potato district of the land. About them, in the highlands, the only wild potatoes in the United States were growing luxuriantly. This district is similar climatically and otherwise to the highland district in Chile where the explorers are believed to have come across the potato for the first time. These Colorado wild potatoes propagated themselves by means of seeds, and it is from the pods of these seeds that the Colorado potato experts get the material by means of which they have experimented with types until to-day they have produced the Greeleyville potato, which is the Rocky-Ford of potatoes in the opinion of Western potato raisers. It is by a strange loop of coincidence that the Chilean wild potato takes its trip across the Atlantic to old Europe, returns in an improved and podless form to the mountains of America, and there takes into its life the wild virtues of its wild North American brother, and is improved thereby.

The Greeleyville and Gardendale potato district in Colorado is the Western center of potato culture and experiment. Eastern railroads, on which huge baked potatoes, served in the dining cars, have come to be strong allies of the passenger agent and heavy drawers of patronage, send to the Colorado district for the potato giants. Transcontinental railroads which use the Northern route send men into the Montana and Dakota fields to pick out, almost by hand, huge potatoes which have been grown from the Colorado seed. Almost any huge potato that comes to your plate on a dining car or in an ambitious restaurant is sure to have had its origin either in the Colorado district or from Colorado seed, and we have Horace Greeley to thank for them.

The Colorado potato growers are friends of Luther Burbank, the acquaintanceship growing out of the fact that in the Greeleyville district potato seeds grown in pods were available to Burbank for experiment. Burbank has told these Colorado potato men a story of his discovery of the world-famous Burbank potato, which has only recently come to light.

While Burbank was experimenting with potatoes about twenty years ago he noticed in his patch one plant which held one particularly promising pod of seeds. To his practiced eye these seeds and the plant which bore them would contain the germ of a new and excellent potato. If he had thought it necessary he would have put a watchman over this one small seed ball. As it developed later the money that would have been required for a watchman would have been but a minute drop of silver in the ocean of gold which this one pod was destined to produce.

Every morning Burbank would go to the patch to see how the pod was faring, and often during each day he would look at the plant to discover the time when the pod could be picked.

One morning he went into the patch and the pod was gone! With the help of workmen he searched for it. Finally after hunting for hours, twenty feet away from the plant, in the midst of other plants, the pod was found

"I think a bird must have picked it off and tried to carry it away," Burbank told the Colorado potato men. "Anyhow, there it lay and I picked it up and planted the seeds and that's how we have Burbank potatoes to-day."

The Colorado potato district incidentally holds the record for production on one acre of soil. Fifteen years ago a potato farmer at Del Norte, Colorado, raised eight hundred and forty-seven bushels on a one-acre plot.

Marketing of potatoes appears to the casual investigator like tricky business. There are eight great potato centers in the United States, including New York, Boston, Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Denver and San Francisco; and on any day in the season different prices, with a wide range, may be quoted at all these potato centers. Selling potatoes is a matter of news. While the selling season is on the potato brokers have telegraph accounts that would rank well with the telegraph bills of an ordinary daily newspaper.

In the first place the potato raiser, whether he holds his potatoes or sells them in the field—and he prefers to do the latter, for in the field they weigh fifteen per cent more than they do after a spell in his potato cellar—disposes of his product usually to a buyer who is a local resident of his town. This buyer is often the agricultural-implement agent in the district. This agent may either act with money which he borrows from the local banks or he may represent dealers in one of the eight potato centers. Usually he has a large potato warehouse.

This potato buyer must be quick on the trigger. He is in touch with the potato brokers in the nearest potato centers. These brokers know the demand and where it lies. The agent must let these brokers know how many potatoes he has on hand at any one time and what chance he has for getting cars for transportation. In return for this the potato brokers let him know by telegraph where to ship the cars.

The brokers take one cent a bushel in New York and in most other potato centers for this service. The broker's fee is about ten dollars a car.

The Potato Craving

The dealer who bought the carload disposes of his deals at greater leisure. He sells to grocerymen who come down to the car in the yards, or he moves them to his storeroom and sells them there. In New York certain prominent potato dealers this year either pleaded guilty to profiteering in potatoes and were fined one thousand dollars or were convicted of the offense and were heavily punished. They had hoarded potatoes, which they had bought at a low price, and held them off the market until the price rose to as high as ten cents a pound.

Both in weight and bushel quantity the world's annual production of potatoes exceeds any other crop. Five billion bushels is the world's average potato crop, while the average crop of wheat, oats or corn does not exceed four billion bushels.

Potato farmers have in mind an ideal potato crop that would triple the average world's crop, but up to this time they have not approached it. As things go now, a farmer plants about twelve bushels of potatoes to the acre, and in the United States gets an average crop of ninety bushels an acre. The ideal field, the potato experts say, would consist of hills twelve inches apart, giving about fourteen thousand five hundred hills to the acre. Each hill, under ideal conditions, would produce ten potatoes, equivalent to one thousand five hundred bushels for the acre. The nearest to this ideal record was achieved by the Colorado expert who secured eight hundred and forty-seven bushels from one acre, and the next best record was made at Twin Falls, Idaho, in 1910, when one acre, carefully cultivated, produced six hundred and forty-four bushels.

With potato prices running as low as ten cents a bushel in certain parts of the country in 1906, and with the United States importing potatoes from Ireland and Holland in 1911, there is some division in opinion among potato raisers as to how far farmers ought to go in seeking to produce a quantity yield. The gamble, as it stands to-day, is about as fine a little study in the law of chances and the tricks of Nature as many farmers care to take.

Your reasons as a human being for liking potatoes as food are deeper than you know. Why, for instance, do you always want potatoes with meat? You like potatoes. Have you ever heard of anyone who didn't?

Why are beefsteak and fried potatoes inseparable? Why are roast beef or roast pork and browned potatoes always together on the bill of fare? Chemists who have taken potatoes apart chemically give an excellent reason for your tastes in this matter. One-fourth of every potato you eat is pure, solid food, nine-elevenths of which is starch. Five per cent is salts, chiefly potash. The beefsteak you eat, or the roasted meat, contains acids in large quantities. The salts and potash neutralize these acids and offset their acidic effects on your system. While your palate calls for potatoes, there is something deeper and even more insistent in your system calling for the potash which the potato bears. So your demand for potatoes, fried, boiled, baked or buried in thick cream dressing or crusted with hot cheese, is about as sensible a demand as you can make at mealtime.

The Ideal Tuber

One pound of your potatoes is equal in food value to six ounces of beef. The mashed potato that goes with chicken at your Sunday dinner contains, ounce for ounce, as much food as the chicken. If you were to accomplish the unpleasant task of eating eight eggs you would have gained only as much food value as you would absorb by the not unpleasant duty of eating a one-pound baked potato, such as they serve in some dining cars and many hotels. This one baked potato is the equivalent of half a loaf of bread, and you would have to drink three half-pint glasses of milk to get as much food value as the one-pound potato contains.

And to top it all off, the potato will be digested in from one to two hours, while the meat will require six hours; and all the other foods I have mentioned will still be milling round in your digestive tract, trying to get themselves duly assimilated into your system as you expect them to do, long after the potato has begun to enter your muscles.

What we average potato eaters don't know about potatoes would fill many a book, but we have our pronounced whims about them. For instance, Chicago potato buyers find their market is best pleased with a long, big potato of rather slender appearance. The California folks naturally demand the long, whitish Burbank. The St. Louis market wants a round, medium-sized potato, with eyes that are not deep, while the Denver folks insist on a reddish-hued potato. Kansas City asks for big potatoes of any shape or color, the bigger the better. Blue-skinned potatoes find little market in the United States, though no Spaniard in South America or in Spain wants anything but a potato with a sky-colored skin like the wild potatoes that first came to European shores.

It may also be said that what the potato raisers don't know about potatoes would and, indeed, in time will fill many books before they have come to the end of their search for the ideal potato. Already they have developed varieties with eyes so small and so near the surface that there is scarcely any waste in peeling. The danger in going much further in this direction might be in producing an eyeless potato that would be the end of its breed. To take away the potato's seed pod was a clever trick, but it is hardly to be expected that the potato will permit itself to be robbed of its eyes as well.

Larger potatoes, with thinner skins and more mealiness of meat, which means less moisture, is the aim of the potato experts to-day. They have discovered that it requires four hundred and twenty-five pounds of water—almost a quarter of a ton—to produce one pound of solid matter in a potato. They would like to create some variety of potato less fond of water. When they succeed in this they will have produced the dry, mealy potato which will be the ideal of our dreams.

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MY SON

(Continued from Page 25)

it is awful how clearly we can see. It seemed to me on this Sunday morning that I was looking through thirty years at Peter's congregation, and I saw a number of persons there who would have been only shadows upon my glass when I was young.

A tall man attracted my attention. He was seated on the front bench, holding his head so high that his brown curly beard stuck straight out in front of him. His hair lay back from his lofty brow as if some wind from heaven had blown it. His fine dark eyes were lifted in a sort of penitential gaze at nothing in particular. I had my suspicions the moment my eyes rested on him. Your true saint never looks much like one. If you are experienced in estimating moral and spiritual values in a congregation you discovered long ago that the publican and Pharisee sinner never stays put in the back of the church where he belongs and where the Scriptures covering his case so plainly locate him. He is always to be found in the foreground of the sanctuary with nothing but the altar rail between him and the new preacher, waiting to be called on to lead in prayer, which he can do with more humility and anguished eloquence than a plain good man ever commands. But if he leads the prayer the congregation will not follow. It plants its forelegs and waits for the pastor to discover his mistake, because it usually turns out that he is a professional bankrupt in business, or that he shaves the notes of sinners, or that he has done something to the widows and orphans.

I hoped Peter would not call on this man, who looked so much like a handsome prayer, to lead in prayer until he knew more about his secular reputation.

No one, I suppose, knows what the unpardonable sin is. I have sometimes thought every man chooses his own unpardonable sin, a particular temptation that raises the spiritual hair on the spine of his soul in horror at the very thought of it For I remember how many different kinds of unpardonable sins William used to be called upon to pass on. But there is no variation at all in what a Christian community regards as unpardonable transgressions. There are two: If a man is dishonest, however successfully; if he is immoral, however delicately and discreetly, they will have none of him in the sanctuary. His prominence there is an offense. They will listen with sympathy to the drunkard's or the fighting man's confessions, they will back him up to the very throne of grace if he leads the prayer; but if you want to quench the Spirit in your church call on a note shaver or Lothario to pray. They will endure him in the choir, but they will not accept him on his knees.

There is another equally dangerous person in every church, who never sits in the amen corner nor conspicuously near the front, but somewhere in the body of the congregation, like a concealed weapon. It is impossible to locate him until the dust that has been kicked up over the new pastor is settled and we are all off for the kingdom of heaven together. Then he comes quietly to the preacher and puts him wise to everybody in the church. I have known more than one church to die spiritually from the bite of this serpent in its bosom without ever suspecting him. He used to take the spiritual spunk out of William as no other emanation of Satan ever did, because he invariably left him bereft of comfortable voluntary faith in so many members of his congregation.

I may have been surreptitiously scouting behind my glasses for this person when Peter stood up and gave out the first hymn. For a moment my vision was blurred by the tears in my eyes, by the prayer in my heart. Then I saw Peter clearly, not pale with the sense of his office, a tall slender young man, dark and richly colored, very handsome and perfectly at his ease.

It is now a long time ago, and I do not remember his text. He took it much as he would have taken off his hat upon entering the house, because this is the custom, and because he would not need it in there. Certainly he did not refer to this text again. And you would not have been able to prove that he had one by the discourse that followed. It fitted the minds of his congregation like a good working shirt. He mentioned the Lord by name several times, but the gist of what he said meant that during this year we should all get together, practice sanity, health, decency and honor and enjoy our virtues.

The people were pleased. They looked refreshed, a little gay, as if they had tasted a new and lively beverage and found it stimulating. They crowded round Peter to shake hands after the service was over. Brother Stone slapped him on the back. They all were animated, and wanted him to know how much they had enjoyed his sermon. But I missed the woman who used so often to come up timidly with tears in her eyes to tell William that she had been strengthened in her faith; I did not see the silent man who had been so moved that he merely wrung William's hand and passed on.

I stood aside and watched my son. I saw him radiating himself among these people, nothing of the priest in his manner. He shook hands so many times and so violently that his forelock fell down on his forehead, making him handsomer than ever. He was flushed with this exchange of happiness. There was nothing wrong in any of it, but there was something not present—something very old and patient, that never changes. I hate to say it, but I had the feeling that my son had absolved these people from both their sins and the Holy Spirit. They were considerably lightened of burdens, this was apparent, such was the effect of his sermon, during which he had not referred to sin or to faith or to any of the ancient stepping-stones of peace with God

I heard someone say as we came out that they had got a live wire at last, and that now this church would do something.

This prophecy was fulfilled. That church certainly did do something. It doubled the size of its congregations in three months, and nearly doubled the assessments under Peter's ministry, which was a light and easy ministry. In vain did Brother Stone watch and wait for him to slip up on a doctrine, show the horns and forked tail of a heresy. Peter was too far removed from the very ground where doctrines and heresies are to be found. His sermons had one purpose, so far as I could see—to cheer you up, make you forget issues that might confuse your conscience, and to build up the church. His sermon was sufficiently secular to fit your weekdays They were lectures on how to live and prosper Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and so on.

His pastoral visiting was like that of a candidate seeking election. He was full of good will, good works and a sort of incorrigible energy. If you bit him with one of your meanest, most narrow-minded convictions, he would not assault you with the Scriptures for doing it. He allowed you to keep this conviction as if it was your own property and sacred to you. He almost cured Stone of religious rabies in this way

The man I had noticed on the front seat that first Sunday was named Belote. He was the leading merchant in Brasstown and had a reputation for doubtful dealing. Peter never reproved him for these transgressions, neither would he permit him to figure prominently in any church enterprise; but he constantly mulcted Belote for food to feed the poor and clothes wherewith to clothe them. No other member contributed so much to charity.

"Still Keeping Those Old Sermons," He Said

"It is all I can ask Belote to do with propriety," he told me.

He was shockingly intimate with this man.

"Peter," I said to him one day, "do you think you should spend so much time in Belote's store?"

"I must," he answered. "Belote thinks of something wrong to do every day. I go by there to tell him not to do it."

"And does he heed your advice?"

"Oh, yes; but the trouble is he has thought of something else by the time I come next time," he laughed.

"He is a sinner, nothing else," I said sharply.

"Comes from living constantly in the same room with his emotions," said Peter.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, in the old days Belote could—no doubt would—have qualified as an ascetic desert monk, something of that sort. But it isn't done now, and there is not sufficient opportunity for the exercise of his emotional temperament in the common lot along with the rest of us, so he takes a headier now and then," he laughed.

"Soon after we came here Belote told me he was thinking of killing Tracy," Peter went on, smiling.

"Tracy! What could he have against Brother Tracy?" I exclaimed.

"Said Tracy had talked about him"

"He probably deserved censure," I answered

"Yes; he admitted that. I persuaded him not to kill Tracy."

"Peter, this sounds very cold-blooded."

"No; hot-blooded," he returned. "Then he advised with me about making over all his property to his wife because his creditors were pressing him. I persuaded him not to do that. This morning I was passing his store in a great hurry going to a committee meeting in Stone's office, when Belote rushed out, pale with excitement, caught hold of me like a drowning man and led me back to his desk. He was in deep trouble."

"What was it?"

"He said he was thinking of getting a divorce from his wife and what did I think of it?"

"The wretch!" I exclaimed, recalling poor little Mrs. Belote, who was the mother of five children.

"He said he could not endure his wife any longer. She ragged him. He had no peace. I advised him not to sue for the divorce."

"He could not get it!"

"So I told him. And I left him submissive to his marriage vows. But next week it will be something else. So you see how it is," Peter concluded, looking across at me, smiling. "I must visit Belote and look after him as a physician attends an incurable patient. He will never be a well man morally, but I can prolong his usefulness by looking after him. He has just contributed enough canned goods for the Boy Scout camp."

I had not served as an understudy to a circuit rider for thirty years without gaining considerable knowledge about sinners of Belote's type. William never compromised the gospel in their favor. He held them up in secret and exhorted them; he called on them nearly by name in public to repent. And I have seen such men soundly converted who lived godly lives afterward. But if they did not repent and believe he turned them out of the church, even if they were prominent members who paid liberally to the support of the ministry. He said it was as immoral to allow them to purchase respectability with contributions to the church when they were not respectable as it was to take any other kind of bribe. But if after they had been so disciplined they made their offering in meekness it was no offense to take it. I thought he was hard on these backsliders. I used to insist that the church should be a sort of hospital where the spiritually halt, lame and blind ought to be received and nursed back to salvation.

"Let them take the treatment and obey the rules of it, then," he would answer, unmoved.

Now as I listened to Peter's account of his pastoral ministrations to Belote I found myself agreeing with William's sterner view. Peter was making a scientific application of the gospel to his case, permitting him to bend the Scriptures to fit his carnal nature. He accepted it as a fact that Belote could not live up to the Christian standard, and made what use he could of him in this condition to further his own pastoral plans. He was honest in this point of view. But there was nothing in Peter that inspired him to stand up, pale to the lips, with the sweat of anguish on his

(Continued on Page 123)

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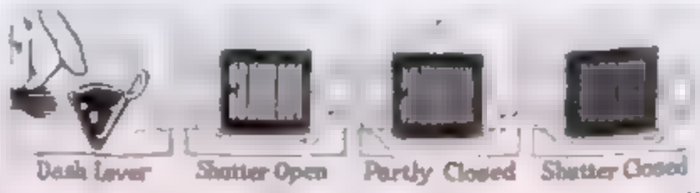

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(Continued from Page 120)

brow and call out to his people, "Repent! Repent! The kingdom of heaven is at hand!"

He wore a sack coat, he had a good color, and his preaching consisted in encouraging everybody to go ahead and do the best he could under the circumstances, which, if you notice, are always furnished by the world, the flesh and the devil.

I should have been proud of him and satisfied, since for so many years I had craved a little easement from the sterner doctrines of salvation. But I was not proud of him. I was terribly uneasy about him and his water-and-sand gospel. You may not be able to live up to them, but your standards of righteousness ought not to vary or be diminished.

I continued to sit prominently near the front in the church at Brasstown, but in my heart I felt far to the rearward. Sometimes when Peter was preaching one of his cheerful prancing sermons I used to wonder what would happen if suddenly I stood up, waved him down and called out: "Tell them, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God . . . and all these things shall be added unto you!' Things, Peter! Teach them the difference between mere things and the kingdom of heaven!"

I reckon he would have sent for the doctor. He did stop in the midst of his sermon when Mrs. Buxton shouted. She was a simple old woman who had acquired the habit of shouting in her younger days, when this was not regarded as a breach of good manners before the Lord. And she would do it upon the slightest rise in spiritual temperature during a service. On this Sabbath evening she was sitting as usual near the altar, her little old gray head and withered face lifted like a candle against the wall. And she was listening no doubt a trifle dizzily to what Peter was saying about the Golden Rule of God toward man, when she caught sight of the smiling faces of the congregation. She looked round, startled, much as you do when you have missed the point, saw this glow of appreciation all about her and mistook it for spiritual animation. Instantly she bobbed up and out into the aisle with a sort of cataleptic spring, threw her hands over her head and shouted in a high treble voice "G-l-o-r-y!"

She sailed down one aisle and up the other, clapping her hands and letting out one of these little cambric-needle shrieks at rhythmic intervals.

When someone began to shout in the old days the preacher was supposed himself to be too much in the spirit to stop preaching. Rather, he instinctively preached louder, a circumstance which invariably increased the emotional energy of the person shouting. It was not until Mrs. Buxton arrived in front of the pulpit that she realized her pastor had deserted her. Peter was standing like an incensed statue with his eyes damningly fixed upon the clock on the opposite wall. She paused, stared at him like a little old bird whose feathers have fallen, whose wings drag in the dust. Then she drifted backward into the nearest seat, mortally wounded in her spiritual pride.

This was another feather in Peter's cap; everything was, though I doubt if it was to be a jewel in his crown, quenching a good old woman whose ladder to God was her own emotions. But we heard that she frequently disturbed revival services and that everybody was glad to have her quelled and permanently seated before the revival season began.

Peter had his Brasstown congregation by the hair of the head; that is to say, he reorganized every department of the church along modern lines. He worked under cover through Sister Stone to expand the Woman's Missionary Society. He whipped all the men into a laymen's movement, which was to do everything, from keeping the town clean and electing the next mayor to providing extra funds for the personal needs of the church, including lectures and social receptions. He established a credit-and-reward system in the Sunday school which doubled the attendance and excited competition and cupidity in the minds of the young to such an extent that the standards of Biblical scholarship were greatly advanced. Under his leadership the Methodist church became at once the most progressive enterprise in the town. It rocked as if a boom had struck it. But this was not a spiritual boom, there was no hallelujah note in the fuss it made.

I tried not to be critical of Peter, but it seemed to me he was substituting secular methods for the work of the Holy Spirit. I have always resented the old horned stewards in Methodist churches, who made it their Christian duty to nag and obstruct the pastor; but if I had been such a one in this church at Brasstown I should have laid a restraining hand on Peter. On the contrary, his stewards were secretly boastful about the way he emptied the other churches in town when he preached. And it was a bit stirring to see half of the congregation get up and walk out on Communion Sunday, because they were Baptists and must avoid the embarrassment of having the sacrament offered them.

We had been on this work nearly two months before Job's messengers began to arrive. I have always thought these servants, who brought Job bad news, were the most typical-of-man features of that story. Certainly I never knew a preacher who was not afflicted by them.

One very cold day in December I was sitting in the corner beside the fire in the parlor knitting a muffler. I was trying to finish it for Peter before the following Saturday, when he was to go to his first appointment at Suetally. He was seated reared back very comfortably in the parsonage morris chair, directly in front of the fire. And he was reading Renan's Life of Jesus. I felt the same sense of disapproval that I used to have when I caught him when he was a boy reading doubtful fiction. I knew nothing of this man, Renan, except that he was a Frenchman. I admire the French people. I believe that they are thrifty, brilliant and exceedingly brave, but I have never been able to pin my faith to their godliness. The things I have heard about them are very fine, but not pious, and frequently not moral. I could not help thinking that what Matthew or Mark or one of the other apostles had to tell of the life of Christ would be more serviceable to Peter as a preacher. I was trying to decide how to broach this subject to him when I heard a sort of muttered disturbance in front of the house. I glanced through the window and saw an enormous old man taking himself carefully out of the buggy and at the same time exhorting the skittish-eared mule which was hitched to it, to "Whoa!"

He was about six feet in height, most of this being in the length of his legs, which were astonishingly thin considering the bulk of his body. He wore a black slouch hat and gray clothes; his coat had short frock tails which stood out from him as if they did not like him, though they had been associated with him for a long time. He was clean shaven, and his chin stuck out ominously.

I had never seen him before, but I recognized him instantly. He looked and walked like a man empowered by divine Providence with all the authority of misfortune.

Peter, who had also seen him by this time, laid aside his book and went to receive him at the front door.

I snatched up Renan's Life of Jesus and hid it in my work basket. You cannot be too particular about things like that.

I heard Peter admit that he was the new preacher, and the thunderous voice of our visitor announce that he was Altimus Sparks.

"I reckon you have heard of me," he added in the retching tones of a man who is taking off his overcoat and wheezing from the exertion.

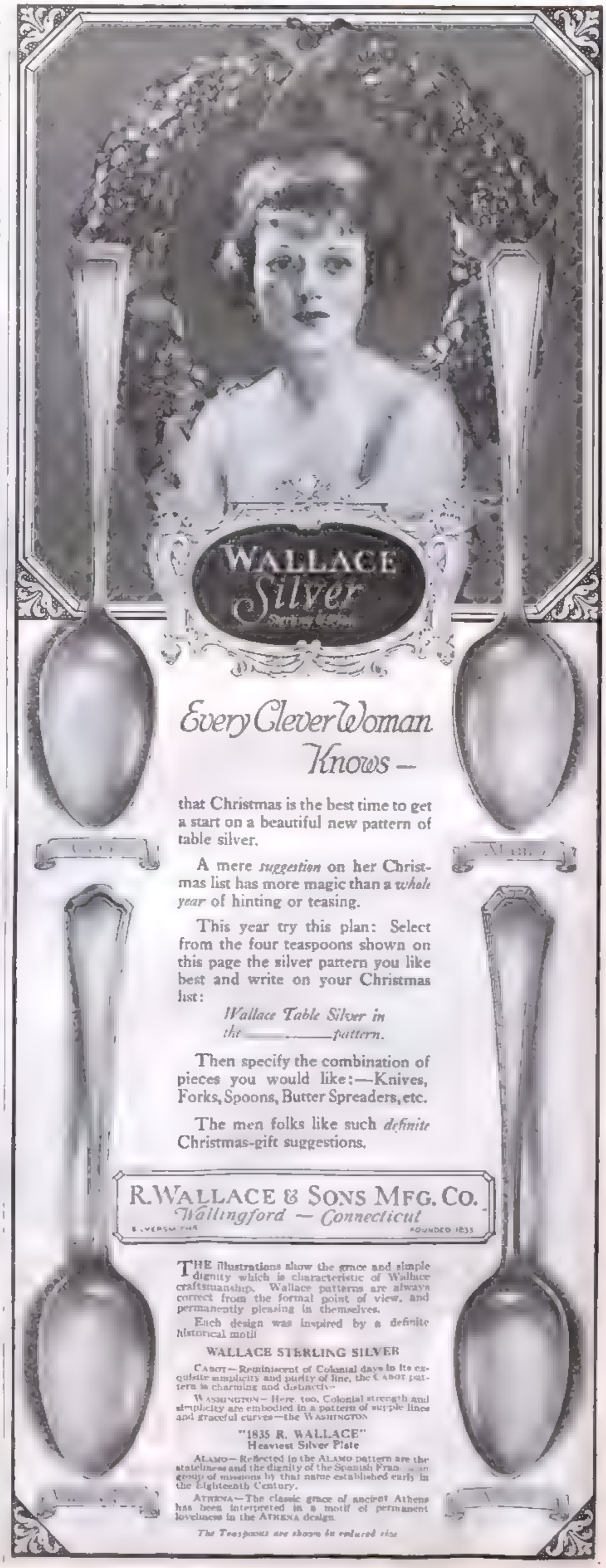
We had heard of him! Every man has his voluntary biographers, who publish the record of his deeds. We knew that Brother Sparks was chairman of the board of stewards in the church at Suetally. We had heard that he was as innocent of salvation as a heathen, but he was the heavyweight champion of the Methodist doctrines in that community. He had never been defeated in an argument, and he held the belt, especially on infant baptism.

Peter, who is a tall, well-set-up man, looked small and insignificant beside him when they came in together. I told Brother Sparks how glad I was to meet him at last, which is always a safe prevarication, even morally, because you do it in charity that you may not wound the sensibilities of the person whom you are not glad to see.

He said the usual things in reply, and hoped I was "well, ma'am." Then he sat down in the morris chair, which groaned dangerously. Suddenly the whole room seemed crowded. Peter had to edge his way to a small chair in the opposite corner.

Sparks was a fat man, whose countenance was not confined to his mere face.

(Continued on Page 125)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Like the good Genii appearing when Aladdin rubbed his wonderful lamp, electricity has become the servant of men, the backbone of the world's commerce, the distributor of illimitable power.

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That those vitally important mediums of electrical transmission, insulated wire and cable, may combine the utmost of efficiency, economy and dependability, that their precious burden may be transported in safety, Habirshaw has devoted more than thirty years of painstaking effort and scientific research. Pioneers in this field, the Habirshaw laboratories and plants have always produced superior insulated wire and cable for all purposes.

Every inch of the Habirshaw product is subjected to the most rigid tests, and every type of wire, from telephone wire of the smallest size to the heavily armored cable lying in the depths of the ocean, is equipped to fulfill its mission dependably.

Habirshaw wire has been the standard since the inception of the electrical industry, and through the splendid distributing and warehousing organization of the Western Electric Company it is efficiently and economically brought into every active market of the United States. With Western Electric Company, Habirshaw renders a complete public service of production and distribution.

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HABIRSHAW

"Proven by the test of time"

Insulated Wire & Cable

Plus Western Electric Company's Service

(Continued from Page 123)

He seemed to look at you from the whole expanse of his broad shirt front. His coat lay back from it like the lips of an enormous grin at your expense.

He wagged us a measuring glance ornamented with an intimate grin. Then he told me he hoped I would pick out a wife for Peter as soon as possible. "Unmarried preacher is as dangerous as a torpedo in a church," he haw-hawed. And having discharged this blunderbuss he informed Peter that he had come to see him about the church at Suetally.

He said this church was on its last legs. It was located in a valley between two mountains and the high waters during the winter and spring rendered it inaccessible. But this was not the worst. It was in a community of Hard-shell Baptists!

I have noticed this: that in mountainous regions where there is a great deal of superfluous water Primitive Baptists always predominate. The nature of the country, the torrential rains seem to produce them as it does certain plants and water fowls. There is a sort of laurel wreath of them which extends in this section from the high crests of Kentucky through the Cumberland Mountains of Tennessee, and all over the foothills of the Blue Ridge in Georgia and Northern Alabama. Neither Methodist churches nor Presbyterian flourish in these places, and there is practically no such thing as an Episcopalian. I have often wondered whether the weather and the topography of the country had anything to do with the creed we choose. It is a fearsome thought.

Brother Sparks went on telling Peter about the Primitive Baptists, who were so many thorns in the side of the church at Suetally; how they would not permit their children to attend Sabbath school; how, when the Methodists had a revival and stirred things up and got an altar full of penitents converted, these people invariably started a protracted meeting, preaching their doctrines, and the upshot was that they herded these new-born souls through the baptismal waters of the nearest stream into their own church!

I hoped Peter would show some of the natural instincts of a Methodist shepherd over this account of the marauding Baptists at Suetally. But he did not, which troubled me. You cannot be too tolerant and be anything else very definite. The meekest Methodist preacher I have ever known would show fight when provoked by a Baptist. He will lie down, like the lion and the lamb together, with a Presbyterian or an Episcopalian, if so be that the latter will keep him such close company, but he will lash out at a Baptist. His Christianity becomes a sort of doctrinal fierceness. One of the strongest sermons I ever heard William preach was on the broad and catholic meaning of the word "baptist." He was equally imbued with power when he preached on the doctrine of "election." But he would rest peacefully on his strictly evangelical texts in a town full of Presbyterians and never lift his voice against "predestination."

I have sometimes wondered if this antagonism which Methodists feel toward Baptists does not spring from the class distinction which the latter make when they practice close communion. We all do it who can in the world, but this is the only church which does it openly and honestly before the Lord. I reckon many a Baptist has suffered from being obliged for conscience's sake to behave this way.

Personally I never could see any great difference between the pivotal doctrines of damnation in any of the churches. It comes to the same thing, whether you are not elected to eternal life or are predestined to damnation, or become, as the Methodists believe, an apostate.

What worried me was that Peter never seemed to clinch down and hold views that sternly divided him from the world. He did make a raid during this year on the Baptists at Suetally. He took fifty of the younger ones into his church, but it was on easy terms, and due to his personal popularity rather than to any deep work of grace in them. Brother Sparks was gratified, but he was not satisfied. He was himself a Hard-shell Methodist, and he missed the bones of our doctrines in Peter's sermons. He used to appear at regular intervals at the parsonage, enormous and saturnine, to discuss immersion, free will, and other issues of contention between him and the Suetally Baptists. He was a hungry man. And Peter nourished him in tolerance, which was like offering Sparks a stone when he asked for the blood of his enemies.

"The question is not whether you are baptized one way or the other," he told Sparks one day, "and it is not whether you have an emotional experience or not. Emotions are the mere flowers of the animal temperament"—he used the word animal!—"which bloom quickly and die quickly. It is unnatural and not safe to live according to your transient hallelujahs, because you cannot, and the effort to do so leads to hypocrisy and self-deceit."

When you are not very good yourself, being called to the secular life from birth, you do want your pastor to be a holy man. He represents your vicarious holdings in salvation. Sparks, who was sitting with Peter on the front porch with his legs elevated and his feet resting on the balusters, brought them to the floor with a thump. He leaned forward in his chair and stared at Peter as if he had suddenly discovered that there was no great difference or distance between him and this man, spiritually speaking. And he was disappointed.

"The important thing in your religious life," Peter went on, unconscious of this diminishing gaze, "is to shed the sins you inevitably accumulate in the business of living, endeavor to harm no man, do your duty as it really is, not as you wish to see it, render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and keep at it!"

This old ruffian Methodist never came again to commune with his pastor. It was significant. He had been seeking the heights in his perverted way, and he had found Peter on the level.

Sometimes I honored my son for his invincible honesty, for the cool clarity of his mind, the simplicity with which he performed every good office of his calling, as if this was a matter of business. His temper was always serene. He never suffered from moods of spiritual depression. He prepared his sermons carefully, much as teachers prepare lectures. And I discovered that he also prepared the prayers he prayed for his people in church on Sunday. These were very conservative petitions. It seemed that he did not want to inconvenience the Lord to change his plans by granting anything unusual or out of the fixed order of things. I missed that childish and beautiful valor of faith which inspires men to ask the humanly impossible of their Heavenly Father—and get it. This is my point. They do get it! I could not imagine Peter taking his umbrella to church during a drought and praying for rain. It seemed to me that he never asked for anything which the Lord had not granted or arranged for from the beginning when he created the heavens and the earth, marked off the zones and seasons and established order in everything except the heart of man, which is the one place where creation is still going on.

The brethren in the church at Brasstown furnished a curious commentary on the quality of Peter's prayers. When he began to preach there they shouted their amens as usual, but they gradually ceased to do this. It is only when you have the faith and courage to pray for that which is beyond the bounds of human reason that the brethren hunch the Lord with groans and amens. The reasonableness of Peter on his knees compelled me to fear that he did not really believe in the power of prayer. If we are entirely reasonable we must live like brutes, whose instincts are the result of experience well reasoned out. But if we are at all spiritual-minded we must take the sublime risks of surviving somewhere above the plane of rationalism.

I was the more concerned for Peter because of his sincerity. He was an honest man, but no priest. He had not received his sight, but he walked without fear in places where saints fear to tread. I prayed that the Lord would forgive his presumption. And I was in earnest about it. A mother kneeling before the throne of grace is no puling saint, if she is a saint at all. I was willing that Peter should be tried, humbled and chastened in his spirit, but I reckon every prayer-bearing angel in heaven knew my position on this matter, and that I would never stand meekly by and see my son destroyed because the mind and learning of these times had enveloped him and obscured his vision of the way, the truth and the life. Peter had some vague sense of my concern for him, but he attributed it to my old-fashioned notions, and got on very well with me by evading issues.

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RICHMOND, VA. SAVANNAH, GA.

We are queer creatures. One of the conditions of life in this world, I believe, is that we cannot be satisfied. I used to wish for a little carnal rest, not the kind you have when for a moment you "sit and sing your soul away to everlasting bliss," which was always too high an experience to be comfortable; but I longed for human repose in the things that are here and now. I might be attending to the plain duties involved in securing this repose, like putting my house in order or darning our Sabbath clothes, but I never could be quite at peace knowing that William was in the study across the hall or pacing up and down behind the house wrestling in prayer for the "witness of the Spirit," because I never did know whether he would get it or not, and that kept my heart aching and anxious for him. Now I found myself worrying because Peter did not seem to feel the "burden of souls." I was homesick for the past. I longed for one of those old-fashioned revivals where the congregation dwells in a sort of penitential anguish on this chorus of the opening hymn:

Lord, revive us! Lord, revive us!
All our strength must come from Thee.
Lord, revive us! Lord, re-vi-ve us a-gain!

I used to get tearful sometimes when I thought of those scenes back there in the old candlelit churches. Then I'd go out in the yard and look up and down that street in Brasstown and wonder if I ought not to go and see somebody in affliction, or who was sick; but there was a committee for doing every single Christian thing in Peter's church, and I was not on the one that dealt with the sick and afflicted. Then maybe Sister Stone, who lived next door, would come out on her porch and hail me and want to know if I was well to-day.

I have noticed this, that nobody ever asks a man if he is well; but one woman invariably asks another woman if she is. My health was always good, but I did not feel well. My immortal spirit seemed to be run down, and I had to resist the temptation to tell Sister Stone that I was not very well, but just able to be up and about. Then she would ask me to come over and have some ice cream if it was a hot afternoon. Or if it was in the morning she would fly back in the house and reappear with some tomatoes, which she insisted upon my taking because my plants had not done well and she had discovered that Peter liked tomatoes. They were all kind and thoughtful. But it seemed to me I had few opportunities to practice my own kinder virtues.

I remember a rosebush in the back yard of this parsonage at Brasstown. It must have been about my age, as the life of a rose is reckoned, elderly, and somewhat amorphous as to shape, with its branches sprawling like a wide skirt on the ground. I became attached to this old bush. I had come in the winter season and could not tell what kind of rose it was, as you do not know this woman or that one until you see her doing her daily, not her Sunday deeds. In February I cut away the dead branches and tied the others up, dug round the roots and fixed it up according to the directions in the Scripture for the barren fig tree. I used to slip out there every day and pick the bugs off and watch the buds swell. Then suddenly one morning late in May, after a warm rain the night before, I found it covered with a rich dark red mass of old-fashioned velvet roses. I had not seen one for years. The variety is practically extinct, like certain kinds of people.

I was reduced to that, you understand, feeling kin to an old bush in the back yard which must have been planted there about the time I started out as a Methodist itinerant's wife.

As the year drew to a close at Brasstown I thought I felt a reaction in the church toward Peter. Some of the older members grew strangely quiet. Now and then one of them looked at him queerly as you do at a genial and successful promoter who has done much for your town but who is about to pass on to other fields, leaving you to handle the best way you can the big business he has started, which has been a very expensive business, and you knew very well that he made you hit a pace that you cannot keep up, not if you were redeemed and baptized every six months.

In short, I think they began to realize with dolorous misgivings that the showing Peter would make at Conference might have the effect of increasing their assessments next year, besides giving them a reputation for being progressive, which they doubted if they could keep up even under his leadership. I thought they were singularly resigned, however, to the notion that he would not be back, but would undoubtedly receive a much better appointment. Everybody liked him, but the old financial heads wagged when they computed what it had cost them to keep him. They figured shrewdly that they could do very well spiritually with a less expensive preacher. I thought myself that this church would be years recovering from Peter's executive ability, and that if he should be sent back he would find a much more difficult proposition on his hands.

Fortunately he was moved and given a much better appointment. But I have written at length on his first year in the itinerancy, because of what happened afterward.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Everwear TRADE MARK Hosiery

At Christmas time it would be difficult to decide upon a more acceptable gift for any member of the family than a box of Everwear Hosiery.

Selected Japanese Silk and careful workmanship make Everwear both beautiful and dependable.

Everwear Hosiery is also made in Lisle Thread. *** For men, women and children. * * * * *

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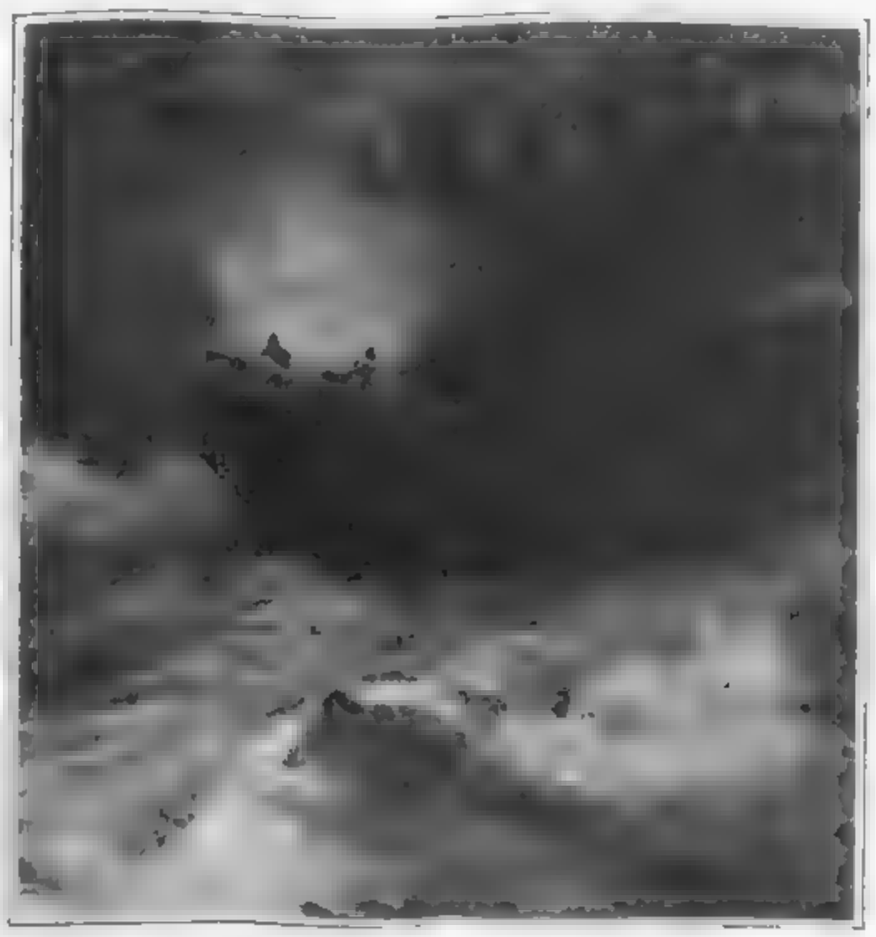

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Unless the sole is branded with this mark it is not an Educator.

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Parents:—Don't Envy, *IMITATE!*

YOU mothers and fathers *needn't envy* the strong-muscled, limber feet of your children, and their restful freedom from corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, fallen arches, and other foot aches.

Just put aside your narrow, pointed shoes, and put your tired feet inside Educators—the shoes that give you the proper room for all five toes—without extra looseness.

Shaped like a *natural* foot, Educators "let the feet grow as they should," permitting Nature to restore your feet to their natural corn-and-bunion-free condition.

A few days in Educators, and you'll get nothing but Educators for your children. For then you'll realize that it was simply toe-jamming, cramping shoes that caused your foot-misery. Educators come for the whole family—infants, children, misses, men and women.

For your protection, look at the sole *before* you buy. If it isn't branded with the EDUCATOR trade-mark, it *isn't* an Educator shoe.

Mothers: There is Foot-help in This Book

Send for "Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet." It's full of pictures and common-sense talk about a square deal for the feet. Free. Write today.

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FOR MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN

A Car's Greatest Asset Today

OUT of present conditions, the Stephens is rising to an even higher plane of public confidence.

For more than fifty years, many of them devoted to Stephens cars, this institution has grown stronger and the allegiance of its friends has grown firmer.

Through periods of inflation and depression it has always maintained its high quality ideals. This is why, over the length and breadth of the country, people have learned to put their *whole trust* in the Stephens Car and the institution *behind* it.

And today, this is the greatest asset a motor car can have.

There is no doubt in anyone's mind as to the intrinsic value of the Stephens product. Its wonderful records of performance and economy and the records of its builders *protect the Stephens owner and fortify the Stephens dealer.*

Purchases are now made on sound *business judgment;* on analysis of *value;* on positive proof of *fine engineering,* and on the *stability* of the builders.

As more people apply this test, the greater will be the demand for the Stephens Salient Six.

STEPHENS MOTOR WORKS, *Division of Moline Plow Company,* FREEPORT, ILLINOIS

STEPHENS

THE WAY OF CAPITAL

(Continued from Page 21)

members of the so-called system—the insiders of Wall Street, the bond merchants and their personal and business friends, who manage the railroads and who have bought or sold their stocks on the knowledge they naturally receive anywhere from six hours to six months before you do. On the other hand, if you do not think you can satisfy yourself in the comparatively simple matter of your groceryman's affairs, you may wisely refrain from speculating in the stock market against the insiders.

The revelations concerning the alleged system, though made in passionate language often hard to understand, created a profound sensation and drew much capital out of the operations of the larger stock market into other hands. Wall Street then took a further step by pressing its charges, securing state laws against the bucket shops, and finally, after years of court procedure, taking away from them by legal processes their foundation stone—the stock ticker—the one practical way they had of securing the quotations of the New York Stock Exchange and of the Chicago Board of Trade, upon which their business was founded.

In this way the last of the famous old-time bucket shops passed out of existence through the efforts of Wall Street, its stock exchange and the various local and national authorities in 1915 and 1916. By its action Wall Street had insured the final downfall of the bucket shop and ended the affiliations of small American capital with this institution. It had also incidentally secured a considerable following in the so-called big New York Stock Exchange, which had been educated up to the practice of stock speculation in the younger and more formative business experience by the bucket shop. But while doing this Wall Street had brought about a new development almost as little to its taste. For American free capital had now rushed in and laid the foundation of a new national stock market, the so-called Curb market in Broad Street, which now boasts itself as being, after the New York Stock Exchange, the greatest stock market on the continent. The development of this market came about in this manner:

At the time of the establishment of the New York Stock Exchange as a national institution upon the reorganization of the American railroads twenty-five years ago, the bond merchants who had accomplished this, recognizing the huge sudden growth of American capital and seeing the profit and advantage of the formula which they had just adopted with the railroads, proceeded to extend this formula into other fields and to organize or gather together and reorganize all sorts of other corporations in the creation of the industrial and public-utility stocks, which were put out in such quantities in the last of the nineties and the first years of this century.

The Curb Market of Other Days

They sold the bonds, or more often the preferred stock, to capital at large, and kept the future and the control of the corporations in their own hands and the hands of their friends by the bonus of the unconsidered common stock in the manner which had had such fortunate financial results for them in railroad reorganization. And as the New York Stock Exchange was at that time devoted almost entirely to railroad stocks, the making of these new stocks created an urgent necessity for an outside stock market, and so made the well-known New York Curb.

There has been since the beginning of markets an outside stock market. In fact, at their beginning all markets are apt to be outside, and the New York Stock Exchange itself started upon the street. But the present Broad Street Curb began and still exists for one distinct main purpose—the purpose of supplying American capital its place of purchase for new and untried stocks as they rise, in contrast with the old big exchange, which handles so-called seasoned securities. In entering this market American capital has established new relations with what may be designated as a second system, dominating this Curb market and dealing with capital in the fashion which we are now about to study.

The making of new corporate securities for capital is, we may easily concede, a necessary and thoroughly legitimate business of present-day civilization. With the final centralization of capital in one national bond and stock market at Wall and Broad streets, the machinery for making bonds and stocks was focused more and more about that point. Even the oldest and most conservative of security houses must necessarily have their agents on the Curb to buy and sell, and still have them there to-day.

But now were added to these the new and greater body of men—the leaders of the small capital of America, who were being driven out of the bucket shop by the persistent hammering of the public authorities and the activity of the older stock exchange. So, finding the bucket shop both dangerous to their pecuniary interests and personal liberty, these operators led the branch of American capital which was their patron into the less restricted and now much more promising field of the outside markets.

In the New York Stock Exchange there were certain requirements then—and there are still more now—especially in the way of revealing to the public the financial standing of its securities.

Along with the cats and dogs many stocks of high merit sought a market on the Curb owing to the unwillingness of their sponsors to publish the statements of financial condition that are required as a prerequisite to listing on the big board.

In the new national exchange—the Curb—there were no rules, practically speaking, at that time—no supervision. In those early days any man could make any stock and sell it to anyone he chose; and being under the eaves—started practically as a part of the one great national stock market of the country—the new Curb market could also make its appeal to the capital of the country as a whole. The operators of the so-called bucket shops were not slow in appreciating and building up the tremendous field which this offered to them.

The Appeal Through House Organs

The means for doing this were the means employed naturally by every other great national industry—the educational appeal of printer's ink. The published attacks on the so-called Wall Street system were markedly successful in the way of drawing business in earlier years from the New York Stock Exchange to the Curb. The newspapers were then widely used as advertising mediums, covering the whole eastern country; and when the papers in the larger cities would take this advertising of Curb securities only with great conservatism, the papers in the smaller cities and smaller towns were still accessible: and so gradually the minor national system of the New York Curb was founded by a national educational system, reaching a branch of capital somewhat different from that reached by the old bucket shop, the capital located in smaller cities and towns rather than in the greater cities, being in many ways in fact a typical mail-order business.

A newly issued stock can obviously offer possibilities to capital much more spectacular than an old one. There are no conventional limits to probability prescribed by its past performances. American small capital looking for quick future returns from corporate stock was apprised of the possibilities of new stocks by their promoters in the familiar advertising of oil wells and mining ventures through the newspapers. But to this national educational campaign was now added a new and even greater advertising medium—the circular, or the so-called house organ. House organs, so called, have now reached the weekly circulation of three hundred thousand copies, with printing bills running into the hundreds of thousands of dollars a year. Even the most reputable and conservative concerns now employ this form of advertising.

How extensive and profitable a business has grown up about the New York Curb in its relations with its especial type of American capital will be seen from these and similar figures. In 1895 this national market could scarcely be said to exist; twenty years ago it had perhaps two hundred operators. Now it has some fifteen hundred men who howl and gesticulate their orders upon Broad Street, and the recorded sales have grown from a few million shares a year to one hundred and

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Emery silks are exquisite in texture; of dependable quality—giving satisfying, enduring service.

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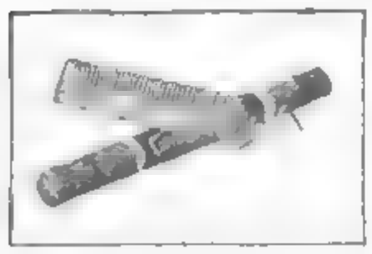
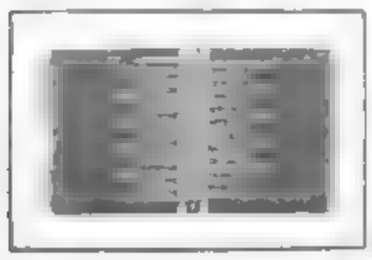
Only Three Minutes to Lace a Belt with the "Clipper"





THE rapid development of "Clipper" Belt Lacing to its present efficiency ranks with other far-reaching industrial feats which mark the present great world era. Many plant managers recall the not so far distant days when it took from fifteen minutes to half an hour to make a crude, makeshift joint.

Idle machines, workmen at rest, production curtailed (due to belt repairs) are things unknown where "Clipper" Belt Lacing is used—and its use is world-wide.

The simplicity of the "Clipper" tool eliminates the need of experts. Any workman can successfully lace a belt with it. It makes a hinge-joint of perfect smoothness on both sides of the belt. The joint hugs the pulley, runs true, and is extremely durable.

"Clipper"-laced belts develop maximum power. The larger plants keep "Clipper" tools and hooks handy to every battery of machines. "Clipper" Belt Lacing is real economy, real efficiency — the speediest known to industry.

The "Clipper" is sold under a perpetual guarantee and goes to responsible parties for free trial.

Most mill supply houses sell the "Clipper." Dealers not stocking it write for particulars.

"The Connecting Link Between Power and Production"

Clipper Belt Lacer Company
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

sixty-seven millions at the high-water mark in our opening year of the war—making, as will be seen, an average of more than half a million shares a day.

So a second national market—with its second system—has sprung up on Broad Street. To this, the big exchange and a third and smaller exchange, Broad Street supplies capital to-day, with practically any issue of corporate security it may desire for sale in America.

The stock of most old or seasoned securities is offered American capital, of course, through the New York Stock Exchange. The Consolidated Exchange farther south furnishes practically the same stocks in smaller lots; while between these two the roaring and vociferous Curb market tells the world of the new stocks it is making, boosting and finally selling to small American capital.

Thus in the limits of one short street American capital had secured at last the power to purchase and control not only the stock of most major corporations of the country, but of those which are in the future to rise.

Having this machinery in its hands, American capital was not long in taking advantage of it, and rushing forward on its predestined journey to influence the fortunes of the continent through its operations in corporate stocks.

By this time American capital, which we have traced from such feeble beginnings, had reached really large proportions. The accumulations in the old-age fund of the savings bank alone, which we have seen increase by two-thirds between 1890 and 1900, increased again by eighty-five per cent—to more than four billion dollars in 1910. The amount of the nation's death fund, in the assets of the life insurance companies, more than doubling from 1890 to 1900, again more than doubled between 1900 and 1910, becoming now just a little less than four billion dollars. The population of the country had meanwhile increased but about twenty per cent. The annual new-investment fund of American capital in corporate securities, as estimated by Dr. Alfred Chamberlain, of Columbia University, in his Principles of Bond Investment, reached about this time a billion and a half dollars.

Wider Stock Distribution

Already the movement of American capital toward the control of American corporations by stock purchase was taking place with tremendous speed. As Mr. Slason Thompson points out in the 1917 volume of his much-used Railroad Statistics of the United States of America, from 1904 to that later year the increase of the number of stockholders in the twenty principal railroads of the country was from one hundred fifty-four thousand six hundred and ten to four hundred forty-nine thousand one hundred and sixty-five—almost three times the earlier number. Meanwhile the total amount of stock of American railroads outstanding in the hands of the public—as distinct from that owned by other railroad corporations—had grown between those dates by considerably less than one-half.

This increase of stockholders came, of course, practically not at all from the capital in insurance companies and savings banks, but from the free and independent capital which was now operating in all the exchanges of Broad Street, and was facilitated in every way by the big system in the New York Stock Exchange through the distribution of stocks to the public which, as is well known, was carried on in that period by the well-informed insiders in that stock exchange for two reasons, which are now, at least, no professional secret.

During the vast accumulation of American capital in the previous fifteen or twenty years, and following particularly the revelations concerning the so-called system, the American voting public, as is well known, not unnaturally became more and more alarmed, and were seen more and more, from the acts of their Washington and other public agents, to be disinclined to allow railroads in general to earn any considerable returns in dividends on their property investment.

In addition to this, the management of the American railroads by the bond merchants of Wall Street, unused as they were by their purely mercantile education to large executive operations, was not in all cases an unqualified success. Between the two influences the values of railroad stocks declined acutely, especially in the years just preceding the Great War

It would be an error for us to believe that the knowledge of this approaching movement in the value of railroad stocks reached the insiders in the New York Stock Exchange later than the general public, or that it was unconnected with the wide general distribution of railroad stocks through that exchange to the more conservative capital of America interested in stocks—which, as we have seen, took place at this time.

On the face of it, in fact, there was a loss here of hundreds of millions of dollars to the relatively more conservative American capital which finds its way to investment in railroad stocks now through the great New York Stock Exchange. In New England, where the habit of buying and holding stock was oldest and most widespread, dividends had now ceased to be declared on practically all of the principal local railroad systems, whose stocks fell in a few years from very high quotations indeed to almost nominal selling values—affecting a very high percentage of the widows and orphans of that section.

The Cost of Stock Control

Three of the great railway systems west of the Mississippi also were passing or about to pass into receivers' hands and, in short, a general slaughter of the values of railroad stocks fell heavily upon the more conservative of the independent American capital, which had sought the control of American railroads through their stock. The control of American railroads was proving very costly to American capital.

The cost of stock control sought by the newer, wilder capital of America through the newborn stocks of the Curb market was even more striking, and reached truly gigantic proportions. This has been attributed by many to the supposition that at one period so large a part of the stock quotations upon the Curb market were the result of manipulation or even downright fraud.

This, however, was not the case. If it had been, the losses to capital on the Curb market would have been much smaller than they were, as a little consideration will show.

There always has been, it must be repeated in the first place, and probably always will be an outside market for stocks, in which especially new and unseasoned stocks of corporations may find a place of transfer. And the aim of the promoters and sellers of stocks in such a market will be, of course, the usual aim of all business—to cultivate to the utmost its own commercial field.

It is unnecessary for us to conjecture what this field is. The merely nominal par or selling values of the great majority of the stocks dealt in—the quotations in cents and dollars instead of hundreds of dollars—indicate this clearly without the use of superfluous brain work, as does also the fact that so many of these are sold on margins. It is the small investor who is appealed to—the wild, free American capital, which we have watched in its progress from the lottery through the bucket shop into Broad Street. The desire of this capital is already well known to us. It wishes a chance at the hundred-to-one shot.

Now obviously it would be the part of poor business to offer this capital a one hundred per cent fraud—a sure loss. In the first place there would be the risk which the promoter of such an enterprise would run of clashing with the city or state authorities; there would be in the second place another risk of another clash with the constituted rules of the Curb exchange itself. But worse than this, the purely fraudulent promoter would be in the ridiculous position of offering a customer something he did not desire, thus destroying his business and all the possibilities of its future development.

By placing ourselves in his position we will see very clearly the problem which presents itself to the promoter of or dealer in the cheap or the often wrongly so-called fraudulent stock, which appears in such quantities in the new national market for this type of security—the New York Curb. Why, we will ask ourselves, should we or any man of any reason at all whatever put out a purely fraudulent stock, when what our capital desires is a hundred-to-one chance, and when on the other hand a host of hundred-to-one chances—in oil wells,

(Concluded on Page 133)

To use plumbing fixtures, constantly, without thought of the fixtures themselves is natural, especially if they render a fair degree of service.

But whether this service is truly fair or poor depends upon comparison with the new standard attained in modern plumbing.

Your Contracting Plumber will be glad to assist you in making this comparison.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Pittsburgh

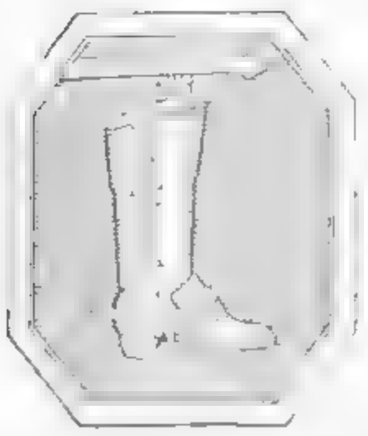
"Standard" PLUMBING FIXTURES

In addition to the displays of "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures shown by Wholesale Dealers and Contracting Plumbers, there are permanent "Standard" exhibits in the following cities:

NEW YORK	35 W. 31ST	*EAST ST. LOUIS	16 N. MAIN	*ALTOONA	918 ELEVENTH	KANSAS CITY	201 RIDGE ARCADE
NEW YORK (EXPORT DEPARTMENT)	50 BROAD	*CLEVELAND	4409 EUCLID	MILWAUKEE	426 BROADWAY	SAN FRANCISCO	[illegible] BLUXOME
BOSTON	186 DEVONSHIRE	CINCINNATI	635 WALNUT	*[illegible]	[illegible]TH	*LOS ANGELES	316 [illegible] S. CENTRAL
PHILADELPHIA	1216 WALNUT	*TOLEDO	311 ERIE	*[illegible]	321 W. MAIN	ATLANTA OFFICE	1217 CITIZENS & SOUTHERN BANK BLDG
WASHINGTON	SOUTHERN BLDG.	*CANTON	1106 SECOND N. E.	*[illegible]	315 TENTH AVE. S.	DETROIT OFFICE	414 HAMMOND BLDG.
*PITTSBURGH	446 WATER	*YOUNGSTOWN	408 W. FEDERAL	*NEW ORLEANS	546 BARONNE	CHICAGO OFFICE	1010 STANDARD OIL BLDG.
PITTSBURGH	106 SIXTH	*WHEELING	45 EIGHTEENTH	*HOUSTON	COR. PRESTON AVE. AND [illegible]TH	SEATTLE OFFICE	1216 L. C. SMITH B'LD'G.
*CHICAGO	14 N. PEORIA	*HUNTINGTON	SECOND AVE. AND TENTH	*Dallas	1800 JACKSON	*TORONTO, CAN.	69 E. RICHMOND
*ST. LOUIS	4140 FOREST PARK BLVD.	*ERIE	130 W. TWELFTH	*SAN ANTONIO	213 LOSOYA	*HAMILTON, CAN.	30 W. JACKSON
				*FORT WORTH	608 MONROE		

FACTORIES: Pittsburgh, Pa.; Louisville, Ky.; New Brighton, Pa. POTTERIES: Kokomo, Ind.; Tiffin, O.

Service at "Standard" Branches In the cities marked (*) are carried complete lines of Plumbing and Heating Supplies, [illegible] Water Supply Systems, Tools and Supplies for [illegible] Water, Gas, Steam and Air Industries. Write or call at nearest branch. [illegible]



REGAL SHOES

Quality, beyond question, at the Pre-War Price

The "CREST"

in Genuine Calfskin—$10

Established more than thirty years ago, the Regal program is proving its soundness today as never before—make and sell many pairs of fine shoes, with only a conservative profit on each pair.

How heartily this program is endorsed by the forward-looking public, which expects lower prices but is unwilling to sacrifice quality, is shown by the ever increasing sales in the Regal Stores and Regal Agency Stores.

We shall continue to make every effort to bring shoe prices generally back to a lower level, but—

We shall not compromise in any way the Regal standards of material and workmanship.

REGAL SHOE COMPANY
268 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Sixty Regal Stores in the Great Metropolitan Cities
Agency Stores in other Cities and Towns

The "Crest"

Genuine Calfskin—Black or Russet. Not five per cent of all the shoes in America were ever made of leather of such superb grade. Soles of genuine Oak Tannage. Linings and trimmings the best. Standard Regal Craftsmanship.

$10

(Concluded from Page 130)

silver mines and a thousand other hundred-to-one ventures—are clamoring and beseeching the stock promoter continually for incorporation and sale to capital in stock form—with a minimum risk to the promoter?

A certain small percentage of these stocks will eventually succeed—often spectacularly with really enormous gains to the buyer on margin. The small capitalist buying these hundred-to-one winning stocks becomes a lifelong speculator and rarely stops before he has dissipated his winnings and whatever other money he may have. He, of course, advertises his first winnings personally to his friends, who also become buyers of the hundred-to-one-shot securities—probably on margins.

On the other hand, the advertising mediums of Broad Street multiply the news of this victory of small capital throughout their whole wide circulation. In brief every killing in a cheap stock acts in a way not unlike the familiar chain letter, adds thousands of customers to Broad Street as a whole, and builds up a truly tremendous national mail-order business which it now conducts throughout the country in its present relations with the smaller American capital.

Thousand-to-One Shots

All this, of course, is a matter of common knowledge to the historians of the New York Curb market. It is known, for example, that some of the still greatly criticized stock flotations of one of the most notorious of those whose careers have touched Broad Street in stock offerings have yielded profits to their buyers. And it is a pleasure to undo the obvious injustice which has been done by many writers on this great national institution. Though fraud may at times creep in, open fraud is not necessary or desirable to the promoter of cheap stocks. The keynote of the great bulk of promotions is: Why not take, let us say, a thousand-to-one shot and advertise it as, let us say, a ten-to-one shot, avoid trouble with authorities, please the small capitalist, and secure the growing business which is bound to accrue through this method by whetting the old historic appetite of small capital for this type of speculation?—knowing that once created such an appetite will very likely be a permanent asset to the stock promoter and dealer, often lasting over the entire earning and saving lifetime of the small capitalist.

It will be seen by this how large and thorough the operations of what might be called the minor system in the New York Curb market have become in recent years—in its relations with the small capital of America—and especially during the period up to and including the entry of the United States into the war. Operating on a logical business formula, it has increased the class of small capitalists which are in its field from tens of thousands into hundreds of thousands, and possibly millions. Its education of these by weekly and special literature has been supplemented many times by stock salesmen, sent out to canvass the classes who at any particular period happen to possess extra funds, such as were the high-paid mechanics during the recent wartime, when Pennsylvania in particular was a most successfully cultivated field. And so finally this great agency has founded its present deep and lasting relations with the smaller capital of America, whose tendencies it has so thoroughly studied since the days of lotteries.

So now we have seen capital in America make another advance, which reached its height just previous to the recent war. We had previously observed it secure—after seventy years of endeavor and loss—its lien on the American railway, and its first permanent corporate security—the three and a half per cent railroad bond.

We now see it secure—in the next fifteen years—from the big exchange on Wall Street the control which comes with stock ownership of the greatest of all mechanical processes, the railroad; and as well the potential control of all stocks existing or to be born through all three national exchanges upon Broad Street.

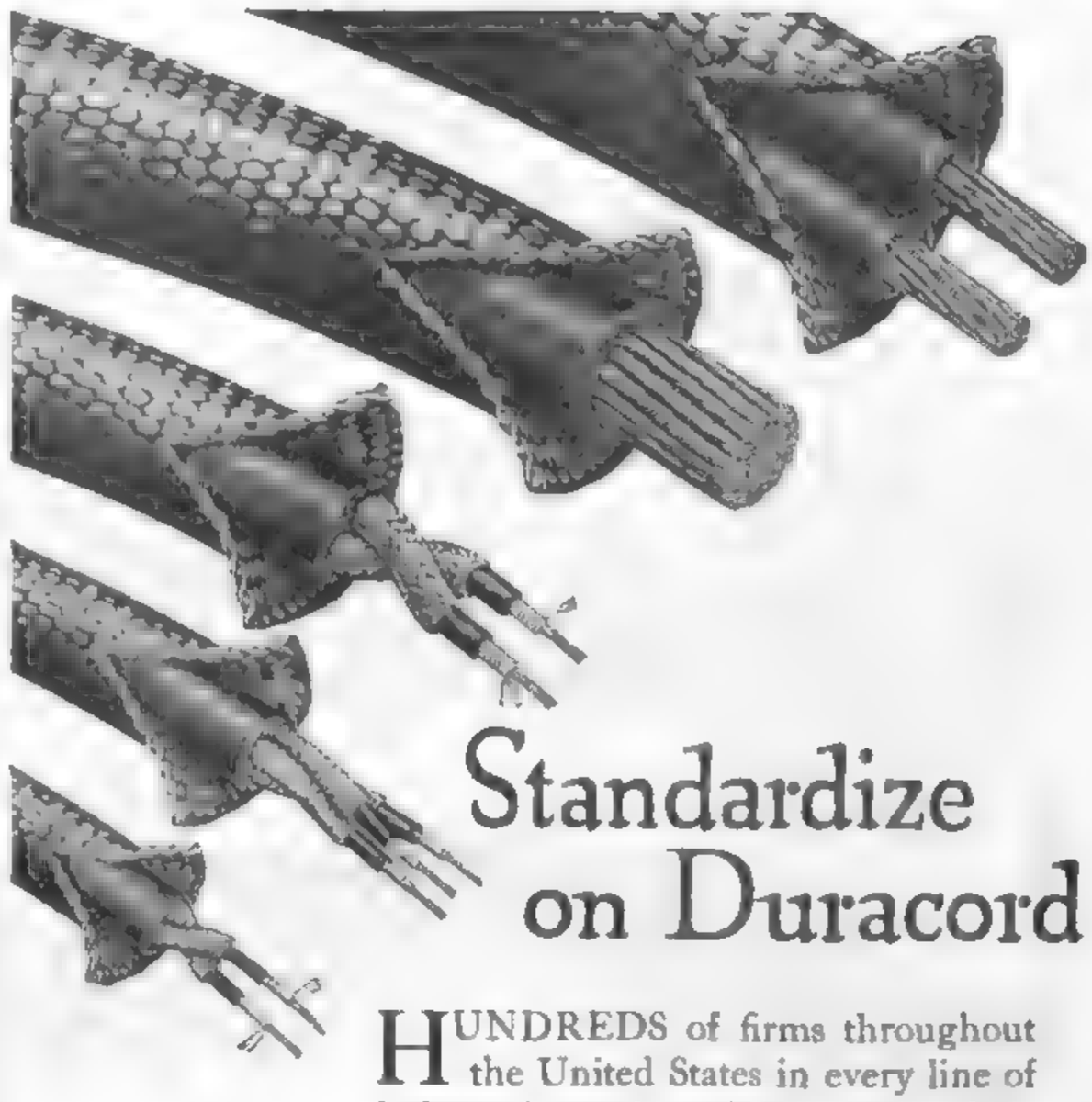
Capital's Rough Road

All this had not taken place with the extreme simplicity and satisfaction to itself with which it had been predicted in advance that capital would take control of the wealth and human society of this continent. Capital in fact had found its progress far from pleasing. It had experienced continual and baffling losses in securing its bond investments, but these were small indeed to those which it was now making in its securing of stock control.

No one can rightly estimate the loss to the owners of seasoned railroad stocks just preceding our entry into war. The same thing was true through the highly speculative stocks, for which the New York Curb was at one time so increasingly the central market. Altogether the annual loss to American capital in the two classes of securities just mentioned now amounted each year to much more than the current annual gain of small capital in its savings banks, and probably more than these and the gains in the life insurance companies together. It created thus a heavy drain on the capital of America.

However, it was a fact, now recognized by all, that capital had secured a central grasp of the corporate properties of the country through its national agencies in Wall and Broad streets. It had control, or potential control, of the bonds and stocks of the great corporations, which now dominated the continent. It had secured this at a large and apparently continuing loss. But that loss might be remediable. And so in the next chapter we shall see American capital pass on to its now familiar relations with Washington, and plunge into the adventure of the World War, which, as all have been so freely and vociferously informed by the uninformed, is always so greatly to its advantage.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of four articles by Mr. Turner. The next will appear in an early issue



Standardize on Duracord

HUNDREDS of firms throughout the United States in every line of industry have adopted Duracord as their standard portable electric cord for all purposes.

In most cases, these users started with a small amount of Duracord and watched results. Its thick, heavy *woven* covering established a record of endurance that brought forth the edict "Standardize on Duracord".

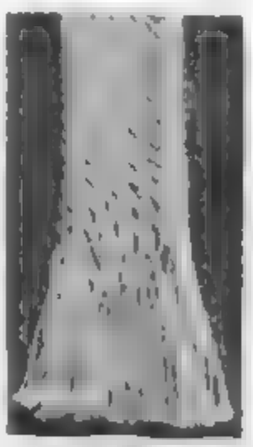
Duracord is made in 23 sizes

to fit all kinds of portable electric tools, extension lamps, sand and cement mixing machines, portable loaders, magnetic cranes, mining machines, mine locomotives, welders, storage battery charging outfits—anywhere in fact where portable cord is used.

If you are using Duracord for special work only, check up its service record and ask your electrical jobber for samples of the other sizes of cord you use.

If you have not yet used Duracord ask your jobber or write us direct for samples of Duracord and ordinary cord for you to test and compare yourself.

This is Duracord. Three heavy strands woven like a piece of tape but not braided. Picture shows cotton covering only with impregnating compound removed



Here is the ordinary [illegible] cord. Compare it with the thin section of Duracord above

TUBULAR WOVEN FABRIC CO.
Pawtucket, R. I.

Makers of Duraduct
Flexible Non-Metallic Conduit
and tubular woven fabrics of all kinds

DURACORD

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Cleaner, longer lasting pails, measures, etc.

"Fibrotta" is a rich mahogany colored ware, made under tremendous hydraulic pressure, without cracks or seams, which catch and hold dirt and grease. It will not scale, chip, rust, warp, leak or dent out of shape. It is very attractive in appearance and far more durable and economical than ordinary equipment.

Star pails of "Fibrotta" are ideal for home and business use. They are always clean and sweet smelling and they look better and last two or three times as long as other pails.

"Fibrotta" measures for grocers and for general use will last a lifetime. They are sealed at our factory and have never failed to stand rigid inspection. They will not rust or dent out of shape and are not affected by vinegar and other light acids.

"Fibrotta" keelers, used as dishpans, do not chip fine china like metal pans and are splendid for washing dainty laces, waists, lingerie or baby clothes.

No papers can sift through a "Fibrotta" waste basket and litter the floor. These baskets harmonize with the finest surroundings.

Baby baths of "Fibrotta" are not cold to the tender skins of infants like metal or earthenware baths. They may be had in mahogany or white and pink enamel finish.

Handy dishes of "Fibrotta" are fine for holding sliced fruits, vegetables, butter, shellfish, etc. They are used in a great many hotels and restaurants because they are so sanitary.

Write for an illustrated folder and the name of a dealer near you who sells "Fibrotta" ware

CORDLEY & HAYES
COOLER HEADQUARTERS
17 Leonard St. New York City
Established 1889

"Fibrotta" Ware

OUR INTERNAL SUGAR SHORTAGE

(Continued from Page 17)

while he is being starved without throwing any strain on the pancreas.

Upon this heroic treatment the sugar waste falls with astonishing rapidity, so that in from two to four days the urine is almost sugar-free. In some cases it is necessary to persist a day or two longer, and in very severe and obstinate cases, especially if the patients are fat and overweight and can manufacture out of their own tissues more sugar than they can burn, it may take a week or even ten days.

The average time required in the vast majority of cases is only from two to three days, and the patients stand the ordeal remarkably well, the only change being a loss of two or three pounds in weight, rising to eight or ten pounds in the more obstinate and prolonged cases. But this is an advantage rather than otherwise, as the aim of the new method is to bring down the weight to the normal for the age and height, or if anything a little below this, contrary to our former belief that the fatter the patient the safer he was from coma. This was one of the puzzles which we were able to clear up by animal experimentation. It used to be considered dangerous to reduce the diet too rapidly in our diabetic patients, on account of the risk of throwing them into a state of coma.

The explanation is that as our cutting down was directed almost exclusively at the starches, leaving the fats and the meats the same, the body, in desperation to make good the shortage, would begin recklessly burning fat, with the result of filling the blood with the half-burned fatty acids which are the cause of coma, so that our well-meant efforts had literally thrown our unfortunate patient out of the frying pan into the fire.

Perhaps it ought to be explained that by one of the many perplexing little kinks of our body chemistry all our foodstuffs are made up chiefly of coal and water, or, more precisely, carbon, oxygen and hydrogen; the starches and fats entirely so, as their names, carbohydrates and hydrocarbons, imply; and meats or proteins the same, with a small percentage of nitrogen added. As a result any one of our foodstuffs can be broken down in our intestines and liver into sugar.

The Diet for Diabetics

One of the most definite advances that laboratory experimentation has enabled us to make in the new treatment is the discovery that it is absolutely necessary to restrict and regulate carefully not merely the amount of starch or sugar but of every kind of food taken by our diabetic patient. Otherwise his liver, like a perverse and depraved busy bee, will—figuratively speaking—gather sugar all the day from every opening flower of his food, be this fish, flesh, fowl or good red herring, meat, milk or fat.

Indeed, the latest modification of the new treatment in patients who show signs of considerable amounts of the fatty acids in their blood is to begin the reduction of their diet by cutting out first fats, so as to cut off the source of these acids, then proteins or meats and starches, and sugar last of all.

Whatever method is pursued, as soon as the urine has been made free from sugar the rebuilding of the diet is begun. The first food allowed is small and carefully measured amounts of green vegetables containing from three to five per cent of starch, such as spinach, string beans, cabbage, celery, asparagus, tomatoes, and so on. These are usually boiled, and in some cases twice or thrice boiled, in order thoroughly to cook and remove as much as possible of their starch, and may be served with a small amount of butter.

A sample first-day diet would be: For breakfast, two heaping tablespoonfuls of boiled spinach, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of boiled asparagus, cup of coffee. For lunch, two tablespoonfuls of string beans, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of spinach, coffee; for dinner, two and one-half tablespoonfuls of asparagus, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of string beans, pat of butter, coffee.

After two or three days of this Lenten fare, an egg is allowed at breakfast; a richer vegetable, such as peas or onions, at lunch, and a small helping of chicken or mutton chop at dinner. By the end of the first week bacon is allowed for breakfast, cream may be added to the coffee, and a little fruit permitted. Gradually the amounts of vegetables are increased, potatoes and rice included; meat, eggs, bacon and cream are given in larger portions; and finally one or two slices of diabetic bread or a bran muffin or two added to the menu.

So that in from two to four weeks the patient is living upon a still slender but fairly appetizing and varied diet of salads of all sorts, vegetables, both raw and cooked, eggs, bacon, fish, meat and small amounts of rice, potatoes and bread. All this time the patient is encouraged to take frequent active exercise for brief periods at a time, for the simple reason that starch and sugar are burned chiefly in the muscles, and diabetics can handle larger amounts of these forbidden foods if their muscles are given plenty of work.

Cutting Down Mortality

When the diet has been built up to about fifteen hundred to eighteen hundred calories—that is to say, about two-thirds of the ordinary work diet—no attempt is made to enrich it further, except by a cautious substitution of a little more starch from time to time. Upon this carefully adjusted diet ninety per cent of diabetics can go back to work, carry out their ordinary occupations vigorously and successfully, and live on in fair health and comfort for an almost indefinite period—five, ten and probably fifteen years.

The method has been in use on any considerable scale for only about six years, so that its final possibilities remain yet to be tested; but scores of patients have now been kept upon it—vigorous, healthy, sugar-free and fairly comfortable—for from four to seven years, without any apparent further progress of their disease during that time. And in a number of cases diabetics who were about middle age when placed on the treatment have already lived out their full life expectation on it and are still, as our English cousins say, going strong. More significant yet is the change in the mortality among the diabetic patients in the great Massachusetts General Hospital, which fell from twenty-seven per cent, the average for ninety years preceding 1913, to twelve per cent in 1915, two years after the general adoption of the new treatment, six per cent in 1917 and four per cent in 1919! In some seven hundred private patients of one of the ablest pioneers in the method the death rate fell from nine per cent in 1913 to two per cent in 1919, or scarcely twenty per cent above the average normal death rate for these ages.

It may perhaps seem as though life was hardly worth living at the price of such eternal vigilance. Every mouthful of food that the patient eats must be carefully measured and recorded, so as to keep track of the precise amount consumed and the proportions of each different kind. From time to time, from some accident or error or indiscretion in diet, sugar will again reappear, and a day or two's fast may be gone back to in order to clear up the situation. It is advised as a measure of precaution that the patient should put himself upon a regular all-vegetable day in every week, just to be on the safe side and to remind him that he is on a diet. He must also learn to perform some of the simpler tests upon his own secretions so that he may be able to report promptly to his physician at the first threatening of danger.

But when you consider what the diabetic escapes by this rigid self-denial and discipline it puts an entirely different aspect on the case. Sugar is quite irritating to living tissues, as anyone who has rubbed a little of it into a cut or splashed a drop of sirup into his eye can vividly testify. And every organ and tissue of the diabetic body is literally soaked in a weak sirup.

This excess sugar has become, to paraphrase Wordsworth,

A creature much too sweet and good
For human muscles' daily food.

The most sensitive tissues, the nerves and brain, naturally suffer most, and severe

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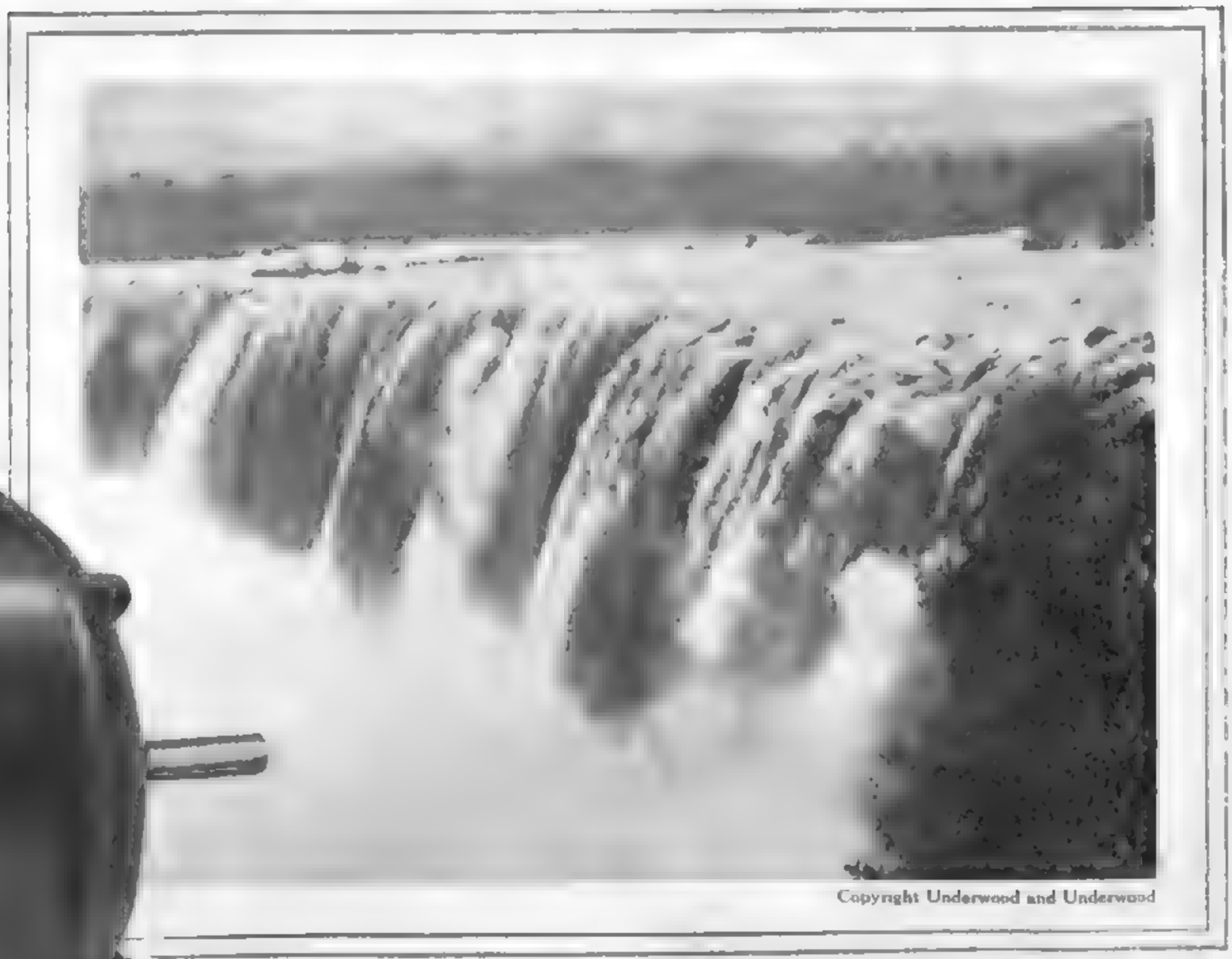

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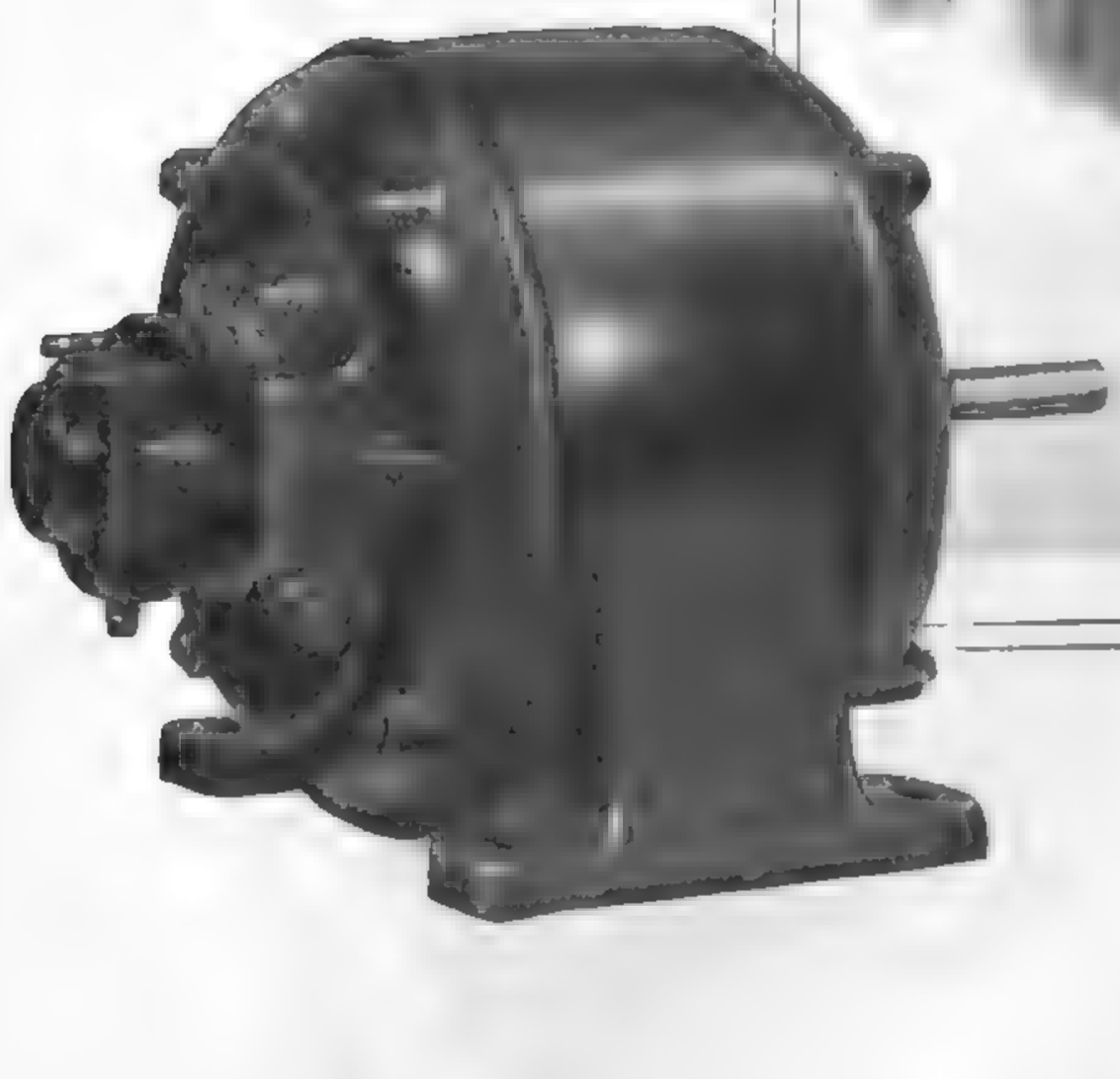
Hundreds of thousands of uncontrolled horsepower going to waste in a cloud of spray over the brink of Juanacatlan Falls in the province of Jaliaco, Mexico



THE never-ceasing roar of a mighty waterfall and the steady self-restrained whir of a Wagner Motor are both indications of power—in the one case, power wasted; in the other, power accurately measured and harnessed to do useful work.

The problems and power requirements peculiar to each product on which a Wagner Motor is used are carefully investigated. Then a Wagner Motor is designed to fit the needs of the case. It is built-to-order expressly to meet conditions as they are.

Whenever you see the Wagner nameplate, you may recognize it as the sign of harnessed power that has been fitted especially for the work it is to do.

Wagner Electric Manufacturing Company

Saint Louis, U. S. A.

Factory Branches and *Maintenance Stations:

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Wagner Quality

MADE-TO-ORDER MOTORS

COFFEE

When you entertain—

FROM the democratic breakfast cup to the dinner demitasse, there can never be a question of COFFEE's correctness.

On every occasion, COFFEE expresses the essence of hospitality. Yet it possesses a substantial quality that makes it more than a mere courtesy.

The wise hostess knows that most men drink COFFEE. And at Adamless affairs the majority also vote for COFFEE.

With equal propriety COFFEE may be served with the lowly sandwich or the daintiest sweets.

Whenever and wherever you entertain, serve COFFEE.

This is the sign of The Coffee Club. Look for it in dealers' windows. It will help you find good coffee.

Copyright 1920 by the Joint Coffee Trade Publicity Committee of the United States.

COFFEE — *-the universal drink*

This advertisement is published by the leading COFFEE merchants of the United States in co-operation with the planters of the [illegible], which produce more than half of all the COFFEE used in the United States of America.

(Continued from Page 134)

headaches, neuralgias, paralyses and other nerve symptoms, together with intense mental depression and gloomy discomfort are among the most striking features of the disease.

Furthermore, sugar is a splendid food for germs, and the skin of the diabetic patient becomes extremely susceptible to all sorts of little accidental infections. Crops of boils, for instance, are extremely common; any little scratch may develop into a sore; and in the later stages of the disease the vigor and nutrition of the tissues, notably the muscles and the blood vessels, become so reduced that attacks of gangrene, particularly of the feet and legs, are comparatively common.

One of the most curious and distressing effects of this continual soaking with sugar occurs in the crystalline lens of the eye, which gradually becomes opaque, producing a form of cataract known as diabetic cataract. This may cause almost complete blindness, and cannot be relieved, like most other forms of cataract, by operation, because the generally disorganized condition of all the rest of the tissues of the eye makes it unsafe to cut into it for the purpose of extracting the lens. Add to these distresses the ever-present and overshadowing dread of coma, and you have a state of affairs which would make a diabetic ready to submit to almost any degree of self-denial and deprivation to escape.

In the later stages of the disease the sugary tissues of the diabetic's body attract the germs of the great general infections almost as molasses does flies, particularly in the lungs, and tuberculosis and pneumonia and broncho-pneumonia are a common cause of death, and usually run a rapid and unmanageable course. As would naturally be expected, the overworked kidneys not infrequently break down under the strain of excreting large amounts of irritating sugar and the gallons of water which accompany it. Hence we get albumin in the urine as well as sugar, and have to face the danger of the piling up of urea in the blood, as well as the fatty acids, which also curiously enough produces a coma of its own, differing from the diabetic coma in being accompanied by convulsions.

Striking Effects of Diet

On the whole, however, the kidney bears up surprisingly well under its heavy trials in diabetes, and recent examination of one hundred successive cases of diabetes at a large hospital showed very little, if any, higher percentage of inflammation of the kidneys—nephritis—than would be found in the average nondiabetic patients of the same age. The kidney is a remarkably tough and resourceful organ, capable of dealing with extraordinary emergencies in its own proper line of business, and much of the loose talk that used to be indulged in ten or fifteen years ago, and is yet by insurance officials, diet reformers, and the like, about its breaking down under the strain of excreting the waste products from certain kinds of foods, particularly meat and sugar, has been pretty thoroughly discredited by recent findings. And the same is true of the liver, whose immunity from serious disease in diabetes has often been commented on with surprise.

Sugar, like fire, is a good servant but a bad master. Really amazing, not to say appalling, is the rank and boundless crop of maladies menacing life and comfort which spring up in every nook and corner of the diabetic body, like armored men from the sown dragons' teeth of Cadmus, simply by the continued presence and rasp of "its linked sweetness long drawn out." It is not a case of sweetness and light, but sweetness and blight.

Scarcely less striking and incredible are the swiftness and completeness with which all these distresses and discomforts clear up and disappear as if by magic when the patient is put upon a proper diet and the urine cleared of sugar. What makes it the more remarkable is that it is solely and simply a matter of excess. Sugar in moderate amounts is not only one of the regular, normal constituents of the blood, but absolutely necessary to life. In the words of the poet:

Oh, the little more and how much it is!
Oh, the little less and what worlds away!

The body machine could no more run without it than a motor without gasoline. The attitude of the kidney is most significant and intelligent. So long as the sugar in the blood pouring through it constantly does not rise above one-tenth of one per cent, or even one-sixth, it pays no attention to it; but the moment it rises above one-fifth of one per cent it begins to draw it out of the blood and pour it out of the body.

Not only has the kidney this discretion, so to speak, but it sometimes exercises it in an arbitrary manner, and refuses to begin syphoning sugar out of the blood until it has reached two or three times its normal percentage. For this reason in the newer methods of treatment we no longer depend entirely upon the appearance and percentage of sugar in the urine, but drawing small samples of the patient's blood, estimate the amount of sugar contained in that. This not infrequently gives us the great advantage of being able to detect unburned sugar piling up in the blood several days before it spills over, so to speak, and begins to appear in the urine.

Another advance-information improvement of great practical value is that instead of waiting for the half-burned fatty acids to pile up in the blood and appear in the urine in sufficient amounts to be tested we are able to test directly the amount of smoldering or smudging which is going on in the body, by collecting small amounts of the patient's breath, in glass or rubber bulbs and tubes of comparatively simple and inexpensive arrangement, and then estimating the percentage of carbon dioxide present. We can also reach a similar result by a more elaborate method: taking a sample of the patient's blood and estimating directly the percentage of carbon dioxide contained in it.

A Dietary Paradox

Thus we are able to detect the approach of acidosis so far in advance that we can, in the language of the classic Irish bull, put a stop to it before it happens. By the strangest of paradoxes, the remedy which we use in these long-forewarned cases is of all unexpected things starch, in the forms of gruel, almost as much as the patient can be induced to take! Never was there a more striking illustration of the-hair-of-the-dog-that-bit-you method of cure. Laboratory tests have shown positively the astounding fact, the reasons for which are not even yet entirely clear, that a minimum amount of starch in our diet is absolutely necessary to prevent this piling up of these fatty acids in our blood. Hence starch will cure coma better than soda. This minimum law is also true in health, and the amount of starch required equals about half a pound of bread a day. From this topsy-turvy point of view we must eat bread with our butter to save us from buttery-acid poisoning!

Under the new method coma, with its grave dangers and severe distress, has become almost a thing of the past in cases that are put under treatment at anything short of the most advanced stages.

Possibly these slight and apparently trivial amounts of sugar in the blood and the urine, varying only by fractions of a per cent, may give the impression that the actual sugar loss is comparatively trifling. But this wastage is no mere figure of speech, as the body may lose anywhere from two ounces up to two and a half pounds of sugar a day. In fact one enthusiastic expert on diabetes has gone on beyond the individual loss to the national, and declares that as there are probably at least half a million diabetics in the United States, each averaging a wastage of more than half a pound of sugar a day, this amounts to full rations for the entire population for fifteen days. Therefore it is of the utmost importance in these food-shortage and reconstruction times that as many as possible of them should be put on a properly restricted diet at once, not only to relieve their own sufferings but conserve the nation's food. But someone will probably object that since nobody eats two pounds of sugar a day, how could they possibly lose more than they eat? As already mentioned, this depends upon the curious little kink in our body chemistry that, though we eat a large share of our food in the form of starch, all this turns into sugar—that is, not cane sugar but glucose—before it can be burned by our muscles or eaten by our tissues.

As from forty to sixty per cent of our body fuel is taken in the form of starch and turned into sugar in the process of digestion, it will readily be seen what a tremendous hole it makes in our nutrition if we cannot burn sugar. Even with the utmost skill and ingenuity in adjusting the diet,

"The Sunshine of the Night"

The Gift Appreciated the Whole Year 'Round.

Style CO 329
Price $10.50
Canada $13.50

The Light of the Christmas Spirit!

HERE's just the Holiday gift that will give the final touch of happiness and good cheer to every home at Christmas time. The Coleman Quick-Lite is the finest kind of a gift. It will delight and benefit every member of the family.

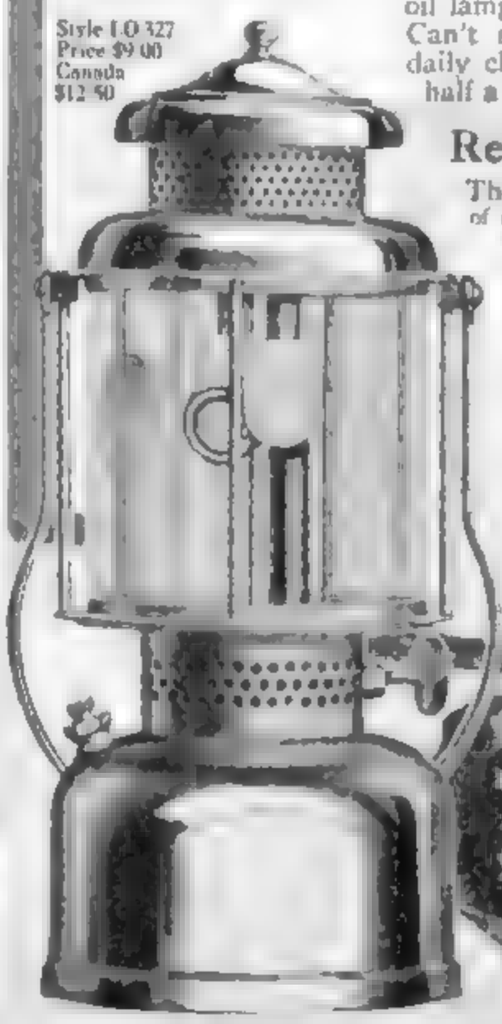
The Quick-Lite gives a pure-white light, the finest you ever saw, and is especially appreciated during the festive season. Used in thousands of homes everywhere, even where people have electricity or gas, because the Quick-Lite is the best light made for reading or sewing.

Decide today to have the light others enjoy. Make your Christmas merrier by having this wonderful light to brighten the family gathering. Then you'll know why it is called "The Sunshine of the Night."

Coleman Quick-Lite
Lamps and Lanterns

Light with Matches: In just a few seconds Coleman Quick-Lite Lamps and Lanterns generate into full power from the heat of ordinary matches. Make and burn their own gas from common motor gasoline. Give 300 Candle Power of pure-white light—brighter than 20 old style oil lamps or lanterns. Can't be filled while lighted. Can't spill, can't explode. No wick to trim—no daily cleaning or filling. Cost to operate less than half a cent per hour.

Style LO 327
Price $9.00
Canada $12.50



Ready for Any Job—Any Night

The Quick-Lite Lantern is truly "The Light of a Thousand Uses." A regular daylight maker—keeps right on burning in the wildest weather. Has mica globe—can't blow out. Just the thing for general use about the home, garage, barn, etc. Fine light for plumbers, engineers, electricians, hunting, mining, farming, camping, touring, etc. An ideal Christmas gift for any man.

20,000 DEALERS sell Coleman Quick-Lite Lamps, Lanterns and Lighting Plants. If yours can't supply you, write Dept. P49

The Coleman Lamp Co.

Wichita St. Paul Toledo Dallas
Los Angeles Atlanta Chicago
Canadian Factory: Toronto

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Corns Will End

when you touch them

Millions of people know that corns are ended by an application of Blue-jay.

One tells another about it, and now a large percentage of all corns are ended in this scientific way.

A touch applies Blue-jay—the liquid or the plaster. The pain then stops, and soon the whole corn loosens and comes out—usually in a couple of days.

Your every corn trouble can be quickly ended.

Gentle, easy, sure

The Blue-jay method is gentle and yet sure. The old harsh treatments are unnecessary.

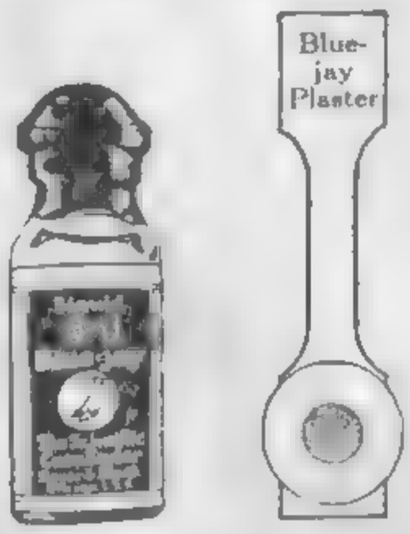
It is vastly easier than paring a corn.

Blue-jay is made by the B&B laboratories, of world-wide repute.

You owe yourself a test. Corns should never be permitted. Millions have found the way to end them. It is time for you.

See what Blue-jay does on one corn—and tonight. Buy from your druggist.

B&B Blue-jay
Plaster or Liquid
The Scientific Corn Ender



Liquid or Plaster

Blue-jay comes in both forms now. Tell your druggist which you want.

Both forms apply the same scientific method. Both are quick and easy—both are sure.

The corn pain ends and the corn comes out with either.

BAUER & BLACK Chicago New York Toronto
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

and the greatest care in introducing much of the starch ration in the thinnest and most diluted form in the leaves of green vegetables, so that it may be both digested and absorbed as slowly and gradually as possible, without any sudden strains on the pancreas, it is seldom that the diabetic pancreas can be coaxed and reëducated to burn more than about a fifth of the normal amount of starch fuel.

So that if it were not for the fact that most diabetics are approaching or past middle age, more than half the cases occurring between forty and sixty, so that their energy requirements are beginning to diminish, it would often be a hard matter to give them a sufficient amount of substitute fuel in the form of proteins and fats to keep them in working health. The craving of the diabetic on strict diet for bread is something pitiful, not so much for the taste of it, but for its crisp crunchiness, its satisfying sense of resistance between his teeth. Even the substitution of large amounts of boiled hay and rabbit greens, as he disparagingly terms boiled vegetables and salads, to give exercise to his jaw muscles fails to satisfy him.

One of the blessings of the leaf-starch method of dieting is that this bread hunger is much less under it than on any of the former diets, so that the addition of bran muffins, made out of bran which has been washed and scalded so as to remove most of the small amount of starch which it contains, and the allowance of a few weighed and measured precious slices of real bread, will keep the patient fairly comfortable, and take the worst edge off his crunch hunger.

Hungry Invalids

As might have been expected from his tremendous wastage in starch, so that sometimes half his food literally pours right through him without doing him any good, the diabetic usually has a keen and even voracious appetite. In one sense this is one of his few consolations; in another it has serious practical drawbacks. One luckless patient pathetically complained that he had gone the rounds of all the boarding houses in his home town, being driven or frozen out of one after another as soon as his enormous and devastating appetite was revealed.

Another patient calmly informed his physician that he had eaten thirteen eggs at breakfast that morning, not as a stunt, but because he needed them. While a lady patient consumed regularly twelve eggs a day, and her total diet in a very sedentary occupation was nearly fifty per cent greater than that of a man at hard work. When her diet was adjusted she declared she felt better satisfied and less hungry on sixteen hundred calories than she had before on nearly five thousand.

Doubtless our vegetarian friends will triumphantly claim this new method as another proof of the superior wholesomeness of a vegetarian diet, on account of the prominent place given to green vegetables and salads. But this would be a most superficial view, and exactly the reverse of the real state of the case. These rather large bulks of green vegetables are given because they have been found to be the safest way of smuggling starch into the body of the diabetic on account of the extreme slowness with which they release it. But at the very best they can only supply about one-fifth of the food fuel required, and the remaining four-fifths must necessarily be in the form of meat, eggs, fish, butter and fats. So that the diet is really a highly "meatarian" one instead of vegetarian, as might appear at first sight.

Vegetarian races consume of necessity nearly fifty per cent more starch than the meat-eating races, so that it forms from sixty to eighty per cent of the fuel value of their diet, and a vegetarian with diabetes would be even worse off than a meatarian. Indeed, an illustration is furnished on nation-wide scale in the fact that one of the most purely vegetarian races in the world, the Hindus, suffer very severely and frequently from diabetes; not only more severely than Europeans, but more heavily than their fellow Asiatics, the Mohammedan inhabitants of India and the Chinese.

Though we feel pretty clear as to the immediate cause of the disease, and fortunately can base a fairly effective treatment upon it, as to the ultimate or primitive cause of diabetes, the *causa causans* of the schoolmen, we are still in the dark. We don't know what causes this partial laming of the pancreas. The most rational suggestion would seem to be that it is the result of some infection attacking and breaking down part of the islands of Langerhans—such, for instance, as occurs in the kidney after scarlet fever or in the lungs after recovery from consumption.

Of late years a curious fact has developed: that oversecretion of at least two of the ductless or endocrin glands, the suprarenal and the posterior lobe of the pituitary, can produce sugar in the urine. And what is still more curious, a deficiency or stoppage of the secretion of two other ductless glands, the thyroid and the anterior lobe of the pituitary, will cause, not diabetes, but exactly the opposite condition, an increased capacity for burning starch and sugar. So that such patients can take nearly double the normal overdose of sugar without its appearing in their urine. At one time diabetes was regarded as a disease of nervous origin, while of late the fashion is to attribute it to that universal and enormously popular explainant of everything we don't understand in the body, the endocrin glands. Indeed, it is, strictly speaking, a ductless-gland disease, because the islands of Langerhans belong to this class of structures. But even the ductless glands must have some cause for their eccentricities and misbehavior, and as to what that cause is we are entirely in the dark as yet.

We may perhaps relieve our minds on one point, and that is that there is no valid evidence to prove that any reasonable degree of indulgence in sugars and sweet things is capable of causing or indeed has anything to do with setting up a genuine process of diabetes. Germany, with only half our per-capita consumption of sugar, has the same frequency and death rate from the disease as we have; and Oriental races which consume very little sugar suffer severely from diabetes. The disease appears to be somewhat on the increase on both sides of the Atlantic, causing about ten thousand deaths in this country in 1915; but how much of this is due to better reporting of cases and particularly to the admirable and widespread habit of examining the urine of literally millions of healthy persons in the course of examinations for life insurance would be interesting to know.

The Rarer Form of Diabetes

It should perhaps be said, to avoid confusion, that there is also another form of diabetes known as *diabetes insipidus*, in which the fluid syphoned out of the body by the kidneys contains no sugar. Indeed, the full and historic name of diabetes proper is *diabetes mellitus*, or honeylike diabetes, on account of the sugary character of the urine. But as *diabetes insipidus* is less than one one-hundredth times as frequent, one of the rarest, in fact, of the curiosities of medicine, occurring only once in ten thousand hospital cases, when we say diabetes or true diabetes we mean the *mellitus* type.

Diabetes insipidus thoroughly deserves the name "syphon," as it is one of the most extraordinary processes in the whole realm of disease, an enormous thirst and intake of fluid and corresponding outpouring through the kidneys. Patients have actually been known to drink twelve gallons of water a day—as one of them whimsically expressed it, he lived only to drink—and this may go on for years with comparatively little change. The cause of this form is absolutely unknown, the only suggested explanation being the not very illuminating one of a leaky kidney.

A large proportion of cases, however, are associated with pressure upon the brain, from tumors or inflammation, so that the excessive flow is probably due to irritation of the pituitary, and these, of course, are extremely serious, unless the pressure can be relieved by operations or by medical treatment.

In fine, diabetes can now fairly be claimed as another of the conquests of modern laboratory methods in medicine, with their superb accuracy, flexibility and sureness. The disease cannot be cured in the sense of giving the patient a new pancreas, as unfortunately when the human machine comes from the factory no spare parts are furnished with which broken or worn-out organs can be replaced.

But if the diabetic will go on diet faithfully he may reasonably hope to complete almost as many laps as the average of us in the Marathon of life.

A Triumph of Organization

TODAY the Westinghouse Storage Battery is a fact. Thousands of Westinghouse Batteries are in actual service on motor cars throughout the country. New possibilities in battery satisfaction are daily being demonstrated by Westinghouse Service.

The great Westinghouse Union Battery plant at Swissvale is operating smoothly, turning out its specified quota of perfected, tested batteries. Eleven short months ago this giant new industry existed only in the will of its originators. Its growth is a triumph of American capacity for organization.

Every step was a planned step. The battery design was the product of the foremost storage battery engineering talent in America. Factory units were equipped to insure thorough, unhurried production, with every possible facility to promote quality of output. New manufacturing processes were perfected. Every man in the personnel is a selected man. Distribution and service were developed with extreme care that every element should share the vision of usefulness that underlies this business.

Back of all and making possible this achievement are Westinghouse Air Brake resources and the Westinghouse habit of success.

When you put a Westinghouse Battery in your car, you reap the benefit of scientific, modern organization. The genius of industry has expressed itself in a battery of utmost reliability and longer life.

WESTINGHOUSE UNION BATTERY COMPANY, SWISSVALE, PENNSYLVANIA

WESTINGHOUSE BATTERIES

ON MARGIN

(Continued from Page 15)

fairly running amuck in pictures of the camels that so appealed to Aunt Mabel.

Inexorably Mary was drawn on to the result. She remained away from the office one day and went to the safe-deposit vault, into the secret closet, where, with the door locked and the low green lamp burning, she took from the tin box the envelope holding the five bonds. Her eyes were stretched, an introspective fixedness in them. So might a sleepwalker look, moving at ease on the edge of an abyss.

For just a few seconds before she unlocked the door to go back and replace in its niche on the steel wall the now empty box a misgiving born of sanity pierced the electric haze in which she had come to live. She paused with her hand on the door; her eyes suddenly livened, their blueness gone into black, the creaminess of her face into a marble whiteness, as if, standing there, she had died. Suppose she failed? Suppose after the daring duel with chance there was—nothing? Not even this five thousand; not even one thousand; nothing at all? Suppose —

She shuddered in sudden darkness and coldness, half-turned to put down the box and replace the bonds, then straightened, set her teeth, a wild prayer in her heart and in her face. Such a cruel thing could not happen. In fancy she saw the stock-market transactions in the newspapers, one +30 and one —30. These gains had been made by people who had ventured. To win, she too must venture. In fact danger was negligible, considering the inside information on which she was relying. Another mood came to her; a prophetic feeling of coming triumph.

And so, light of heart and feet, and quite heartbreakingly certain of good, she made the journey down to Broad Street and to the offices of Barstow & Updike, where Gavin Pritchard was. She had thought constantly of him during the week of hesitation. He was not a vital urge toward the step she was about to take, but he counted. He would be a friendly melody in this new and bewildering diapason. And he would advise her too; through him she would have intensified assurance that she was on the road to fortune.

But most of all, though Mary hardly knew this herself, thought of Gavin was drawing her on because he represented a new possibility. The something different, dear as breath to the very young—here it was. The crust over the dullness of her life was to be broken when she would stand face to face with him after this long time. And who could tell what tonic sweetness for heart and spirit would come pulsing through?

Her progress downtown had been dreamlike in swiftness. In what seemed an inconceivably short time she had passed through the constantly swinging street doors and had been carried up to the sixth floor, where on beveled glass "Barstow & Updike—Customers' Room," had punctuated the emptiness of the hall. Those words under the name had seemed a kindly beacon. She was to be a customer—and here was the place waiting for her. Thread-like intonations of expectancy were filling her as she entered.

She had not realized how vital her longing to see Gavin had been until the first words of a boy, who looked at her through one of the cagelike openings in a frosted partition, told her he was not there.

"Not here? Will he be back soon? Tomorrow?" she had asked, suddenly chilled all through her.

"He's in Washington for the firm. Back in about a month. Did you want to see him on business—on buying?"

"Yes—that was what I came about. But now ——"

"Well, Mr. Mercer is here and generally attends to our lady customers. Take a seat, please."

The half hour that followed had been a confusing one to Mary; a paradox. On finding that Gavin was not there she had felt a firm decision not to leave the bonds. Yet when she went out of the office they were not in her hand bag, and in their place was a receipt for them on one of the firm's blanks with "Henry M. Mercer" scrawled beneath it.

She had found independent reasoning impossible in Mr. Mercer's presence. He had been a chilling sort of surprise. One of those puzzling young-old, old-young men, he was bloodless, almost completely bald, and of a Chinese impassivity. So chary of speech that his taciturnity was close to muteness, all curiosity seemed to have gone out of him with his hair. Mary must have been a refreshing sight to him, so young, palpitating with desires and fears, with her glimmering head, soft asking gaze, and clad all in white. No sign of this showed. He looked at her exactly as he would have at a man of seventy, folded his limp pale hands, crossed his immaculately trousered legs that seemed an expression of jointed wood under the cloth, and waited for her to tell why she was there.

This she had done in a rush. Though instinct warned her not to mention Fibel's name—a feeling that perhaps his information to her had been a betrayal of his firm's secrets—she told the story of her tips and her intentions. Mercer, quite immovable, had nodded several times at the close; small staccato nods that had seemed commending.

"You feel that I'd be perfectly safe?" Mary had asked. She fastened on the mask-like face a limpid and innocent gaze, a solemn regard that almost found some ventricle of his heart. "There wouldn't be any danger at all of my losing any of this money? I must be sure of that."

"My idea was to urge you against this venture," he said, his voice heard for the first time, as null as his gaze, "but the advice you have received is of the best."

"It is? You are sure?" she had cried, and would have bubbled with joy in a kindlier presence.

"The very best," said Mr. Mercer.

A wonder as to how and where this girl had been able to get at what he believed to be closely held information came to him. It was only a second's ripple over the still pool of his personality. He asked no questions.

"Though it is our policy never to encourage women to speculate I must say that by the execution of your order you will, practically without any doubt, make a good deal of money."

"Oo!" Mary could not restrain this childish quivering sigh. She jerked out the big envelope that held the bonds as she sprang up, and fairly pushed it into the still loosely clasped hands. "Take it—and—oh, hurry up, please!"

III

DURING July American Corporation Tin kept at its fractional rise; Mary had taken it at twenty, and it hung just above that figure. But the other, Central Patagonia Oil—which she wanted to see go up—was most obliging. It soared. By the end of the month it had gone up eleven points from her purchase, and as she had three hundred shares of it she saw Aunt Mabel's legacy as almost doubled.

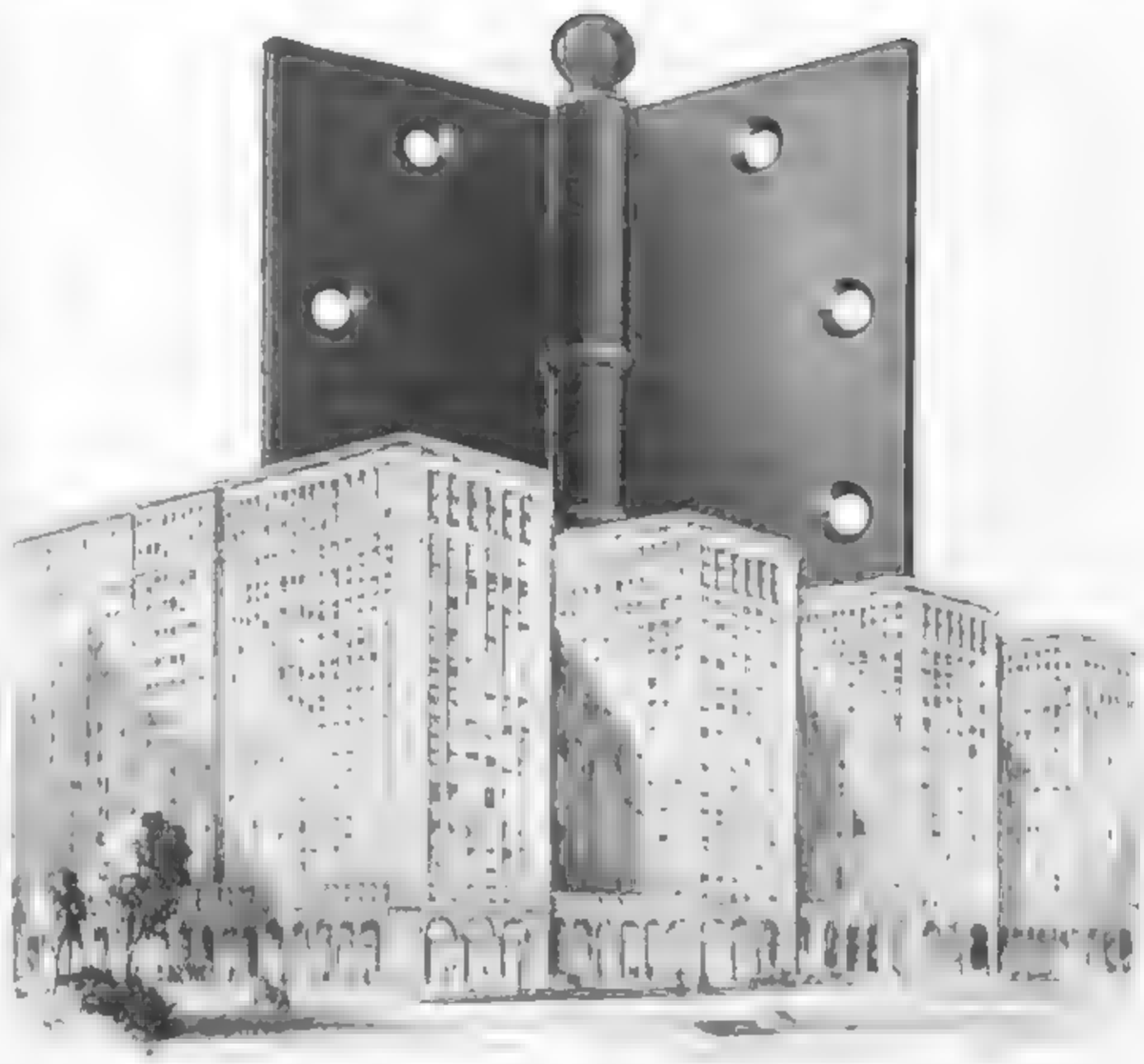
"And it's only the first of August! And it's all happened through me!" was the hymn of triumph in her soul.

Toward the latter part of the month she had received the regulation brokers' statement. It was a finely written thing covered with tiny pen-and-ink figures and copper-plate writing, from which she could glean nothing clearly. She felt that this did not matter. She had only to watch the papers as Fibel had advised and as Mr. Mercer had mentioned on her leaving.

"I must ask that you do not keep calling up the office for information," he had said in his clipped tones. "We are simply overwhelmed with work. Watch the papers and you will know all that we know. If it should become necessary to communicate with you in haste—in the unlooked-for event of calling for more margin—leave your business telephone number and you will hear from us."

She had not heard. And she not only had watched the papers—she had dreamed over them. What more need she know for happiness than that Central Patagonia Oil, bought by her at eighty, had already risen to ninety-one, and that Fibel had told her it was bound by October to go up sixty points?

Sanity slipped from Mary these days. She was as mad as a bee drunk through every bit of him from libations of clover dew, and flying crookedly through sunlight. As a result, in the heady way of those who count chickens before they are hatched, for the first time in her life she went into debt.



Architect, Albert Kahn *Builders, Thompson-Starrett Co.* *Hardware Contractor, Schroeder Hardware Co.*

The Largest Office Building in The World—*and* HINGES

THE thousands of men and women who will make the Durant Building at Detroit their business home may never notice the hinges on the doors. Yet no appointment was selected with greater care and none can be held more responsible for the true success of the largest office building in the world.

The McKinney Hinges in this building—and there are more than 15,000 of them—truly blend with the architectural design. In action, too, they contribute harmony. The doors they make possible respond quickly and quietly—never sagging and never squeaking. That they pass unnoticed is the greatest compliment to their design and their work effectively done.

Hinges have served man and his work for thirty centuries. Their greatest service is exemplified in the Durant Building. Here thousands of men and women will work in peace and quiet—bounded by their own four walls. Here doors make distance a matter of desire. Each neighbor is as far or as near as will demands. And hinges make doors possible!

The first McKinney Hinge was introduced fifty years ago. It represented the effort of the McKinney Manufacturing Company to make a good and substantial product. Today millions of doors silently proclaim the success of that effort. Today McKinney Hinges set a standard by which all hinges may be judged.

There is a hardware dealer in your community who sells McKinney Hinges. Locate his store when in need of hinges for building or repairs. You will find him a good man to deal with and McKinney service a reward worth seeking.

McKINNEY MANUFACTURING CO., Pittsburgh
Western Office, Chicago Export Representation

McKINNEY
Hinges and Butts

Also manufacturers of garage and farm building door-hardware, furniture hardware and McKinney One-Man Trucks. These McKinney One-Man Trucks eliminate the need of extra helpers and cut trucking costs in half.

BEFORE KRYPTOK Glasses were manufactured people wore bifocals under protest, because it is true that ordinary bifocals do add age to the appearance of anyone who wears them.

But KRYPTOK Glasses can be worn with every confidence that the most scrutinizing of friends will be unable to detect them from single vision glasses. KRYPTOKS give the convenience of having near and far vision in one pair of glasses yet have no line, seam or hump; they are perfectly clear, smooth and even.

KRYPTOKS make an excellent Christmas gift—long used; long appreciated. Your optical specialist can tell you how to give them easily.

Write for descriptive booklet; please give the name of your specialist. KRYPTOK CO., INC., Old South Building, Boston, Mass.

KRYPTOK
GLASSES
THE INVISIBLE BIFOCALS

She had always loathed the boarding house. And when a woman who had been her teacher at the secretarial school she had attended offered to sublet to her a small furnished apartment with a porcelain bathtub and with the services of a lemon-hued maid, named Asia, for ninety dollars a month until October, Mary, with those eleven points of profit dazzling her, took it, promising to pay in full in the autumn. The same ecstatic disregard of caution made her buy three summer gowns and hats on the installment plan at a small shop where this sort of loan business at huge profit was covertly carried on. She almost ordered a phonograph at so much a month; almost became a charge customer at a dog shop for a most engaging Chow pup. Resisting these as temptations made her know a gentle pleasure at her strength of character.

"No; though Aunt Mabel will be sure to insist on my taking two or three thousand as a present right at the start," thought Mary, "I must not anticipate—even though I'd love to be able to play something of Caruso's when Gavin calls." For after the gowns were bought she had written to him in care of the firm, with "Please forward" on the envelope.

If hopes always meant real building how marvelous life could be! If instead of froth they were stone! If instead of an artificial glow brought into the structure by ourselves they were the real sunlight from without, streaming in, giving power and health in the house of fancy! A day came in early August that changed Mary from vibrant hope in the form of a girl to one who with alarmed eyes and twisting mouth cringed to dodge Fate.

She was at breakfast in the awning's cool shadow and had lifted her head from the daily paper that billowed over the table. The sparkling nail of her index finger rested at the extreme right on one line of the table of the New York Stock Exchange transactions:

	HIGH	LOW	CLOSING	NET CHANGE
Cent. Pat. Oil . .	87	68	70	—17

After a sodden scrutiny of this last numerical, her eyes, filled with a deadly fear, were lifted and remained fixed upon the wall. This stock, on the thread of whose continued upward progress had been strung the fulfillment of an ambitious and thrilling *wanderlust*, as well as the rent of the rooms she was living in, Asia's thirty dollars a month, and payment for her new clothes to creditors whose rapacity, divined under an oily servility, would soon send them as collectors to the office where she worked, was ten points below what she had bought it at. On the brokers' books Aunt Mabel's loss was three thousand dollars—more than half of her legacy.

She left her breakfast untouched. Of course Barstow & Updike would telephone to her office to-day for her to come down and put up more money as margin. And there was no more money. And the Oil stock had to fall only eight points more for Aunt Mabel's competence, that was to have been the pillow of her old age, to have vanished as if it had never been at all. She could not go to the office and get this message there. Work was impossible. Thought of anything but Central Patagonia Oil and cheated Aunt Mabel and her unworthy self was impossible.

She would go downtown to the brokers, be there when their offices opened, and know the worst.

After she had made ready for the street and while it was still too early to go out she was urged to those pitiful secondary efforts at reconstruction that come after disaster as one, who finding in a fire that a hoard of money cannot be saved, will with unconscious puerility snatch up as if precious some out of wearing apparel or a book or a hairbrush. Her forehead was wet and her hands trembling as she gave breathlessly excited directions to the slave Asia, whose eyes stared like big ink splashes out of her lemon-hued face.

"Don't forget to save the ice by keeping newspapers wrapped round it. And don't crack any, Asia. Just fill two milk bottles with water and stand them against it. Use yesterday's milk for a bread pudding. When you buy the three chops tell the butcher that you insist on taking along the trimmings—say you have a cat. Then it will make a nice stew for us to-morrow."

With this she had flashed out, leaving Asia, hands on hips and head up, giving the closed door the full force of a languid contempt.

All the way downtown in the Subway express Mary sat on a slant forward, as if she listened in the prefiguring way of a hound. She seemed constantly swallowing something, and the something was her palate, which at every uprising clutch of her excited heart crowded her throat like an imprisoned bird, fluttering hard.

She reached the offices of Barstow & Updike at half past nine. The boy she had seen before was alone there. This time he had an appreciative eye for her. As he ushered her into the customers' room and bestowed a palm-leaf fan on her he answered her breathless questions. Mr. Mercer was away on his vacation, and Mr. Pritchard, who had returned from attending to out-of-town business only yesterday, would be along in a moment. Before her heart had quieted after this announcement she saw Gavin in the doorway.

He looked refreshingly cool and handsome in his tan-colored summer clothes—Gavin—and yet not the boy she remembered. As she stood up to greet the flash of recognition in his browned face she was conscious that experiences only dimly understood by her had been as a furnace blast upon the gold of his youth, smoothing it, deepening it and girding it. There was something aloof, almost ascetic, in his look. His face, as young in lines, had lost its thoughtless sparkle; earnest it was, a little tired.

And while these thoughts were Mary's, as she came to him impulsively with a friendly little hand, Gavin was aware that the semiconsciousness of her that had gone with him for more than a year, through pain and fatigue and smoke and mud, was as solid as the living rock, as real as fire. At that first sight she bewildered him. Ethereal, of tea-rose tints and downy quivering gold, she seemed in that office with its unsoftened business equipment to have stepped out of romance. He had to call strenuously on his new hardihood for gravity and composure.

She quickly realized that he knew nothing of the business that brought her there, that he was glad of her coming, yet curious about it.

"I only got back yesterday," he told her. "I've been visiting all our small-town offices, arranging about cotton wires. My uncle's in town for a few days and I'm showing him round. I meant to write to you to-day and, after he went home, go up to see you. It was awfully nice of you to come in, though. I suppose you're on vacation and going round to get to know as much of your little old New York as the people do who come from inland to see it. I'll meet you at noon, somewhere close by, if you can manage it. We'll have an early lunch and perhaps I'll be able to take enough time off to show you the curb and the Stock Exchange ——"

It was then that Mary broke in desperately: "Are you too busy to let me tell you what I've come for?"

"Of course not."

She heard doors opening and closing as others of the office force arrived; saw dignified elderly men, who she felt were members of the firm, pass through the hall; heard Trinity's clock distantly strike ten.

"I'll soon have to wade in, though," Gavin confided. "It was a terrible day here yesterday. Some spectacular doings."

"Yes," Mary just breathed. And then on a hard choke, as she tried to swallow that uneasy little bird in her throat: "Central Patagonia Oil ——"

"Made the biggest sort of a noise. A whale for the bears." He gave her, of a sudden, a dry amused glance. "But what do you know about C. P. O.? You're like a baby handing out statistics."

"I bought it—on margin—in June."

"You?" He sat dazed. "You didn't say so in your note."

"No, I waited to see you. And I thought you'd know about it as soon as you got back—that Mr. Mercer might have told you."

"He'd left." That he was still puzzled was plain. "So you saw Calamity Jane? We call Mercer that—for he's the worst crape hanger on the street. Funny he let you get anything. As a rule he shoos women out."

There was a pause. And by its heaviness Mary divined its importance. "You're worrying," said Gavin. "You don't mean that you have Central Patagonia Oil—long?"

"Yes," was all she could say, raw terror in the sound.

(Continued on Page 145)

STEERO CUBES

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Why One Woman's Husband Enjoys His Meals

His appetite was dull; and the nice dinners she cooked were scarcely touched.

How that did discourage her! But what could she do to make her husband eat?

Then she learned the value of starting a meal with some thing hot—flavory—appetizing, something to stimulate a jaded appetite. And she found that Hot Steero filled the bill. So the first thing she served the very next meal was piping hot Steero. What a difference! With the first sip he registered approval. And then he ate as heartily as a growing boy. She had more than a tingle of satisfaction in knowing that she had found the secret of making her husband eat with a relish. She made up her mind right then and there not to let him slide back to his listless eating habits, for she would serve Hot Steero often.

More than this, Steero is easy to prepare. No weary hours spent slaving in a hot kitchen to make this appetizing dish. Just put a Steero Cube into a cup and add boiling water. Instantly it is ready to serve.

Put Steero on your order list today—and insist that you get STEERO.

Send for Free Samples

Let us send you free samples of Steero Cubes so that you may learn how good Hot Steero tastes, what a wonderful flavor it has. Write today. If you enclose ten cents we will also send you the 64-page Steero Cook Book, full of practical and delicious recipes—helpful to every housewife.

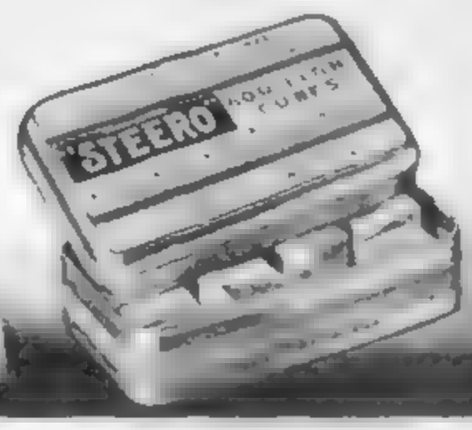
Schieffelin & Co., 266 William St., New York

Distributors for

American Kitchen Products Co., New York

STEERO CUBES—the name Steero is on every wrapper—are sold in boxes of 12. If not readily obtainable at your dealer's, we will mail direct upon receipt of 35 cents. Large families, clubs, boarding houses, and hotels will find the tins of 50 and 100 more convenient. Ask your grocer, druggist, or delicatessen dealer for Steero.

"A Cube Makes a Cup"
"Simply Add Boiling Water"



STANDARD EIGHT

A Powerful Car

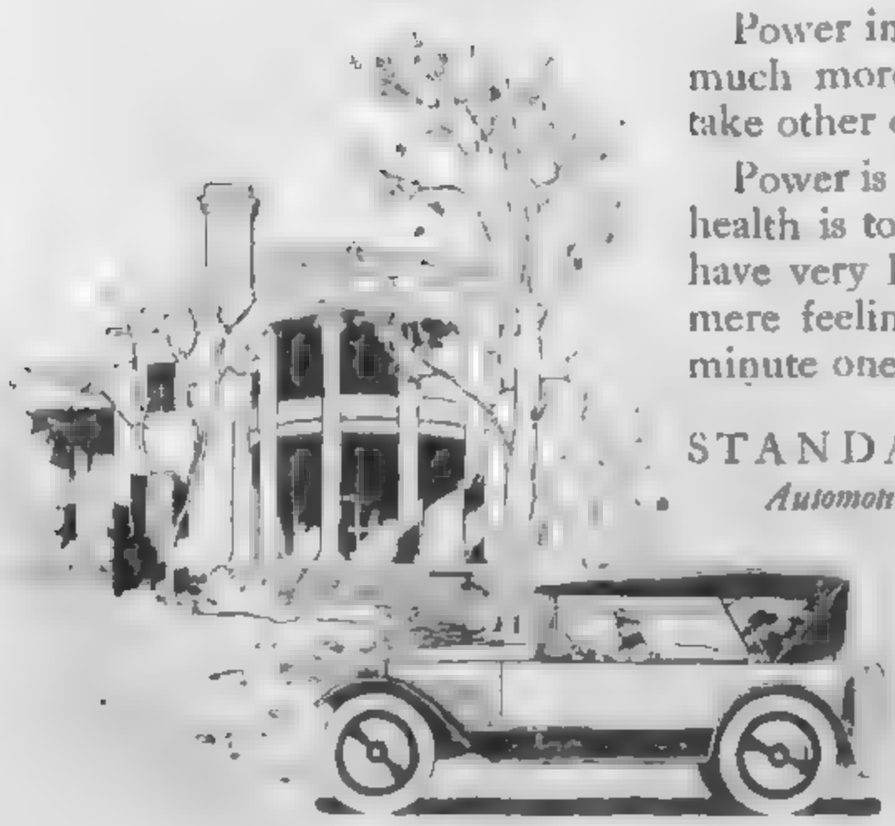
"WILL your car climb Demonstration Hill on high?" an automobile engineer was asked.

"Sure! Fools climb that hill on high every day, in our car and in other cars," was the answer.

Power in a motor car means to the educated driver much more than mere ability to rush hills or overtake other cars.

Power is to the Standard Eight what superabundant health is to the individual. It is something that you have very little occasion to use to the limit, but the mere feeling that you have it to spare makes every minute one of keener sensation.

STANDARD STEEL CAR COMPANY
Automotive Dept. *Pittsburgh, Pa.*



Vestibule Sedan, $5000.
Sedan, $4800.
Sedanette, $4500.
Coupe, $4500
Touring Car, $3400.
Roadster, $3400.
Chassis, $3150.

Above prices
f. o. b. Butler, Pa.

(Continued from Page 142)

"Much?" Gavin asked, and by his rigidness she read his anxiety.

"Three hundred shares. I bought them at eighty ——"

"And C. P. O. closed yesterday at seventy, I remember. Out three thousand. Tell me about it."

The relief of pouring out the whole story from the beginning—the legacy; how the tips had come to her; the whole creeping, deplorable temptation to use Aunt Mabel's money in speculation; the misery, the tragedy that she felt to be ahead. Her sense of terror and of doom mounted as she watched the seriousness deepen in Gavin's face when she told of secretly using in this way the bonds that had with such unquestioning simplicity been given over to her guardianship. A long, sad, wondering look, almost a look of judgment, showed in the candor of his brown eyes before he glanced aside from her as if he could not bear to see her while he asked questions that cleared the situation without cleansing her of fault or helping the outcome.

"And who told you to buy Central Patagonia Oil, and sell American Corporation Tin short?" he asked in a stern, close-lipped way. "What congenital half-wit told you that?"

Here followed the naming of Thompson Fibel and how he had favored her out of the fund of his great knowledge.

"I found out after he had left for Mexico that he had been with this firm, and I came to ask your advice, too, but you weren't here," Mary rushed on while watching his face harden in a spreading amazement. "Mr. Fibel said he knew all this from inside information as he was in the confidence of the biggest capitalists who made up pools—and—and things like that."

Gavin had risen, and on squarely planted feet, with hands thrust deep into his trousers pockets, had fixed on her a look of almost angry pity. "Can you be speaking of—Tommy?" he asked slowly. "You must be, for his name was Fibel."

"I never heard him called Tommy, but of course it's the same. Maybe you'll remember one day last spring or winter when a woman who'd lost a lot of money on stocks tried to kill herself in one of your offices? And how he saved her, had to struggle desperately with her to keep her from poisoning herself? And then how, by the next time she came down, her shares—this very Central Patagonia Oil it was, too!—had gone up, so that by selling out at once she made thousands and thousands?" At the rage now showing frankly in his face, that sent blood rushing into it, darkening it, she threw out her hands in appeal. "Why do you look at me that way? You do see why it seemed right for me to trust him? He knew so much. Oh, he talked so wonderfully—and he was so sure!"

But Gavin, speaking to himself, broke into a muttering of frightening words: "The darned four-flusher! The skunk!"

She had not breath to ask why he said this; could only look it.

"I'm awfully sorry for you," he went on slowly, gathering himself up with dignity and bending a clear gaze on her. "But you've got to know that you've been played with for a fool. That Fibel—that fat, driveling bonehead, always long on the gab—was called plain Tommy here. He was one of our stock messengers."

"He didn't know capitalists?" Mary choked.

"If he saw a capitalist he'd faint," said Gavin crisply.

"And didn't save that woman?"

"He never saved anything, I'd like to bet, but a nickel whenever he could get away with it on a crowded car."

Still Mary struggled for some foothold on the quicksands that she felt sliding beneath her. "Then why did Mr. Mercer say that the information I wanted to trade upon was of the best?" And there was a touch of hysteria in the whisper. "'You will, practically without any doubt, make a good deal of money.' Those were his very words."

Gavin stood confounded. "Then he's an ass, too—maybe going nutty for lack of red corpuscles. But—it's queer. I never knew him to give such an utterly rotten opinion before."

Mary sprang up. "Well, never mind about him or anybody! What's to be done? Let's think of that now. What can I do?"

"Of course you can sell out—take this loss and hope for some luck with the Tin."

"Lose three thousand dollars?" She grew a sickly white. "But I didn't go into this to lose money that way! And I can't. I mustn't. I'd—die!"

Remembering that she was in a business office with business ears all about beyond the several open doors, she said this in a whisper, while her hand, deathly in its chill on the blazing August day, clutched at Gavin's. "Oh, help me, some way—please! Find out something. Maybe it'll go up again. Can't you find out if it's going up?"

Every feeling but a passionate tenderness for her left him. She saw this stirring of the depths, a look of power that called for trust, pass over his young face.

"If I could say what stocks were going to do I'd be among the mighty ones of the earth. Still—maybe it will go up," he cried, his smile violently hopeful. "We'll believe so, and I'll tell you what we'll do—I've got to get at work, and I'll go over your account the first thing. While I'm doing that you can be busy, too. You know what a ticker is?"

She started to say that Mr. Fibel had told her all about it, but checked the name. "I've heard of it, but I've never seen one."

"Then come in here and be presented. We keep this nook for women customers. You can see we don't try to make them very comfortable."

She followed him into a room scarcely larger than a closet. Light through its one window fell on two small chairs, on a stand with a telephone, and a ticker beside it. Mary studied the fateful thing. Set up on a pedestal she saw, under a glass globe, a rapidly moving bronze wheel, from beneath which a tapelike strip of paper covered with freshly inked letters and figures chugged forward to slide into a huge wastebasket, where it was already forming coils. As Gavin explained its working to her it was fulfilling its name with a fierce ticking, punctuated by pauses that seemed menacing, after which it would start forward faster as if frenziedly eager to make up for lost time.

"Sit here," said Gavin, "and you can study it at your ease. Don't bother following anything but your own. C. P. O. and A. C. T.—that's the way they show on the tape." He lifted the strip from the basket and with flexible fingers and racing gaze that told of expert use glanced along the figures, back to its beginning. "C. P. O.'s not out yet."

But Mary, an ambitious pioneer, had kept a devouring gaze on the paper as it slid with its chugging sound from the glass cage.

"Here it is! Here it is—now!" she cried, and pointed with awe at the collection of ink marks that, like the faces of the returning jury to the prisoner, were to bring a message of hope or a sentence to darken her life. "Seventy," she said, her eyes dilated, her face a flaring prayer as she turned fully to Gavin. "Anyway it hasn't gone down more. That's a good sign, isn't it?"

"Of course it is. Now stay right here. I may not get back for a while—maybe not till twelve, when we'll go to lunch. You hold on to your seat even if any other woman comes in. There's sure to be a piker or two along after a day like yesterday."

"What's a piker?" In a feeling of relief, lovely though faint, Mary had enough curiosity to ask this.

"Pikers are people who buy a few shares and sell out on the rise of a point or so. Generally they have to plaster themselves to a ticker to do this with success. Though we rake in their commissions in the usual way, they seem small potatoes on the Street."

A sudden mist blurred her eyes. "No, they're the wise ones," she said sorrowfully. She sat down and bent over the running tape without seeing it. "Oh, if I had to speculate—how I wish I'd been a piker!"

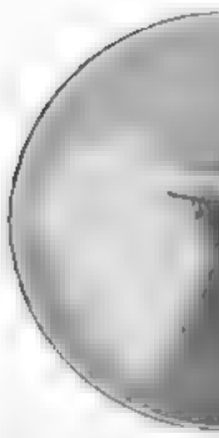
And now began for Mary the next phase of the speculator's disciplining—the fluctuations of hope and fear rising and falling almost moment by moment. All would not be lost; all was doomed to loss. The end of this day might land her on solid ground; by the end of this day she would be shipwrecked utterly. As she watched the tape panting out feverishly, making mounds in the basket and overrunning it to writhe in seemingly living spirals along the floor, she was made to taste an assortment of biting sensations.

The Tin stock continued almost stagnant, while C. P. O. began a devil's dance. It kept at seventy but a little while, then fell to sixty-nine; to sixty-eight and

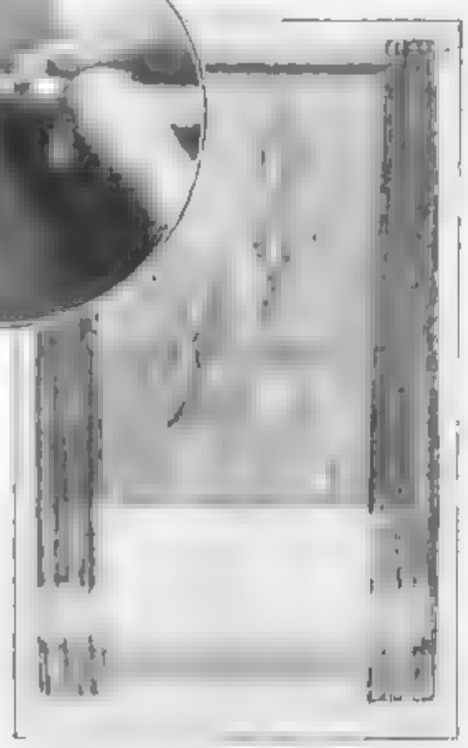
NOTASEME
HOSIERY
NOTASEME
MADE by that famous Notaseme process, which gives smooth lustrous finish, snug-hugging fit, and extra-long wear. Made for everyone—men, women, children. Made in silk, lisle, and mercerized. Men—ask for style 601 silk!
NOTASEME HOSIERY CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

Beware of "filling" in window shades

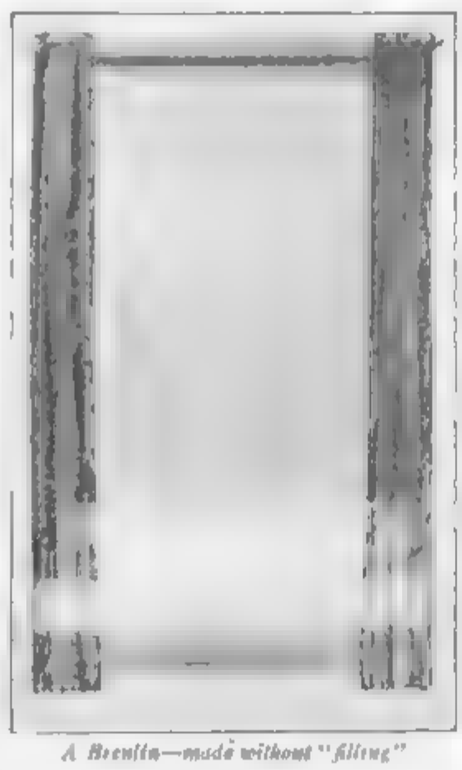
—it makes them crack and sag



Scratch light through the surface of ordinary shademater[illegible] put on to add weight and fineness. Inset the "filling" of chalk or clay



Ordinary shade—made with "filling"



A Brenlin—made without "filling"

Brenlin, made without "filling", stays like new for years

The ordinary window shade is made of a loosely-woven cloth that must be filled to give it weight and smoothness. This "filling," usually a chalk or clay substance, soon becomes hard and brittle. Like school chalk, it crumbles easily.

A shade so made *can't* stand the strain of everyday usage. When the wind sucks and snaps it, the brittle filling loosens and falls out. Cracks and pinhole streaks appear. The shade wrinkles and sags—is soon ruined!

The Brenlin Window Shade is entirely different. *Its* base is a material so fine, so heavy, so tightly-woven and perfect that it needs no chalk, no clay, no filling of any kind!

Instead of being brittle, Brenlin is soft and supple, yet always hangs straight and smooth. Brenlin outwears two or three ordinary window shades. It is the cheapest window shade you can buy.

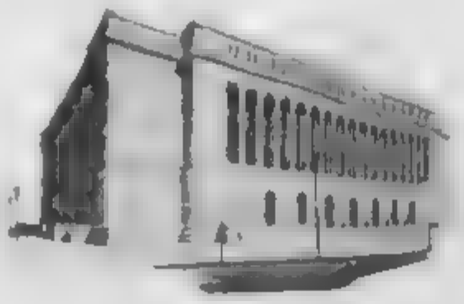
Go to the Brenlin dealer in your town. See the many rich, mellow colorings he has in this long-wearing material—and Brenlin Duplex, one color on one side, another color on the other.

To make sure you're getting genuine Brenlin, look for the name "Brenlin" perforated on the edge—when you buy and when your shades are hung. If you don't know where to find Brenlin, write us; we will see that you are supplied.

Upon request we'll send you, free, a valuable booklet on how to shade your windows beautifully—and, with it, some actual samples of Brenlin, in several different colors.

The Chas. W. Breneman Co., Inc., Cincinnati, Ohio—"The oldest window shade house in America."

Factories: Cincinnati, Ohio, and Camden, N. J.. Branches: New York City, Philadelphia, and Oakland, Calif. Owner of the good will and trade marks of the Jay C. Wemple Co.



The new Hamilton County Court House, Cincinnati, Ohio, shaded with Brenlin by The Alms & Doepke Co.

Four windows of less than [illegible] Empire shade cloth can be [illegible] made the ordinary way

Brenlin

the long-wearing WINDOW SHADE *material*

a fraction; back to sixty-nine; down to sixty-seven; back to sixty-eight; up to sixty-nine; down to sixty-seven; once to sixty-five; up to sixty-seven; up again to seventy. When it registered that price for a dozen sales during a half hour or so the ache through Mary's wet forehead lessened, a band round her heart seemed to snap, and hope to steal in.

If it would only stay at seventy! This figure, which in the morning she had felt spelled ruin, had taken on a fictitious kindliness, even beauty, to her haunted eyes, so dreadful had been the depths underneath it that she had seen yawning before her. In the crux of her excitement she could not help but marvel at this hope, dimly conscious through it how the body stretched on the rack is taught humility. Yes, if C. P. O. would at least stay at seventy, so that if she had to sell out, something would be saved! She no longer thought of gain; no longer dreamed even of escaping with the original money intact.

To save, if but a little! Oh, to save something—anything!

And then this too changed. The world burst into rose color—for Central Patagonia Oil began to go up, and up, and up. Mary did not hear the noon hour boom from the church clock. By that time, her hat off, her organdie sleeves brushed high on her arms out of her way, she was fairly draped over the ticker, peering up sideways and under the wheel, watching for C. P. O. to show again—waiting as patiently as she could, while having to control a mania to tear at the tape with all those other, to her, uninteresting figures, so that what she wanted would hurry into sight.

"Hungry?" Gavin asked over her shoulder.

She swung about to him with such yearning relief there was something almost demented in the look.

"C. P. O.'s gone up, Gavin!" She had only called him by this name a few times before, long ago, during their brief friendship. And he loved the sound of it, knowing that it was so she thought of him. Her fingers fastened like little claws upon his arm. "It's seventy-four!"

"I know," he said; "I've been watching the board."

"Oh, what will it be next time?" She was over the globe again, her nose almost against the glass. "Here it is. Oo!" Mary gave this characteristic sound of bubbling joy. "It's seventy-five! If it goes on like this, why ——"

"Come to lunch," Gavin said again and picked up her hat. "I want to talk to you."

The restaurant was packed and noisy, not any help to romance or confidence. Still they did not notice its discomforts and defects. As waiters gasped and rushed, and laden trays rattled, and unrestrained voices were like the hum of machinery—they knew only the electric rapture that belongs to the beginning of romance, its blossoming consciousness.

Gavin would not let Mary talk of stocks; insisted on hearing about herself, her life. And he gave her in a few colorful atmospheric phrases some realization of his year and a half in France. Then toward the close of the lunch he hardened himself against the charm of her vividly expressive face and small tan-hued head where sparks glittered—for the place was so hot she had pulled off her sailor hat. There was one business fact about her of which he wanted positive knowledge.

"Mary—I'm going to say something you may think cruel, so I just must call you Mary to soften it," he said in a quiet but very clear way.

"Of course," stole to him in her odd thrilling voice, which had stirred him from the first time he had heard it. "Just before you went away I told you—don't you remember?—to call me that."

"Well, Mary"—and the words, more decided now, were very sad—"you betrayed a trust when you used your aunt's money as you did."

She shrank back as if he had pressed on a sore. Light went out in her face.

"You don't realize that. You lost your head in a storm of hope. But do you realize it now?" he asked, and put out his hand across the table.

She did not touch it. A dark, still look—the sickness of the soul that only guilt and remorse can give—passed in a light convulsion over lips and eyes.

"Oh, don't I!" came when she could speak. "If you knew how desperate my thoughts were as I came down here today!" She changed to a dismayed child. "How did I ever come to do it? I never cheated before in the smallest way."

"I know—though it's no excuse—it was because you love your aunt so much. You longed so to give her all she desired that Fibel seemed like some good angel sent your way to help her to riches. But you shouldn't have touched the money without her consent."

"I know. My eyes are open. I've repented, you may be sure."

"Have you repented so thoroughly that nothing, ever—nothing on earth—could make you speculate again with any smallest sum, even of your own? Oh, I want to be sure of that. Have you found that this game makes nervous hearts and uneasy nights—that it's not for people like us?"

"Oh, I have," Mary sighed.

"I wonder," Gavin said, and laying his hand over hers gave her a long studying look.

He continued thoughtful as he paid the bill. While waiting for the change his manner became businesslike.

"During the afternoon," he said reflectively, "C. P. O. is likely to keep on going up."

The sparkle returned to her. With look alight she listened earnestly.

"Then," Gavin continued, "if the Tin should go down a little bit to help ——" He broke off to fall into a deep study.

"You're picturing heaven," said Mary faintly and with her loveliest smile.

"If this happened I might be able to sell out the whole business for you in ten minutes so that you'd be just where you were before you ever gave Wall Street a thought—the five thousand dollars safe in your little fist," Gavin said decidedly. "And this is what I'd advise, even if at the time it would seem positive that the rise of Central Patagonia Oil were only beginning."

"Only beginning?" she murmured. "Just what do you mean?"

"If from all reports it would be pretty sure to go much higher, nevertheless I'd tell you to quit—take your original little boodle thankfully and run away home. That's what you want, isn't it? You'd be satisfied?"

"Oh, yes!" This was eager. "Unless"—and this was wistful, while her heart seemed very close to her lips—"unless it would seem terribly foolish to sell out; unless you'd be sure that I'd make—something—by staying in."

"I didn't say that I'd be sure." Gavin lowered his eyes. "I'm not an oracle. Even with a stop order on C. P. O. you'd be taking chances, for its rush up and down is like the high jinks of gunpowder."

Mary made her small hands into waxlike fists; her eyes narrowed in a look of almost angry covetousness, a hard bright thing peering out through her blossoming. "But if some success came as close as that," she broke in, "if I could make anything—just one thousand—wouldn't it be a good thing to hold on to it a little longer—for a try?"

A strange feeling went over her then. She seemed to have been thrust from light and warmth into some chill outside. For Gavin, lifting his eyes, had flooded her with a gaze that brought her self-illumination. Wisdom showed darkly in his boyish face; a strange visitor come there ahead of time.

"You haven't learned your lesson." He said this slowly, very clearly and with regret. "That's what I feared. No, you haven't."

As they stood up, she curiously hushed and humbled, he added with a fierceness that came at her like the impact of a sprung arrow: "And—you must!"

IV

IT HAD been Aunt Mabel's custom for a good many years to go for her August holiday to Engleside, a place on an inlet of the sea in Southern New Jersey. It was a long distance from New York and one of the rare spots on the coast left untouched by innovations for amusement; just a cozy salt-water hamlet without soda-water palaces or even a board walk. Save the once when she had gone to the New England hills where her friendship with Gavin had begun, Mary, on her two-weeks' vacation, had for five years joined Aunt Mabel there. She was expected to-day.

Unlike other times, this was to be a shadowed, anxious coming. Aunt Mabel—the big, kindly creature—had been in the pear orchard flying a kite with a four-year-old child when she had straightened suddenly and screamed. Help reaching her, it had

(Continued on Page 149)

These Resources Give Reality to "Everything Known in Music"

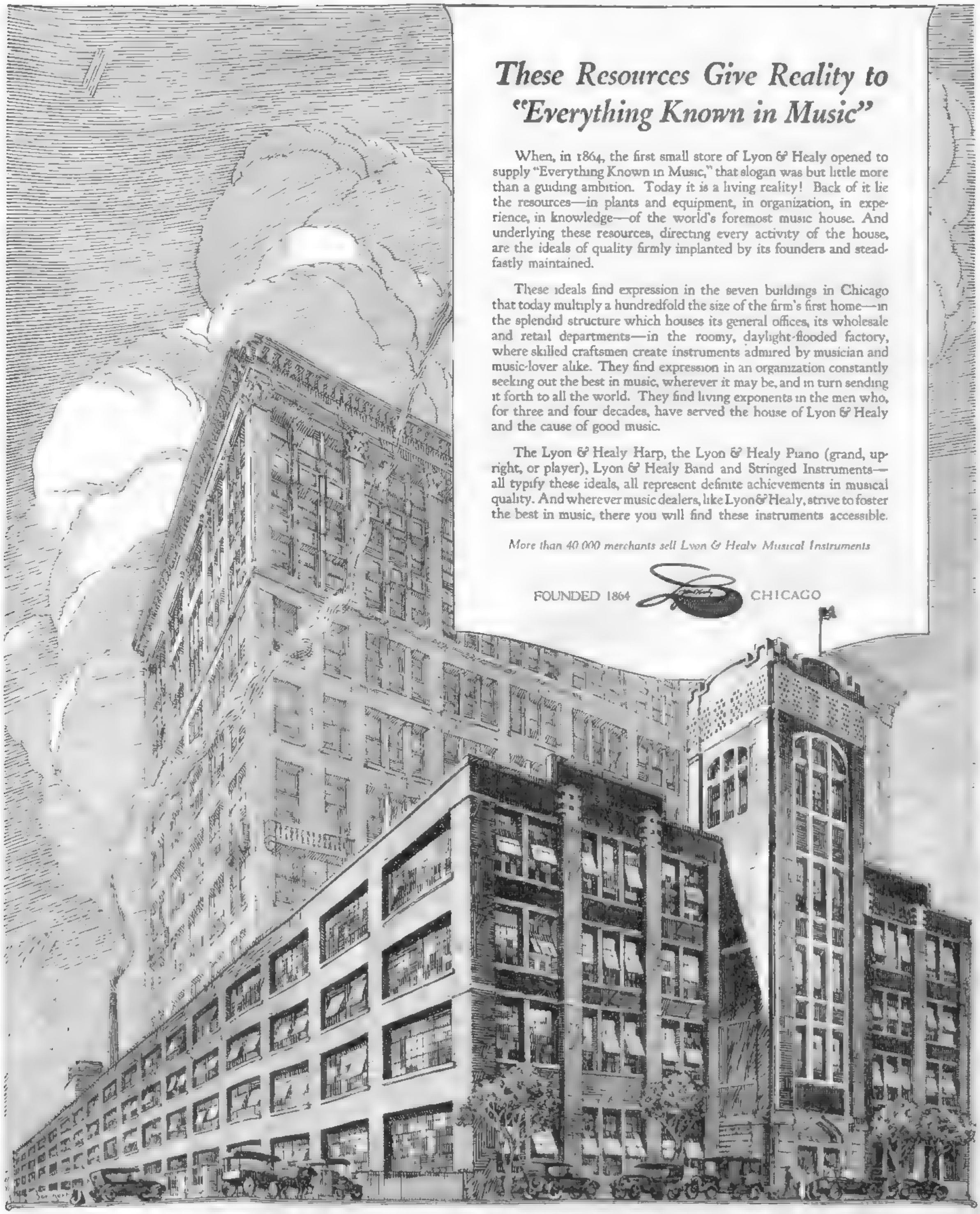
When, in 1864, the first small store of Lyon & Healy opened to supply "Everything Known in Music," that slogan was but little more than a guiding ambition. Today it is a living reality! Back of it lie the resources—in plants and equipment, in organization, in experience, in knowledge—of the world's foremost music house. And underlying these resources, directing every activity of the house, are the ideals of quality firmly implanted by its founders and steadfastly maintained.

These ideals find expression in the seven buildings in Chicago that today multiply a hundredfold the size of the firm's first home—in the splendid structure which houses its general offices, its wholesale and retail departments—in the roomy, daylight-flooded factory, where skilled craftsmen create instruments admired by musician and music-lover alike. They find expression in an organization constantly seeking out the best in music, wherever it may be, and in turn sending it forth to all the world. They find living exponents in the men who, for three and four decades, have served the house of Lyon & Healy and the cause of good music.

The Lyon & Healy Harp, the Lyon & Healy Piano (grand, upright, or player), Lyon & Healy Band and Stringed Instruments—all typify these ideals, all represent definite achievements in musical quality. And wherever music dealers, like Lyon & Healy, strive to foster the best in music, there you will find these instruments accessible.

More than 40,000 merchants sell Lyon & Healy Musical Instruments

FOUNDED 1864 CHICAGO



LYON & HEALY *Musical Instruments*

Never gets on your nerves

For your "him" Xmas list

A BOX of the best-known and most widely liked cigars in the United States. The cigar which all smokers admire and enjoy and which thousands exclusively prefer—the Girard.

Mellow, fragrant, satisfying, the Girard combines delightful mildness with genuine Havana quality and flavor.

This rare combination makes it everywhere recognized as the perfect and leading example of its type—the cigar that has never cut quality in order to maintain a profit or a price.

Business men, professional workers, salesmen, writers and thinkers—all who like to smoke while they work—realize not only the increased enjoyment but the distinct efficiency-value of a mild cigar properly blended, mellowed by age alone.

As the first cigar to meet this nation-wide demand and always the one which satisfies it most completely, the Girard stands today the unrivalled favorite among quality cigars.

A gift of unmixed pleasure and good cheer, right in the spirit of the day and carrying that spirit into many days beyond. You cannot do better. Give him

GIRARD

America's foremost cigar

Sold by progressive dealers everywhere. Order your box today and have it ready when you want it.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf

Established 49 years Philadelphia

(Continued from Page 146)

been found that she was not able to move the right side of her body, and that there was a numbness down all its length. A partial stroke, the doctor called it.

The telegram with this news had been brought by Asia to Mary on a humid Saturday afternoon when the city in the holiday silence had the melancholy of a desert. She was sitting at the window, gazing over the lower roofs without seeing them, at the sky without seeing it, seeing only dancing letters and figures that spelled torment. For during the week that had passed since her visit to Barstow & Updike's her stocks had not brought help to her, had never quite touched prices that would have enabled Gavin to sell them out in safety.

She had seen him only once. Like the rest of the office workers in Wall Street he was kept, during this hurricane of speculation, over the books until late at night. He had several times telephoned her very cautiously at her uptown business address, messages cryptic to any chance listener, and meant to help her to courage.

At her lunch hour she would eat almost nothing, spending most of it in a place she had not even known existed until her need found it out—a broker's office in a Fifth Avenue hotel where there was a room for women. She would steal in there, a sad contrasting little figure among the others, most of them old enough to be her mother, all elaborately dressed and with the sophistication of the gambler in their glances that darted and flashed like the gems crowding their fingers. Here she would sit in a corner the hour through, her uneasy eyes on the blackboard, where, among lines of chalk marks each spelling fate for someone, she could read what was happening to Central Patagonia Oil and American Corporation Tin.

This made the high light of her feverish day. At night she subsided in her loneliness into sick dreaming of Gavin. Love of him pierced irresistibly through her trouble. She had only to recall his gaze and voice to feel a magic steal from him to her, rosy, sweet, until gradually it would seem as if a scented sea surged about her to her lips. Sleep brought her strangely mixed dreams—frantic longings to come through the money misery safely, and frantic longings to hear from Gavin that she was dear to him. But was she? On awaking she would ask herself this. Somehow she felt that his heart, from the long-ago moment of meeting, had drawn close to her. Had she continued dear—frail weed as she had proved by failing one who had trusted her? She was haunted always.

When she read the telegram that without a softening word told of Aunt Mabel's illness—of a sort to render her helpless and dependent—her dread changed to stark fright of the future that was rearing into a monstrous thing beyond imagining, and from whose destroying clutch there could be no possible escape. A train left at four o'clock that would get her to Engleside at nine that night.

By packing a bag in a whirl and rushing to the station in a cab she was able to catch it.

During the next two days, spent beside the bed of the sick woman, Mary was made to suffer a fantastic sort of torture. Not that Aunt Mabel was a mournful invalid. Hope was unquenchable in her. She was still joyously alive in half of her big body. Mary's distress came from her own soul.

The New York papers could be bought at about ten o'clock each morning at the village drug store. And the financial sheet had held dire news of a falling market, where Central Patagonia Oil had dropped to sixty-two. Her American Corporation Tin, which she would have loved to see go down, had maddeningly been one of the few strong issues, holding to a point above the original price of twenty, so did not help at all. Was she wiped out by this time? Soon she would know. With this secret burning her she had to listen to Aunt Mabel's difficult whispers of thankfulness to God that though she would lose her position as matron she had the five thousand dollars between her and disaster. To hear her still weave dreams about the money—ah, different from the earlier ones!—not of Paris or pyramids or camels, but of a safe quiet corner in life where someone, paid to do it, would be hands and feet for her—made Mary taste a heartsickness that was abominable.

"Don't think so much of that money, dear," she had managed to say. "Think of me. Remember that you have me, to love you and work myself to the bone for you—oh, how gladly!—as long as I live!"

"Ah, dear Mary," the slow whisper had come as the good hand took hers in a clasp, "you are an angel. But still, you must admit it's sort o' cozy to remember the five thousand."

When she came to know! Oh, when it could no longer be held back, and she had to be told—what then? The answer was a swift and certain one: Aunt Mabel would forgive the sinner, love her just the same. And it was that that hurt most cruelly, turning unworthiness into rank iniquity with fangs that made festering—the unstinted forgiveness, the deep love.

On the fourth day of the visit life crashed on Mary. In a dreadful imprisoning stillness she was like an injured mole, crawling with half-blind eyes from a ruin. A heading had flared across the morning paper:

STOCKS TUMBLE TO NEW LOW RECORD
BEAR RAID ON CENTRAL PATAGONIA OIL

It had fallen to forty. She had seen this printed; knew it meant the end for her; and yet failed to make her palsied consciousness take it in, just as if her extended fingers, pointed to pick up coins from a flat surface, suddenly grew cushioned and could not fasten on the edges of the things. She would consider going to the telephone in the drug store and calling up Gavin, and the wish would seem to change to water, dribble away. She would decide to telegraph, to write, and while the hours slipped past did neither.

All day it rained. All day, almost mute, with the rigidly held head and fixed eye of gallant despair, she sat by Aunt Mabel, attending to her wants. The cheerful woman seemed getting better. She could lift the hand that had been afflicted, and move the fingers feebly. In the rainy dusk, just before the lamps were lighted, she did this for perhaps the twentieth time, enjoying it with the look of a child entertained by the first recognition of its propelling power.

"Maybe, Mary dear," she whispered through the shadows to the white-faced girl, "all the money won't have to go for nurses and things like that. Maybe we'll still get a look at the battlefields anyway—huh?"

The words were a lash that drove Mary out. She muttered a longing for air; in the hall pulled on a rubber coat and old hat and ran into the moaning, splashing darkness. A boy was getting off a bicycle at the gate. He brought a telegram. In the light of his lantern she saw that it was for her, and read it there:

Will be with you almost as soon as you get this. Sold the Tin at your buying price of twenty. Got rid of Oil at fifty. GAVIN.

He was coming to try to cheer her, to tell her to be glad that she was not suffering quite the worst, as he had been able to save the down-rushing stock at ten points above its lowest figure.

"What matter?" sighed through her in agony. "Not the worst—but even so, the legacy is gone. And with that there's a loss of another four thousand that can't be paid—ever!"

She did not want to see Gavin. Talk of the calamity represented the unbearable. If she need never speak again! If she could go out of the world and so escape the suffering to come!

The selfishness of this longing was acutely with her even as it took shape, the while she hurried to the beach, where driving rain, pools in sandy hollows, and shadows that pulsed as if flung by the garments of flying witches made a nocturne in harmony with her desolation. She longed to die; longed to fling herself into the sea. Yet, if she were weak enough—or strong enough, according to the view—for that terrible act, and she was not, she must live. Not only that, she must try to keep well in order to pay her debt to Aunt Mabel in such work and devotion as a faithful slave would give.

No one was near Mary. She sat on an upturned boat and stared ahead. In feeling she was a world away from the things about her, her soul blenching at what she saw.

When steps sounded on the ladder from the jetty to the beach, when she heard her name called with an excited eagerness and through the darkness saw Gavin beside her she had a feeling of vagueness, as if out of a grave she found herself again among the living. While struggling for breath and wiping his face after an exhausting run he peered closely at her.

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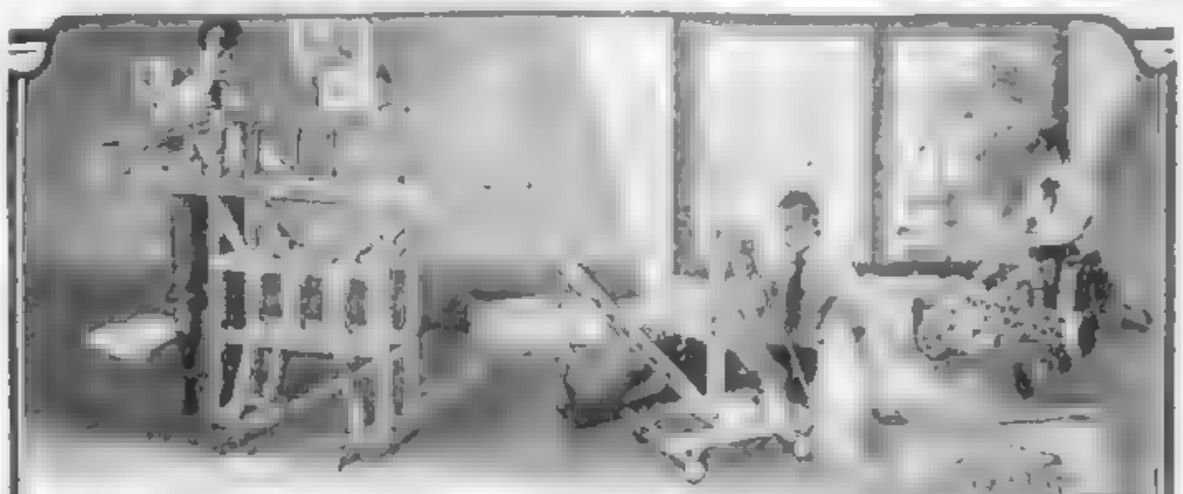

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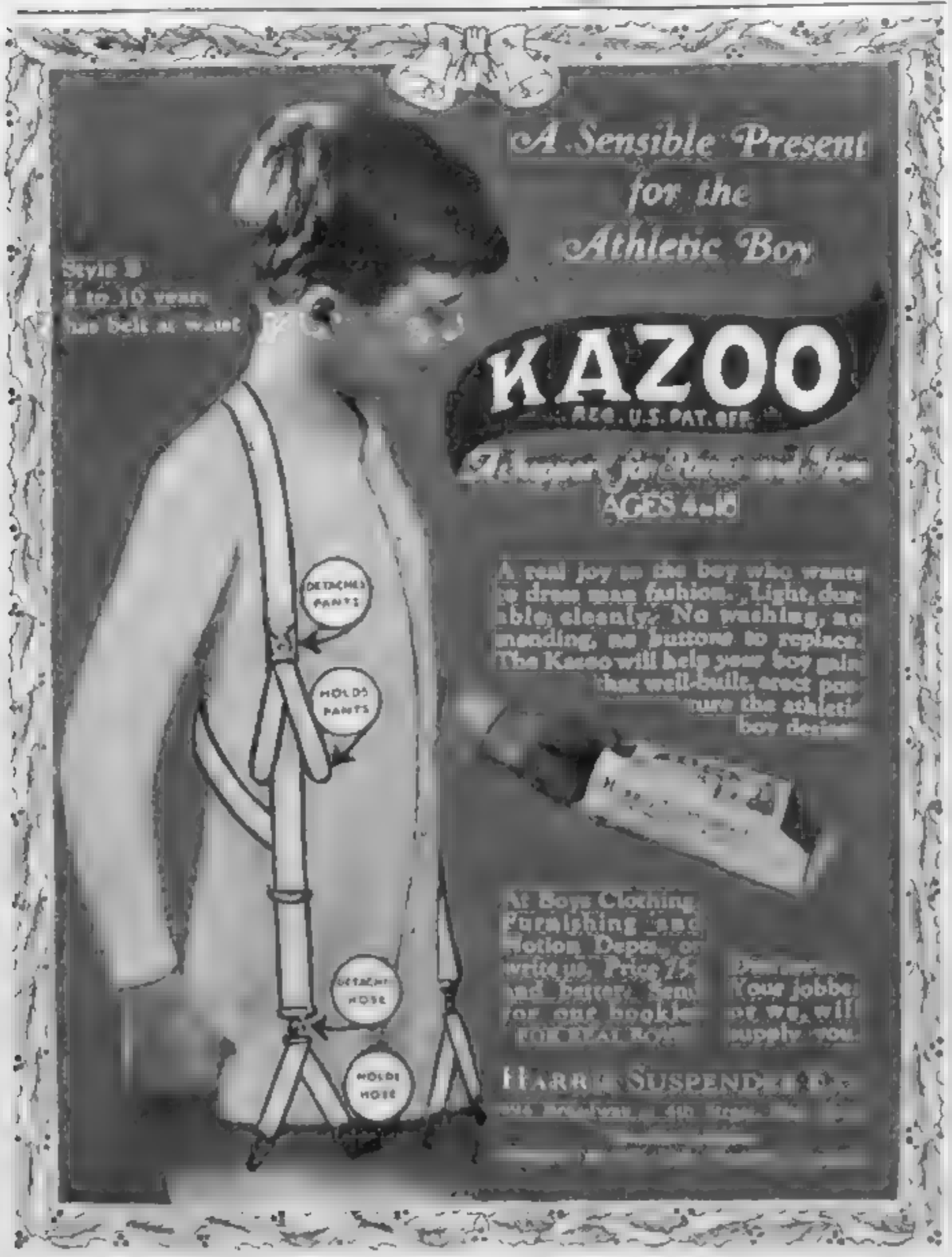


"What are you doing here—like this?" were his first words.

She could make no answer, drooped more heavily, and he drew her up, pulled her to the partial shelter of a lopsided shed, where fishermen's nets, hung to dry, were flapping on the wind with the sound of angry sails.

"I couldn't think what had become of you. When you weren't at the house I ran to the village, thinking that maybe you'd gone to meet the train and had missed me. At the station the telegraph messenger told me he had given you a telegram and then had seen you running toward the beach."

She had sunk down on the plank that formed a seat, and had turned quite from him, her cheek against the wall of wet splintery wood.

"Mary!" This was a cry, hushed but frightened. Kneeling, he took her head in both hands, forcing her to meet his eyes. "Has something happened that I don't know about?"

"You know," she said thickly.

"You got my telegram. Then, aren't you glad?"

"Oh, don't!" she cried in intolerable pain, and thrust him away. Through the storm's murk he saw her flinching soul beyond the blaze of her eyes. "Glad? Glad to feel myself the cruelest wretch on earth to one who loved me, trusted me? The money's gone! And more than the money—oh, thousands more!"

Putting the anguish into words conquered her utterly. Broken-hearted weeping tore through her and shook her; choked sounds left her lips as she pushed past him into the rain with rigid arms lifted in prayer.

"Oh, what am I to do?"

Gavin was at her side again. "What are you saying?" he demanded. "Listen to me, Mary—listen, dear. Didn't your maid mail you the letter I sent to your apartment—that got there just after you'd left for here? She told the boy she'd send it on to you at once."

"No letter." Mary said this after a silence, and in a dead way. Yet the weeping stopped—and her heart, too, it seemed to her—as she waited.

"You left in such a hurry—hadn't expected to go," said Gavin. "Then you didn't send me your address until you were down here. You see? If you'd had that letter," he said, and now drew her forcibly again to the cover of the shed, "you'd be laughing now, you'd know that everything's—all right!"

On a new sort of stillness, one that seemed a thing with wings that bore her up, one that seemed pressing some elixir to her lips, she put her hands on his shoulders and stared at him. The naked hunger that had leaped to her face was a disclosed mystery so rankly personal he felt as if he must turn from it as from something that other mortal eyes had no right to see.

"Sit down again while I tell you," he said. "It's really all very simple—just this." He took his place beside her now, drew down her hands and held them tightly. "Fibel's tip to you—as I saw in his own writing on the memorandum slip that you gave me—had been for you to buy Central Patagonia Oil, and sell the Tin short ——"

"And—I did," she said, dread stealing back to her tone.

"Nope!" he grinned. "You didn't. Just the other way round! Had you followed that cheap skate's inside information—so-called—you'd be done for now." Joy rioted in his voice. "You were saved by the narrowest fluke—by your own mistake. When you talked with Mercer you must have relied on your memory of what Fibel had said, for your order to him was to buy the Tin, and sell C. P. O.—short!"

"You're wrong," she said sadly. "I remember what I said so well ——"

"No, dear. Probably Mercer rattled you. Anyway, it was because you told him to get the oil for a fall and the other for a rise that he said you'd be pretty sure to make money. He was somewhat in the know, you see. Now you told me that you'd purchased the stocks the way Fibel had directed, but as soon as I looked over your account the morning you were in the office I saw your mistake. You could have found it all out for yourself in the July monthly statement that you received from us, only, as you also told me, you couldn't make head or tail of it. No wonder you got twisted. A newborn babe as a census taker would be just about as fitting as you as a Wall Street plunger."

"And you knew all this, even that day when I watched the ticker?" The tone was happy, but feeble, almost unbelieving still.

"Right then—from the very start." Gavin gave a sensitively self-conscious little laugh. "I know you'll want to strangle me for not telling you the truth at once. I meant to when we were at lunch. But, Mary"—and the words were tenderly serious—"I wanted to help you. I wanted you to be crazy to get out of C. P. O. at your buying price of eighty—and have done with it!

"With memories haunting me of what I've seen the gambler's madness do to poor people, I was terribly afraid for you. I'm not knocking investments, you understand, nor even speculating on margin by people who can afford to risk portions of what they have, prepared to lose philosophically, if they must. But—you! Your trust in a bag of hot air like Fibel, your overwhelming hopefulness, your recklessness in taking your aunt's bit of money and flinging it into such stupendous peril—all this turned my heart cold with fear for you. Do you see? I wanted you to get a hard lesson at once—a good scare. I wanted to have you taste the suffering that goes with suspense when you try to grab what you can't pay for. So when I saw you that day at lunch ready for still another fling at chance—even after the fright that had brought you, shaking and pale, to the office—I determined to keep the truth from you a little longer.

"You may wonder that I didn't sell C. P. O. that day, short, at seventy or seventy-five, without your knowing it, and so close out, making a small profit for you. I thought of doing it, but—and this just shows the devilish fascination of the whole business—I was tempted to hold on to it, as I was convinced from a pretty straight tip that it was due for a big slump. You see it got me too! Just by luck I happened to be right. Now you know it all. I wouldn't have let you leave town without telling you. You went without my knowing, and I hadn't the chance."

Her tears were falling on his hand. His heart went out to meet them.

"And to think that you didn't get my letter! What you've suffered!" His arms crept about her questioningly. "Oh, how I love you! Poor darling! Forgive me?"

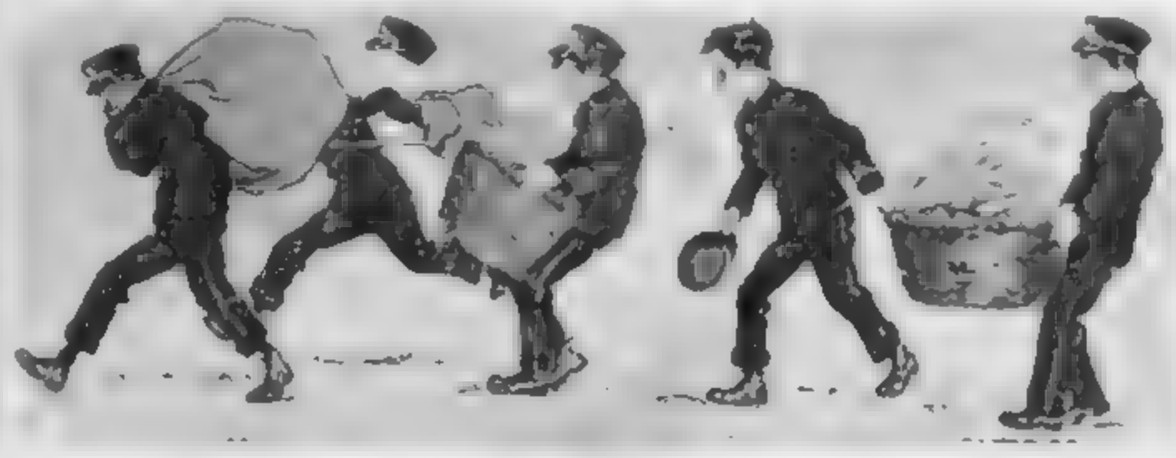
"Dear Gavin, you were right," the whisper came back. "Help me—always." After his lips had found hers in the shadow she gave a droll and dreamy laugh through the glistening splash that was her little face. "Just how much money have I made?"

"The Tin never moved through the whole riot—as stolid as a Dutch *frau* who stared at the antics of a pack of maniacs about her—so you're in nothing on that. On the Oil you've a profit of thirty points. Your actual gain, to add to your original stake after all commissions are paid, will be close to nine thousand dollars."

"Nine?" Mary breathed this in ecstasy, while she saw only Aunt Mabel's face with the illumination that she knew was coming to it. "You may kiss me again, Gavin."

He did. "Oh, Mary!"

"Nine times, please," said Mary.



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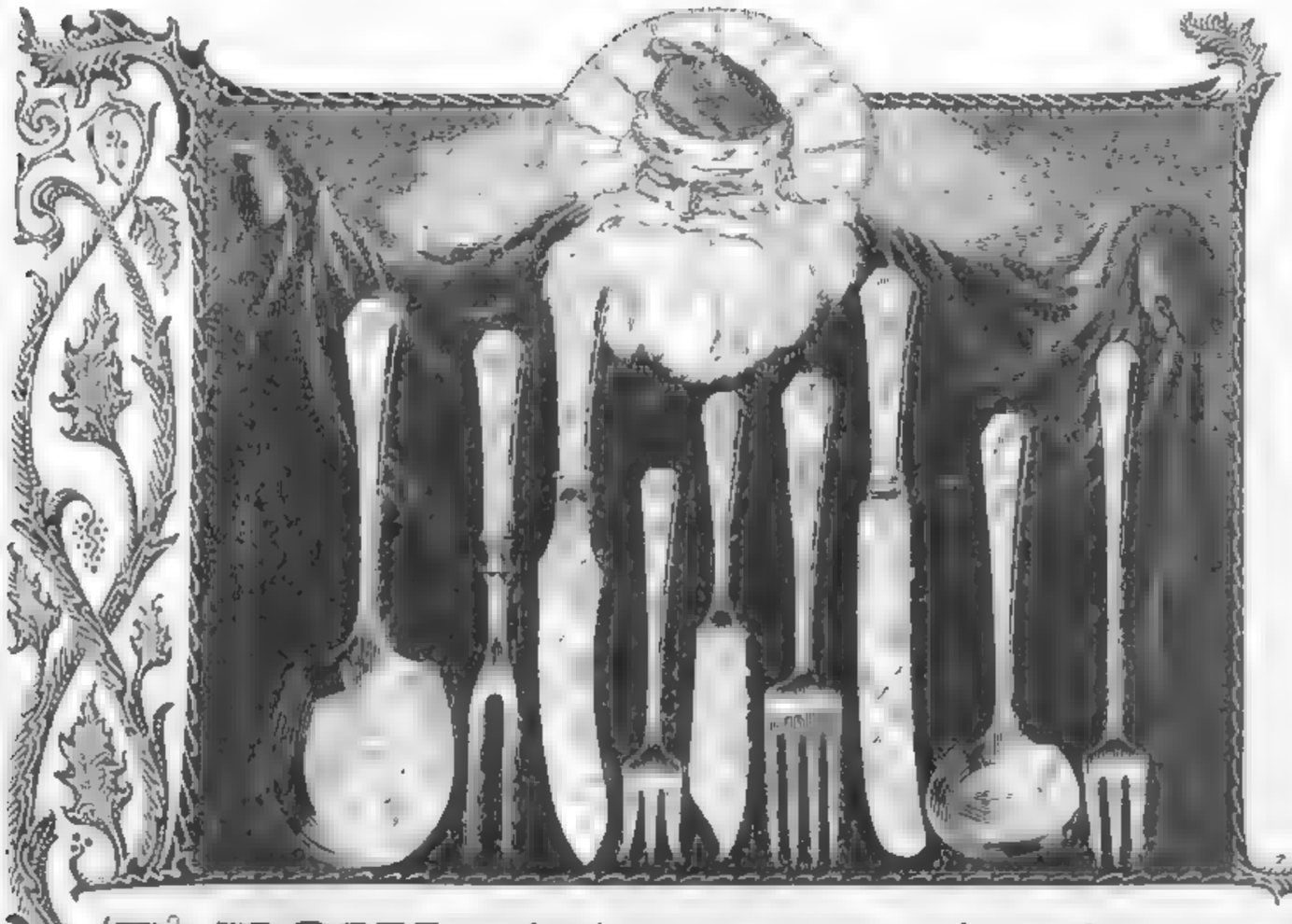

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THE LOOTERS

(Continued from Page 32)

the accounts of depositors, and when checks of suitable size came in she made duplicates of them by tracing. She then retraced the signature of the depositor on the back of each check, indorsing the check over to herself under any of her various assumed names. She then went to her various other banks and deposited the fraudulent checks, drawing out the money. She next destroyed the checks as they came back to her own bank. One day after she had been operating in this way for five or six months she carelessly left one of the duplicated checks in her file, and was caught. She had got five thousand dollars by this clever jugglery and spent it on her husband, whom she loved more than he deserved. Restitution was made.

But there is yet a side to the matter of stealing from banks that exerts a more compelling pressure upon us than mere interest in the why or the how of larceny. There is the human and inhuman side, the romance and the pity of it, the color and darkness, the dreams reared high and the hopes brought low.

An Old Wrong Partly Righted

In a Southern bank, when the balance was made up one night, the receiving teller was found short five thousand dollars. He paled and stumbled. His officers immediately accused him. He protested, wept, swore. The men looked at him with mingled anger and pity. He had been given the money in the morning. Where was it now? Was money in the habit of vanishing? No, no! The excuses were too thin. He was arrested and subjected to grilling. In the face of everything he maintained his innocence. Nothing brought him an inch nearer confession. He had not taken the money. Before God, he had not been guilty of one dishonest penny! Well, what was to be done about it? The money was gone, and yet there was no absolute proof that the man had taken it. He was simply dismissed, and all the tongues of his little city dishonored him.

For many years this branded man struggled and starved. No one could call him a thief, for nothing had been proved; and no man would believe him honest, for nothing had been disproved. In this painful situation he fought his way along, stigmatized and embittered. He became a town pest, with his continual protestations and complaints. He was relegated to castaways and derelicts.

Meantime the bank prospered. Its business grew until larger and better quarters were needed. They began to tear out the old walnut counters and partitions of the bank, relics of days before the Civil War. In their operations the carpenters came at last to the desks of the tellers. In a crevice was found a neat packet of five one-thousand-dollar bills, the stolen money! The thin packet had slipped down a bad joint between the money shelf and the outer partition. There it had lain through the years, and no one had possessed wit enough to look for it.

The dismissed teller was at once a sad and belated hero. He received much publicity and many profound apologies. He refused, however, to be satisfied with such exculpation. A suit yielded him heavy damages, but hardly returned the lost years.

At rare intervals the professional criminal makes his way into a financial institution, always with interesting results. In Boston at no remote day a youthful-looking fellow began his campaign by renting several rooms in various parts of the city, each under a separate assumed name. He then went to a prominent bank in answer to an advertisement for a messenger and applied for the place. He gave his age as nineteen, though he was much older, and gave as references the fictitious names under which he had rented his various domiciles. As part of the scheme he received all the inquiries from the bank and wrote back all the letters of recommendation, each in a disguised handwriting and on several forms of stationery. The bank immediately employed him.

He had been in the service of the bank only a few days when he was given twenty-one thousand dollars in cash and securities to deliver. He left the bank at eleven o'clock. At one o'clock the bank reported his absence to the police and an immediate alarm was given. The tracing of so devious a youth presented some natural difficulties. It was some time before the pursuing detectives saw through the ruse of the various abodes and realized the novel type of game that had been played on the bank.

Meantime the placid hero of this adventure was on his way South. He stopped at Baltimore, sold a bond for five thousand dollars to a Baltimore broker, bought an automobile and proceeded. He drove by easy stages to Miami, Florida, but here he came to grief. He had sent for a young woman, who posed, at least, as his wife, and she met him at Miami, but there were unexpected welcomers in the city in the form of several special officers. They took the stunned adventurer into custody and searched him. About fifteen thousand dollars in bonds was found in his shoes.

The thief and the girl were escorted back to Boston, where it was discovered that this remarkable fellow, able to pass himself off as a boy of nineteen, was really an old and practiced offender. He had worked this game of his on banks and business firms in many cities, and was wanted in states from Massachusetts to California. He is meditating in prison and will be there for some ten years.

The attitude of the community toward the defaulter is now and then something wondrous and vexatious to behold. In a small town in one of the Virginia tidewater counties not many years ago there was one of those one-man banks not uncommon in smaller places.

The settlement was twenty-five miles from a railroad, primitive, pastoral and slumbrous. The old banker had been in his institution many years. He had the confidence of everyone. Nevertheless, he had all along been a thief.

The man wanted to be a great figure, a dominant person in his community, but his institution was not large and his legitimate profits therefrom not great enough to supply the money he needed. In this position the banker conceived the simple scheme of using the money in his five largest accounts. On the current ledger he simply showed these accounts to be closed. Then he took an old disused ledger and on the last two pages he kept the true accounts of these unhappy depositors. With the money he began to cut his swath. He built a macadam road along the countryside from his fine home to the bank; he went into politics; he became the town benefactor and the most liberal contributor to the church. He was not a dissipative man. No one ever knew him to let loose of money except in the riding of the mentioned hobbies.

A Remarkable Verdict

In nine years Mister Banker managed to wipe out his five principal accounts. Then in desperation he began dipping into the surplus. Even so, he might have gone on for years longer, but he became frightened and confessed.

Late in this banker's career a salesman for a fidelity company had appeared in the town and persuaded the depositors rather than the banker that it would be a good thing if both he and they were protected by a surety bond. This insurance now proved a thorn in the side of the guilty man, for the insurance company naturally demanded that he make restitution or be prosecuted. The townspeople, on the other hand, wanted the matter dropped.

When the insurance corporation became insistent the banker was advised to withdraw his confession, and this the court permitted. He was then forced to trial before a jury of his townsmen. What looked like a clear case was made against the man. The falsified ledger was produced and the looting of the five main accounts was demonstrated. Nevertheless, the jury arrived at a strange conclusion. Filing into the box after the announcement of a verdict, the foreman of the jury was asked the usual formal question. Instead of announcing yes or no, the foreman rose and said: "Your honor, the Bible says—John, eighth chapter, seventh verse—'He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone.' We can't find this man guilty under that."

The audience wildly acclaimed this merciful verdict, but the court demanded a decision without quibble, whereupon the jurors proclaimed the banker not guilty by

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DEPT. F-10 CINCINNATI, OHIO

rising and acclamation. The cleared defaulter was carried from the court room in triumph, and the town made up his shortage by subscription, putting him back into his bank.

I beg to recommend the adventures of a Chicago bank teller of recent notoriety to the lovers of the moving-picture mood. A large Chicago bank had many Greek clients, and decided to employ as teller a man familiar with the language of these foreigners. This young man had not been long at his duties when he was stung with predal inspiration. Going to an adventurous friend, he persuaded this second man to deposit six hundred dollars. The teller then went to the ledgers and altered the deposit to $40,600. The conspirators now checked this money out rapidly. They bought a six-thousand-dollar automobile and began their flight. Out in the rural expanses of North Dakota their machine broke down before a farmhouse, and they stopped to make repairs, replenish their water supply and load up with provisions.

The farmer had the pretty seventeen-year-old daughter beloved of all rustic romances, and the dapper Greek teller fell in love with her. The men delayed several days, pretending to be still occupied with repairs, in order that the teller might have time to use his persuasions on the girl. He asked her to elope with him, and she was half persuaded.

Finally, when she still demurred, she was got into the car for a short drive. Instead she was whirled away to the nearest town, where her hesitation was soon overcome by the purchase of an elaborate bridal outfit. Thus equipped, the party of three set out again, planning to put some distance between them and the farm before stopping for the ceremony.

But the irate father, again a stock character from the screen conceptions of rural life, was in pursuit. Because of a second accident to the car of the embezzlers he was able to overhaul them in the far West. He there caused their arrest for abduction, and the police were not long in recognizing the two Greeks as the gentlemen so keenly desired in Chicago.

The girl went back to the farm in North Dakota, richer by one trousseau and wiser by various thrilling experiences. The absconders were taken down the Western coast and put on a transcontinental train for Chicago. They did not look or act like hard or desperate criminals, and were not so treated, but for safety's sake both men were subjected to ankle irons upon retiring at night, their detective escorts sleeping across the aisle of the Pullman in opposite berths. Surely these fellows would make no attempt to escape in their pajamas with their ankles chained together!

Strange, but True!

But on the very first night, when the train was plowing through the Nevada desert lands at a hot pace, one of the men threw himself out of his berth, hopped to the end of the car past the dozing porter, got open the doors in the vestibule and flung himself off the train. The porter half grasped what had happened, ran for the detectives, alarmed the car and pulled the emergency rope. The flying train was stopped within a few hundred yards and run back.

"Darn fool!" said one of the detectives pityingly. "He's gone and killed himself."

But the officers were counting without their prisoner. By some means never explained the escaper had managed his jump successfully. No trace of him or his body could be found, though one of the officers stayed behind for daylight and was later joined by a party which made a careful search. The man has never been heard from. No doubt he is still wandering about the desert in his pajamas, with his ankles in gyves. The marvel is that this story is absolutely true.

These are the things men do when the impulse to loot comes upon them. Here is the make and the measure of your bank embezzler. But the fullest ripeness of the romance lies elsewhere.

Down some far blue sea there is always an atoll of the weary imagination where there is neither crime nor law, misdeed nor punishment. In some immeasurable latitude out of the realm of good and evil there is always a region to which turns the thought of every man caught between his deed and the wall of social judgment. There are the forgetful shores and the ports of missing call. There are Neti-Neti and Cockaigne. There are the blessed islands of the conscience damned. To these the thought of the embezzler turns when his tower of aspiration totters, when his mad fabric whirls into knots.

And so we have the romance of pursuit, the implacable chase of the defaulter to the marge of the world. We have the colonies of refugees in Honduras and Zanzibar, where extradition, formerly at least, was not operative. We have the haunts of the hunted men at Harrar and the deeps of Asia and Africa. To the stay-at-home mind there is ever a glow and glory about these outcast corners of the chart. And who shall say there is not a trailing thread of their lure in the mind of the embezzler all the while he piles up his stealings and turns hunted eyes upon the calendar that creeps relentlessly toward his undoing? He dreams of the exotic color and opiate heat of distant and delightful places. Strange mirages flutter in his eyes. He sees himself settled down among gentle barbarians in fabulous Thules, spending the get of his crime, falling sensuously into the inevitable sleep.

So the deed and the flight of the embezzler lead us into all outposts this side of the ultramundane. And frequently, after roving through the antipodal world in pursuit of a flown absconder, we come back to find him perched sublimely at home, like M. Maeterlinck's incredible bird.

The Trailing of Smith

A few years ago the business men in one of the New Jersey suburban towns decided that a local bank would be of advantage to the community. They accordingly looked about for a pleasing and able man who might both run a bank well and attract custom. The choice fell upon Smith, who was widely known in the community and had come to the bank organizers with recommendations which seemed satisfactory.

The bank was opened and prospered from the beginning. Smith proved to be a business getter of no mean order. Everyone liked him—was satisfied with him.

Smith had ideas of his own about the getting of custom, however. He did not sit in his office in aloof grandeur and wait for obsequious clients to come groveling. He was not the banker of the romances. Smith got out and hustled for things. He was an elaborate entertainer. He loved motoring and supported a fast car, with which he drove his business associates and prospects about the countryside. He was a familiar figure in the night life of New York and the suburban road houses. No one questioned these apparent gayeties. They brought in business. The bank's deposits went up astoundingly. There was no question of success.

At the end of two years, however, it is said, a bank examiner called the directors' attention to an irregularity involving about two thousand dollars. Banker Smith readily admitted that he had given out the money to friends on what might be considered doubtful security, but he said the amount was small and that he was personally guarantor for its repayment. The directors voted him their confidence.

Another two years went by, with the bank's size ever mounting. Then one afternoon a bank examiner threw a grenade into the directors' room by declaring that there was a shortage of three hundred thousand dollars. Worse yet, Smith had flown. The pursuit began.

The ports were watched, the country was circularized. The chase led into every state. Rumors of the man came from Mexico, Europe, Africa. Finally the trail seemed to lead to Alaska. Detectives in that far and frigid province were convinced that a man answering the missing banker's outlines had been seen at an interior mining camp. A trip thither was made in the dead of the arctic winter on dog sledges with a pack of native guides. The man in the camp was not Smith.

The chase had lasted into the dying months of a year. Those who had sought the hardest were most certain that the man had secretly destroyed himself or escaped to some nameless desert, some uncharted sea dot. But a man in the employ of one of the great insurance firms which stood to lose most heavily by the banker's defalcation remembered dimly that Smith had some friends in Southern New Jersey. It was a slender chance, but anything must be tried. The official set out, made inquiries in the neighborhood and discovered that

(Continued on Page 157)

The floors for modern business

Blabon plain brown Linoleum makes a substantial floor for a cafeteria

Blabon ... pattern ... shows ... floor for all ... floor coverings

WHERE busy feet hurry to and fro in the crowded marts of trade they are eased in their tread upon Blabon floors of Art Linoleum.

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(Continued from Page 154)

there was a man stopping at a farmhouse in the vicinity. The hunter approached the place and was met by the farmer, who was surly and uncommunicative. When the official persisted the farmer drove him from the place with a shotgun.

The hunter now decided to watch the house, but there was not the slightest cover within three or four hundred yards. At that distance there was a copse, and here the pursuer hid himself and waited. He watched through a day and tossed through a night. The next morning he resumed his vigil. He had waited some hours when a man came out upon the porch of the farmhouse and walked up and down as if breathing in the air. Because of the distance the watcher could not make out the features of the walker. He had no glass with him. If he went back for one he might only give his quarry the chance of flight. Fluctuating between doubts, the hunter lay in his cover. Then his eye caught something.

As the man walked up and down on the porch he continually put his hand to his face and seemed to be rubbing his cheek and chin. A memory flashed into the mind of the hunter. Smith was a man with an extremely heavy black beard. He was in the habit of shaving at least twice a day. Was it not likely that such a man might develop the nervous habit of rubbing his cheek?

On the mere chance of it the hunter advanced carelessly as though bent on no special business. He got close enough to make sure before the man on the porch stepped inside. It was Smith. The hunter went straight to the house and in. Three hours later the man who had been hunted over all the world and found at home was in jail to answer for his crime.

When No Man Pursueth

But if men who never go fifty miles from the scenes of their malfeasance are hunted in the utmost deeps, those for whom no far quest reaches out often wander of themselves into absurd distances. There is the case of a Kansas City bank teller who made away with some thousands of dollars and fled. He was chased for some months, and clews which led as far as Bermuda and Cuba were run down. But when a year had hurried by and no track had been found it was concluded that the quest was too costly and it was abandoned, the rewards being drawn down.

One day a pitiable object shuffled into the New York office of a big bonding concern. The man poked a bloodless face over the counter of a girl cashier and startled her into panic when he said huskily: "I want to surrender."

The girl fled for help. A clerk came out.

"Surrender for what?" he asked.

"I'm the missing bank teller," said the derelict.

"Which one? We've got several," said the clerk.

"Get me someone that knows about these things, and get him quick," the stranger implored. "I'm about all in."

An official came out and took the wreck into his office. Given a seat and a drink, the man began his story. He had wandered through the country, through the Antilles, Mexico, Central America. He had come lower and lower. He had never dared to pause for long anywhere. The hounds were always on his track. In every strange face he recognized his purguers. Every sound that broke his fevered sleep was the fateful knock of the arresting officer. His nerves gave out. He could not work. He was moneyless, starving. He had not eaten in three days. He had dragged himself to New York and the office of the company.

"For heaven's sake feed me and send me off to jail," the absconder pleaded.

"All right—all right!" said the official.

He rang for a boy and sat staring at the surrendered man in amazement. Finally his thought burst from him.

"Good Lord, man!" he blurted. "We quit looking for you two years ago."

The prisoner closed his eyes and groaned. A few weeks later he went to prison for a short term. The court thought he had paid part of his penalty in advance.

An even stranger case is recorded in a Western state. Here a bank clerk falsified the books and stole a few thousand dollars. When the bank examiner appeared he fled precipitately. The man knew that nine-tenths of all absconders sooner or later betray themselves by writing home. He sent no letter. He got no news from the town in which he had erred. Instead he wandered from place to place in the United States, driven always by the shadow of the law. He visited every state but his own. Finally he felt there was no safety save in distance. He crossed to Europe.

But again there was no peace. The long, ghastly black shadow of the law crept across the ocean after him. It lengthened with his flight as the moon follows the rush of a train on a summer night. The fugitive crossed Europe and Asia, going eastward. He reached the Pacific and doubled back. He hid for years in the interior of China until he heard of a party of white men coming from the East. Once more he moved. The sinister thing pursued him through India. There were too many white faces. The man signed on with a tramp steamer. For years he sailed remote seas, trembling with horrible fright at every port, jumping from one ship to another. He landed in South America and tried to hide himself among the Amazon savages. An exploration party alarmed him and he moved again. He settled down for a time on an almost unknown island in the Pacific, but his crime and the eternal haunt of pursuit made him nervous even there. He had decided that his only safety lay in constant wandering. When the next native ship put in he fled from his sure retreat and began his wanderings anew.

At the end of eighteen years he found himself again in the United States. He was getting old. The vital force in him was flagging; the courage that had driven him through his trials and adventures assumed a new turn. It drove him back to the scene of his theft. He could go no farther but in one direction. His bark turned homeward.

One morning the wanderer walked in upon the sheriff of his home town and said simply: "I'm John Jones."

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Jones," said the officer, without taking his feet off his desk.

The haunted man was struck dumb.

"What can I do for you," asked the sheriff, smiling wryly.

"You don't understand," said Jones. "I'm the fellow you've been hunting so long."

"Not me, my friend," said the officer, sensing a lunatic.

"No, maybe not. It's been so long ago," pondered the returned man, rubbing his eyes. "I'm the man who stole the three thousand dollars from the Merchants' Loan Bank."

"Well, what of it?" the sheriff wanted to know. "There hasn't been any such bank for ten years."

The rover wavered and asked if he might sit down. He pondered a long time while the officer watched him uneasily. He looked like a man who was struggling with some desperate problem, trying to plumb some deep and terrible mystery.

Self-Inflicted Punishment

"Do you keep a file of men that are wanted?" he asked the sheriff at last.

"Yep."

"I wonder if you would do me a favor?"

"Sure."

"Would you look up the files of July, eighteen years ago, and see if a man named John Jones was wanted for stealing from the Merchants' Loan?"

The sheriff went through his books. There was no record of such a case. A little inquiry developed that the bank had never let out a whisper of the defalcation. The officers had preferred pocketing the loss to risking a run. And so John Jones had fled round the world, hunted for eighteen years by a phantom, when he might have lived securely in the next county and never been sought or taken.

"I punished myself all those years," the aging man murmured bitterly. "I suffered every torture a man can know—for nothing."

He sat down and told the sheriff his story, and the officer saw to it that the newspapers had full accounts. The town gave the returned embezzler a benefit.

But if men from this country flee and are pursued to the farthest zones by the law or their own terror, it is also occasionally true that the embezzlers and absconders from distant countries try to find asylum here.

A few years ago there was a romantic example of this reversal when Ernst Paul Weber, a German bookkeeper in the National Bank of Egypt at Cairo, landed at Philadelphia in company with a beautiful Rumanian woman who was supposed to

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be his wife. The German government agents were close on the heels of Weber, and soon located him and caused his arrest. He freely admitted the defalcation, and asked what was going to be done about it. The question was something of a poser, for Weber had not taken the money, about forty-five thousand dollars, gradually and lost it bit by bit in speculation. He had taken it in one swoop and left the next day with his siren. In such cases it may be important to capture and punish the man, but banks have a way of desiring the return of the money. How to get that?

Our immigration officers and the Germans searched for the woman and found her hid in a quiet section of Brooklyn. Confronted with arrest and deportation, she calmly ripped open a mattress and turned over to the officers about thirty-five thousand dollars of the money, all she had. Weber went back to Germany and thence to Cairo for trial. The woman was allowed to remain, in view of the aid she had given the governments.

One chapter more from the splendors and miseries of the embezzler and we are done.

One evening a boy of nineteen employed as teller in a bank of one of the New Jersey cities was sitting in a cabaret with a friend when their attention was attracted to an especially beautiful woman—tall, stately, fiery like a steed. The youth could not withhold his eyes from her.

She danced and he followed her about the floor with fascinated intentness. She sat and he was ravished with the ease and grace of her. Somehow he managed to be introduced. She received him good-naturedly, smiling "as a woman disdaining the light fire in the veins of a boy."

They drank together and talked. She was condescending and polite. This youth could have little interest for her. She overpowered him with that mysterious intoxication a woman of thirty pours into the minds of striplings. He begged to meet her again. She demurred and laughed tauntingly at him. He implored her to stop at the bank and let him see her. Afterward he thought he saw a point of interest focus in her eyes. He was in a bank? What did he do there? He was the paying teller? How splendid for one so young! After all, she might stop in and say a word to him.

The Voice of the Siren

They met again. She invited him to take a trip to Philadelphia with her. His vacation came and they spent most of it together, traveling about as man and wife. They parted for some weeks. She had to go to New York to visit her husband, from whom she pretended to be separated. The truth was she went to see a man of some notoriety in the metropolis.

When the youth saw his siren again she was in black distress. She must have money at once to help her out of a situation that might mean disaster for both of them. He had no money.

"What can I do?" he pleaded helplessly.

"What are you in a bank for?" she retorted, and went into a tide of tears.

The youth went home and walked the floor through the night. Everything the woman of his desire suggested was contrary to his instinct, beyond any impulse he had ever felt. But there she was, in deep trouble, helpless.

He must do it, after all.

The boy went to the bank, took ten thousand dollars in bonds from the safe and that night delivered them to the woman. She rewarded him with frankest gratitude, softest caresses, archest tenderness. He would have gone out that night and set fire to the world for her.

There began now a systematic playing upon the boy and consecutive raids upon the vaults of the bank, which the teller concealed by means of false receipt slips.

Nights, the lovely, sinuous woman and her infatuated boy sat in the cafés along the Jersey shore of the Hudson, dreaming down upon the misty expanses of the gray river, floating deep below them in poignant mysteriousness. They watched the points of floating light where the uncounted boats hurried on their devious ways. They saw the black hulks of great ships dropping down to the sea, bound out for the uttermost ends of the earth.

He was depressed, melancholy, worried.

"Elaine," he said, breaking in on her amorous musing, "do you know we've taken a hundred thousand dollars?"

"It sounds like a great deal of money, doesn't it, dear?"

"We've got to do something," he said violently. "The bank examiner will be here at the end of the month."

The woman sat brooding down on the river, silent, full of thought. The young man watched her, swinging between his passion and his fear. She drew his attention softly back to the slow dark ships going seaward in their impassive majesty.

"We might take one of those, go far away and be happy together," she whispered.

"They would follow us."

"We could go to some strange, beautiful place where they would not dream of finding us. It's our only chance."

The Silent Partner

The mad boy went to the bank the next day and took twenty-five thousand dollars more. The couple hurried to New York and took steamer for Colon and South America. He had taken the trouble to explain his sudden departure as being due to illness, and the bank was not immediately aware of the thefts. The bank examination a few days later disclosed a total shortage of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, and the hunt was on.

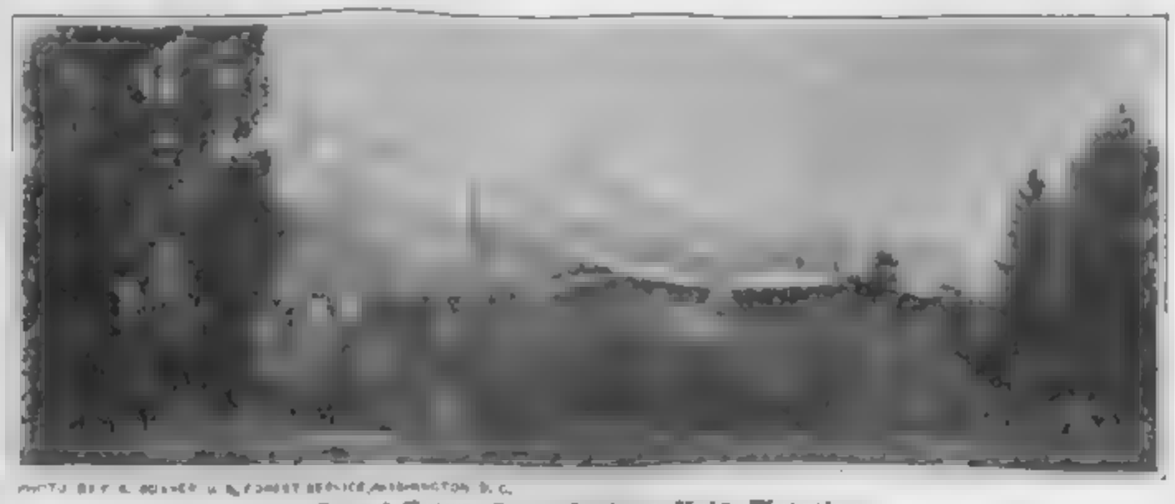
The fugitive pair was traced to Colon, through the canal to Panama, down the west coast to Valparaiso, round the Horn, up to Buenos Aires and Rio and finally back to Colon. Here the lovers quarreled bitterly and parted. The foolish youth turned over to his seductress all but five thousand dollars of his remaining money. He took the next ship for England and she was lost to sight.

A few weeks later officers from the United States took the young teller into custody in a good London hotel. He turned over a little more than twenty-five hundred dollars, all that remained of his great stealings. The young man saw the futility of concealment, and made a complete confession. He was brought back to New Jersey and held pending the quest for the woman.

The officers soon discovered what the boy had never dreamed—that this lovely and worldly woman was the associate of a widely known confidence man. They suspected, though they never could prove, that she had operated under his direction throughout the affair and had turned over to him most of the hundred thousand dollars the boy had taken before he seized the last twenty-five thousand dollars and fled with her. By watching the movements of the man in question they shortly trapped the woman in San Francisco and extradited her to New Jersey.

Her dupe and lover faced her at the trial and neither assailed nor shielded her. She was sentenced to serve six years and he only a few months.

And the rationale of it all? Puzzle it out of your own dreams if you can.



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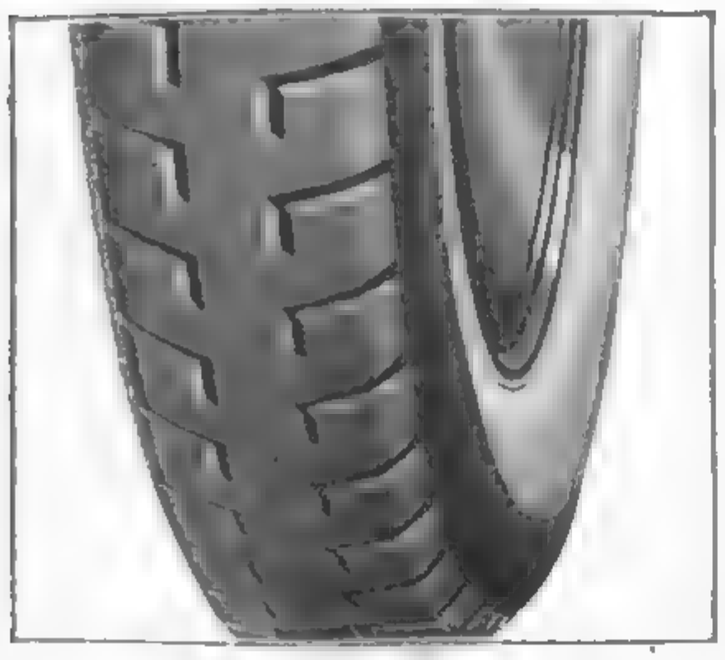

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THE APOLOGIES OF AN OLD FOGY

(Continued from Page 27)

explode with a great noise and frighten the enemy. There have been artillery battles in which not a single combatant was killed or wounded, but the noise was heard for fifty miles. It is the same way in politics; occasionally a great noise in San Francisco may be heard in New York. But it doesn't actually amount to much.

Let us fight with wit, sarcasm, commercial and social rivalry, but never again with firearms.

When men discover the truth of a proposition—all there is in it—why do they say eloquently that we are only at the beginning?

I lately attended a meeting of bank directors, at which all the securities were gone over. The patrons of the bank were discussed with the candor necessary in all the practical affairs of life, and I noted with pleasure that praise of the good risks was as prompt as criticism of the bad ones. Indeed, I observed enthusiasm and satisfaction in discussing good men that were lacking in discussing unreliable ones. The bank had money to loan and was anxious to get it out; it was willing to stretch a point and help the deserving. It was anxious to assist useful enterprise and show public spirit, but first and foremost it wanted its money back. A good deal of what is called gossip in a community is actually an alarm, a warning.

Men often speak of human follies when they mean human frailties. A naturalist, in describing animals, speaks of their habits. Our follies are natural habits that distinguish animals of our kind. Gossip is as natural and inevitable with us as crowing and cackling in a poultry yard.

Every man who has a job longs for the exquisite pleasure of saying to his employer: "I've quit; get another man in my place." A man enjoys this performance for several reasons, but the two most important are: He does not think he has been treated right, and he wants to demonstrate that it will take two men to do his work.

My critics do not give me a square deal; probably yours do not.

I lately employed a gang of men, and they seemed a rather shiftless lot. I complained to the superintendent, who said, "You can't get any other kind." Just how much there is in the superintendent's observation you may decide. I will say of this critic, however, that he has been a superintendent, foreman and contractor many years.

I am not a very good writer, but you shouldn't criticize me too sharply; you may not be a very good farmer, doctor, merchant or mechanic.

The devil has become almost popular because he was the first revolutionist.

Finally every country must pay for the windows its rioting citizens break.

After a man has occupied a profitable public office a while he can never again think as modestly as a plain citizen should.

Men do not actually trust dreams, fancies and visions, but somehow they hate to give them up.

One of the first rules good society insists upon is this: When you give a dinner don't bore your guests; let them bore you.

The only real evidence that a better job is coming to you is that one is offered.

Much of the harmful agitation going on may be due to the disposition of everyone to have a faith of his own and the refusal to submit it to the majority for approval.

Some time ago there was a celebrated case of a man who placed a bomb in the Capitol at Washington, and, after waiting to hear it explode, hurried to New York, where he fired two pistol balls into the body of a banker. The man was not uneducated; he was, in fact, a college professor. Nor did he lack the refining influences of Christianity or of the home; he was a member of a church, and had a wife and children.

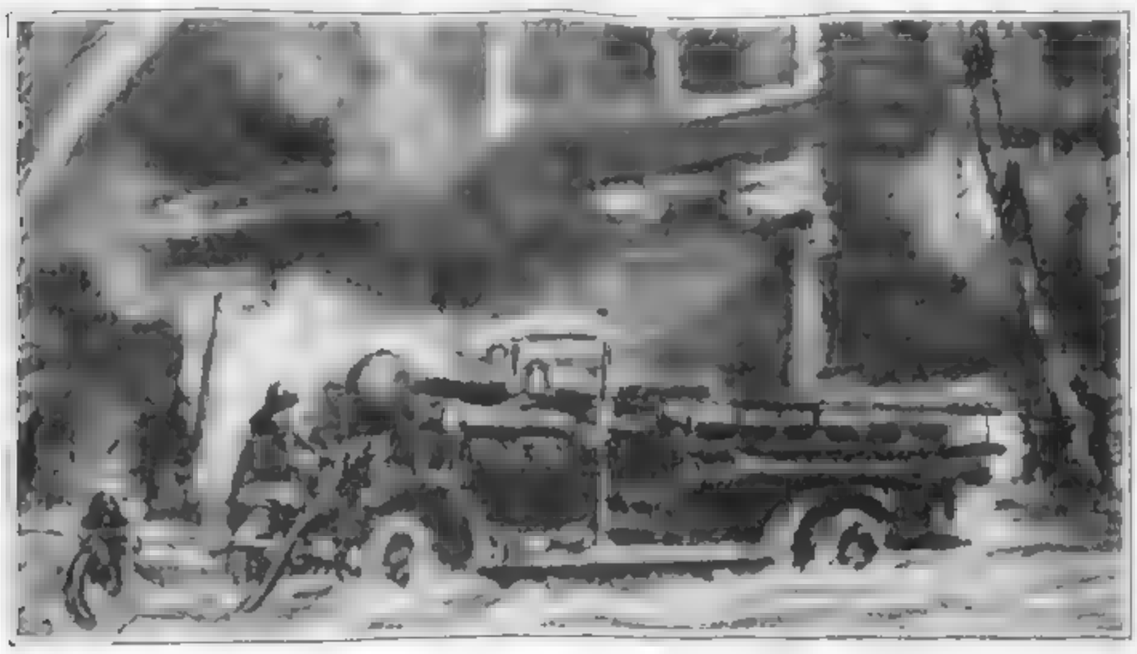
Why did such a citizen do so foolish a thing? The professor was right in the opinion that war is wrong and horrible in every way it can be looked at in human reason, but did this good man become a criminal in thinking of ways to stop and prevent a bad thing? In no possible way could he have escaped disgrace, detection and punishment; in no possible way could he have reasonably hoped to benefit anyone by injuring himself. When a man makes up his mind, and nothing can change it, he is in danger.

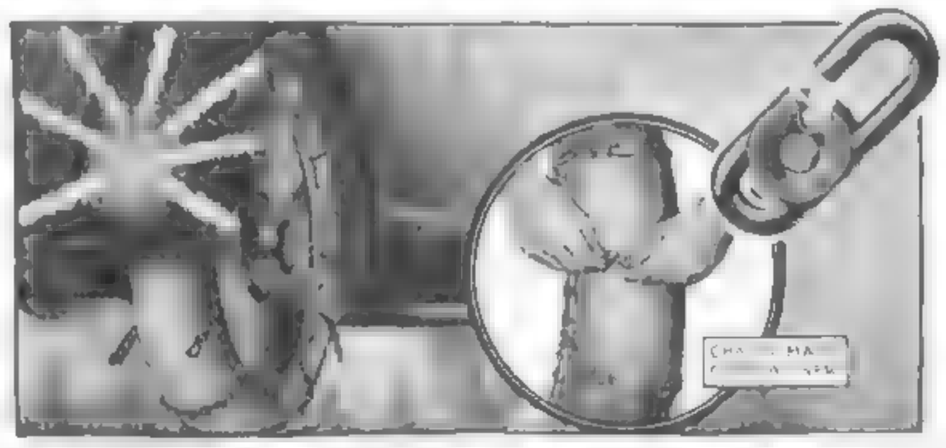
Did you ever know an extremist who did not call himself a radical? But if by common consent there are four quarts in a gallon it does no good for a radical to say there are, or should be, five.

A new book I have just read opposes everything; I know of nothing that meets with this critic's approval. Here is another man who wastes his time in writing; we are very numerous.

The poor man in this country has quite a chance before it becomes necessary to engage in revolution.

A certain advanced woman spends a good deal of time in jail, but she seems to have real literary ability. In one of her outbursts she repeats the oldest fallacy in literature. "The history of human growth and development," she says, "is at the same time the history of the struggle of every new idea heralding the approach of a brighter dawn. In its tenacious hold on tradition the old has never failed to make use of the foulest and cruelest means to stay the advent of the new, in whatever period the latter may have asserted itself. Nor need we retrace our steps into the distant past to realize the enormity of opposition, difficulties and hardships placed in the path of every progressive idea. The rack, the thumbscrew and the knout are still with us; so are the convict's garb and the social





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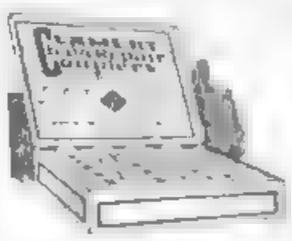

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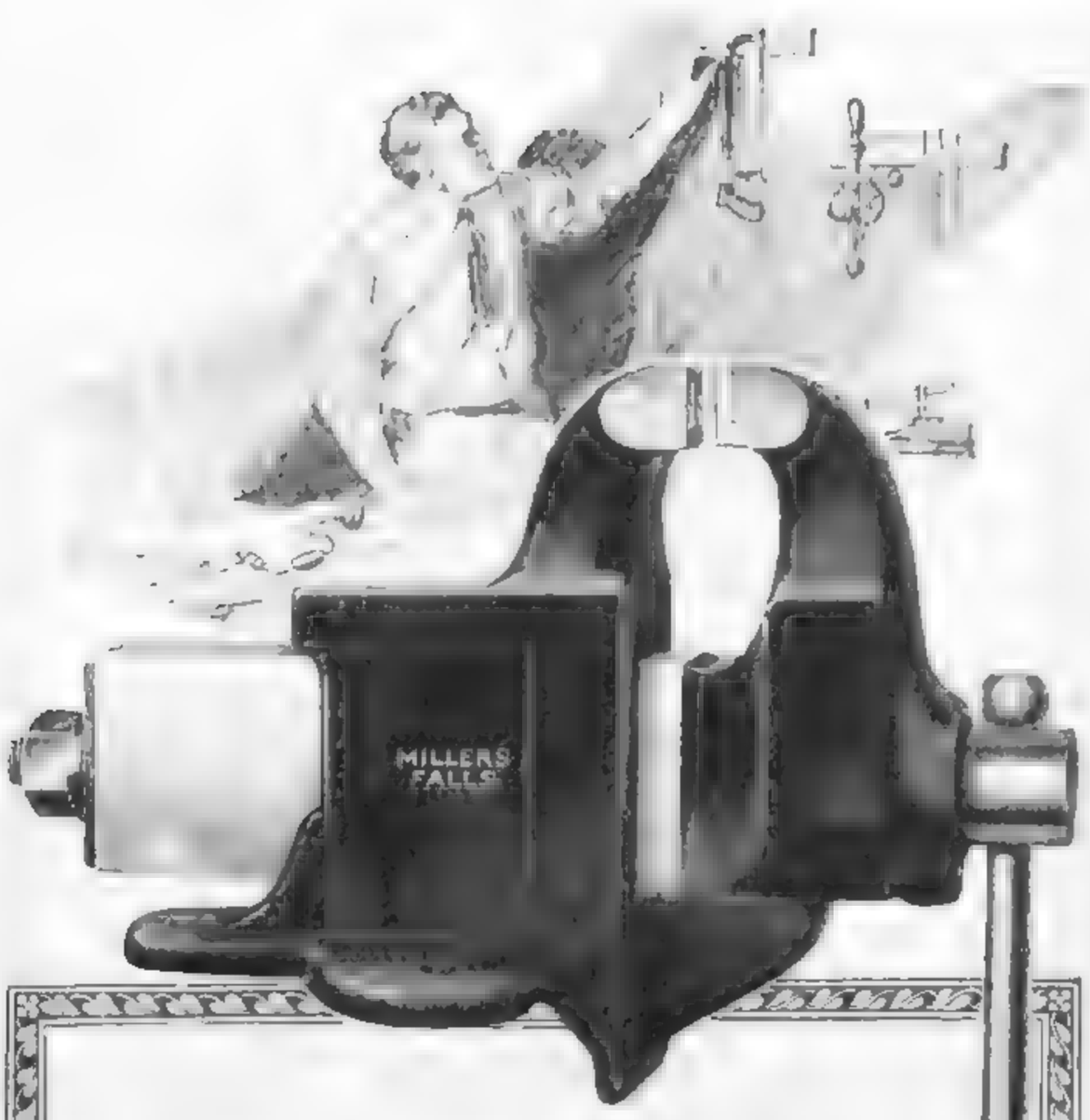

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wrath, all conspiring against the spirit that is bravely marching on. The only demand that property recognizes is its gluttonous appetite; the power to subdue, to crush, to exploit; the power to enslave, to outrage, to degrade."

This has been written a thousand times in the past; no one can read it now without a little pleasure, but it was never true. The better the sentiment that has been written the more it has caused the people to bristle, but wherever it has appeared, in good garb or bad, it has always been a vulgar, ridiculous falsehood.

Progress is welcomed and encouraged; it is subsidized by government, by well-to-do citizens, and accepted by the people; the progressives have been widely heralded as benefactors. There are millions of worthy men who own property and encourage others to own it who never enslave, outrage, degrade or crush, but who are helpful and industrious, and obey laws they assisted in making for the common good. We are actually a rather decent people, but somehow we love the statement that we are opposed to progress and justice and use the rack, the thumbscrew and the knout on those who favor it. No doubt many will thank me for reproducing this fierce indictment of our race, and say "There is a good deal in it," whereas the truth is there is nothing in it, and never has been. The world has progressed mightily, and received encouragement from everyone.

One rarely sees a good thing in print. However, a New York magazine lately said: "The most beautiful pa'nting ever put on canvas, the finest statue ever carved, is a ridiculous caricature of real life compared with the flickering shadows of a tattered film in a village nickelodeon."

A boomer is always willing to discount his statements. If he is trying to sell you land which he says will raise a hundred bushels of corn per acre he will say: "But cut it in two, and call it fifty bushels. Indeed, land that will produce twenty-five bushels per acre is cheap at the price I ask."

Every man, whatever his condition, does something almost every day for those poorer than he is; it is a natural and admirable trait. In the early days of this country some of the white settlers were very poor, and the Indians helped them. One case is related of settlers who lived so long on the charity of the Indians that the settlers came to expect it as a right and complained that they were not given as much as they were entitled to. The whites had firearms, which the Indians had not, and captured the Indian chief, who was held until his friends sent more food.

Though men are abused abominably it is probable all of them favor human betterment; it is impossible to imagine anyone who does not. And there is no means of human betterment equal to getting rid of war; the first principle in brotherhood, of course, is a determination not to shoot each other. Of all times in history, this is the exact hour for decent men to insist upon disarmament.

The general impression in literature seems to be that business men are in the enjoyment of some unlawful, steadily profitable monopoly, and always have great sums of money that should be taken from them by law. A large majority of them are actually compelled to struggle to keep their heads above water, and constantly confronted with strong competition; the bulk of them are good workmen who have graduated from small business. When the term "business men" is used, it is rolled off with a generous suggestion of duties which only men like Swift, Armour, Rockefeller and others of that class might perform; and one of the gentlemen named is not so secure on Easy Street that he is not at this moment offering seven and a half per cent for money with which to carry on. We forget that the great mass of business men are compelled to work hard and save and struggle. True, some of them do well, which is a quite common blessing in the United States. I know a journeyman barber who makes fifty-five dollars a week.

Do not become discouraged if you are dull; those with whom you live are a tolerably dull lot. Let a man of average intelligence faithfully practice industry, fairness and politeness, and in ten years he will have acquired what will be accepted as an education; in twenty years many will be disposed to say he is a genius. There are plenty of noted people not very talented; there is such a craze to recognize merit that fame often reaches those who are only ordinary.

Panics teach common sense to people who can be reached in no other way.

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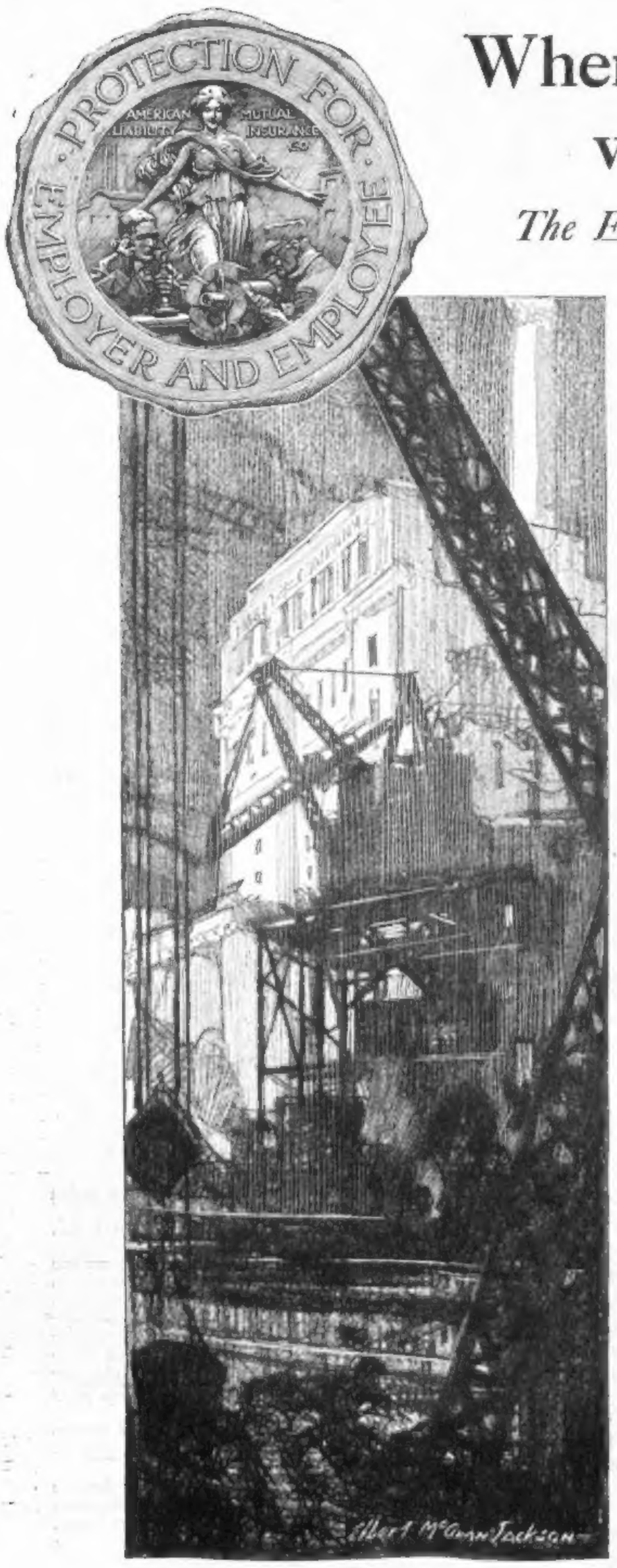

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To fulfill this threefold duty he must keep his wheels turning, cut his costs to the bone and find new means of efficient and economical production. He must keep his employees contented, for their own good and his own. Discontented workmen have seized factories and mills, not so long ago, in lands not so far away.

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